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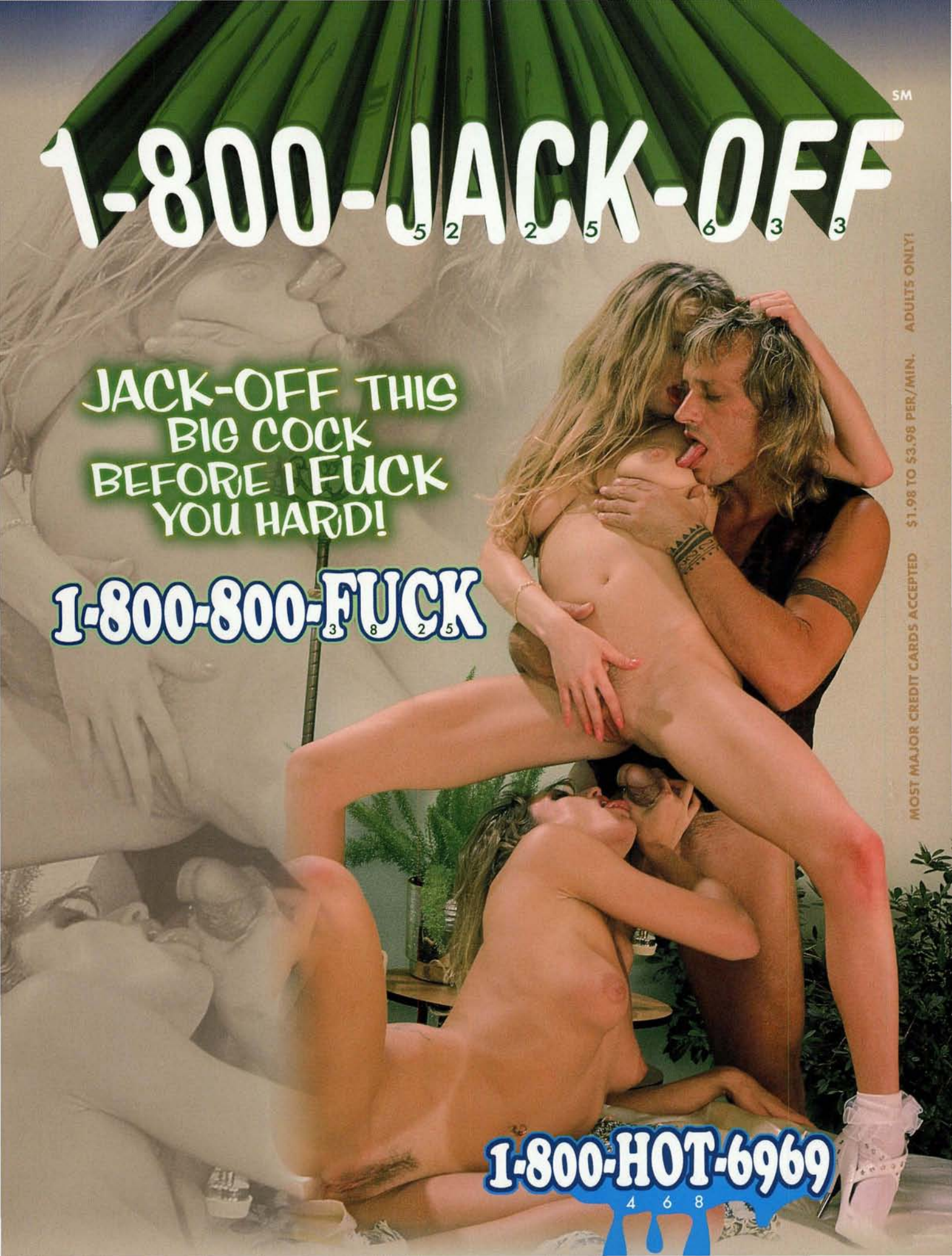
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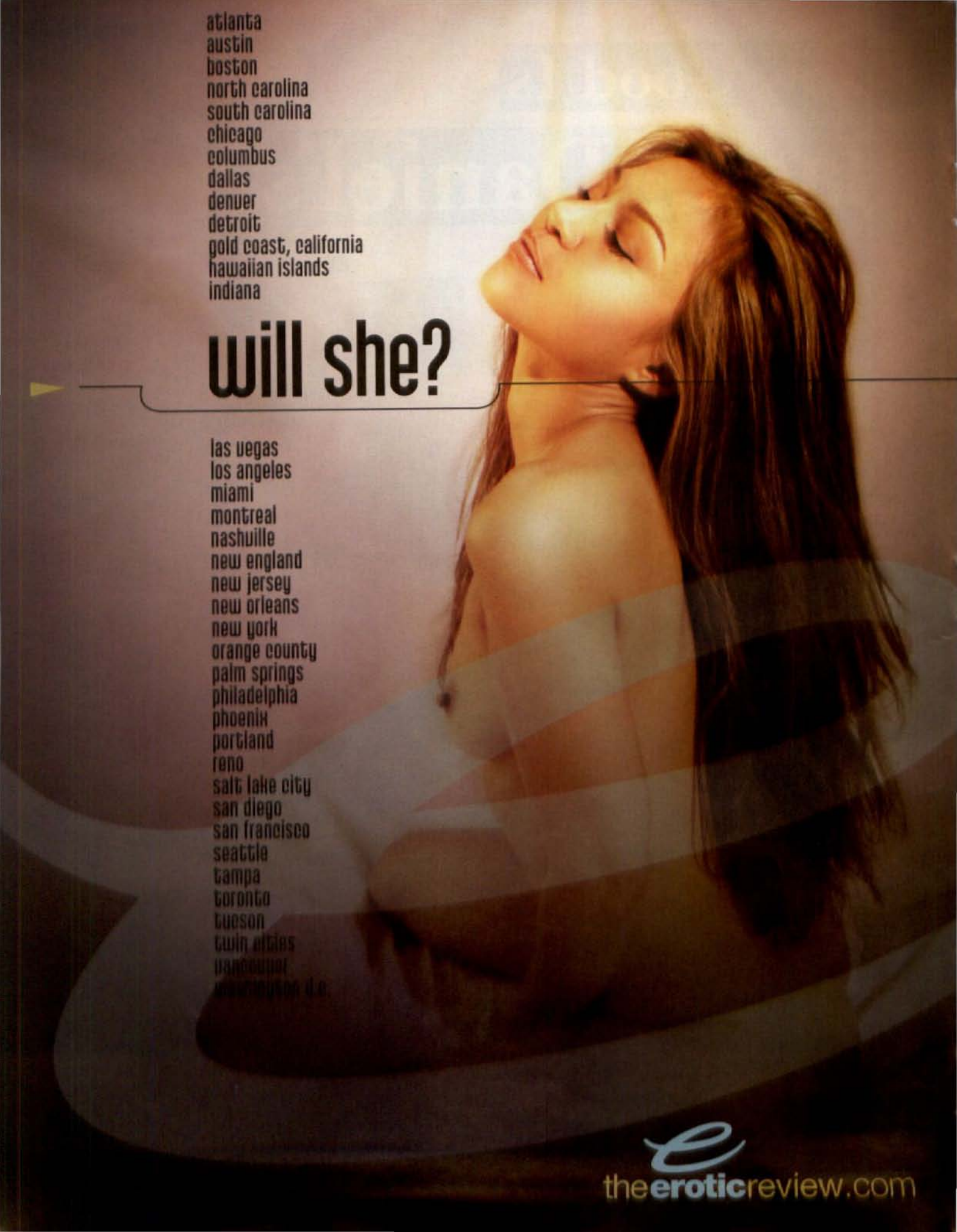
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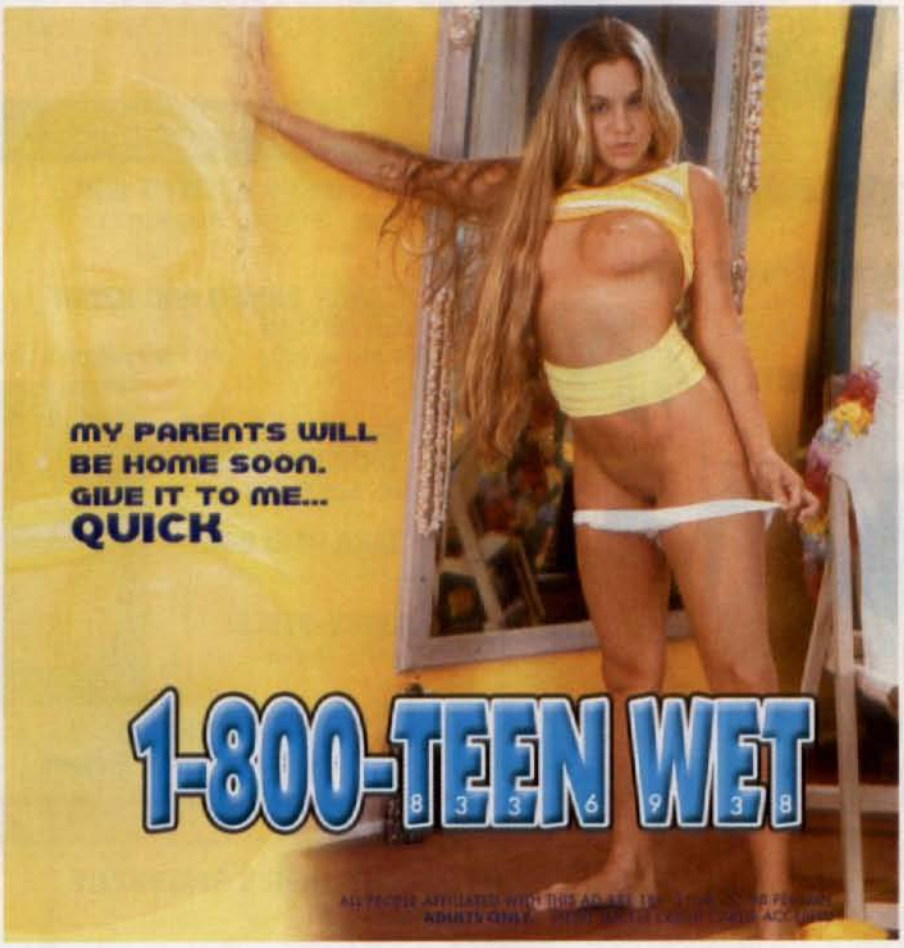

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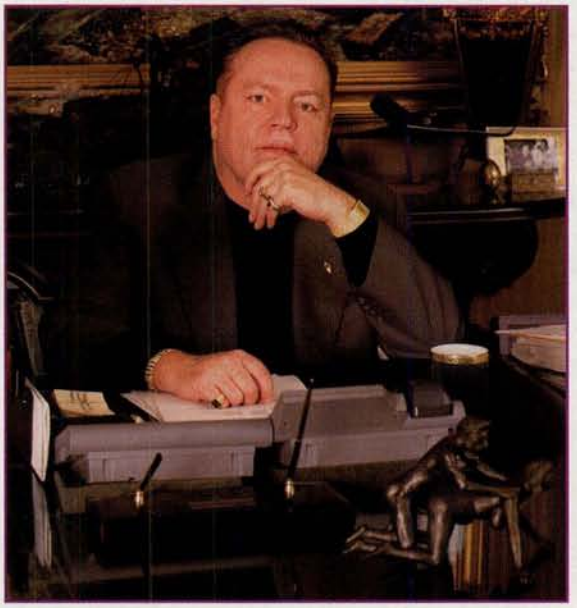


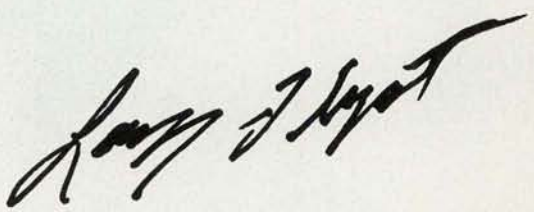
WHAT WE MUST DO NEXT

It's 2006, and the midterm elections will be upon us before we know it. With those elections comes a vital opportunity to change the balance of power in the House of Representatives and Senate. Politically speaking, this is the single most important thing we should focus on right now; it will give us an opportunity to take back our democracy from an out-of-control President and his neoconservative clique.

I am asking every one of you to help make this happen. I don't care who you are, how much money you make or who you know. I am just asking you to use whatever resources you have at your disposal, even if it just means buttonholing people at parties or at work to tell them what you think of the current administration and how it has mucked things up since taking office.

If we pull this off—especially if it's done in a big enough way, with a real landslide—it may be possible to actually roll back at least some conservative advances. Just as importantly, we have a real shot at impeaching George W. Bush and making him account for lying us into a war that has killed thousands of Americans needlessly.

Let's focus on this in the months ahead. Let's strike a blow for the working guy.



Larry Flynt
Publisher

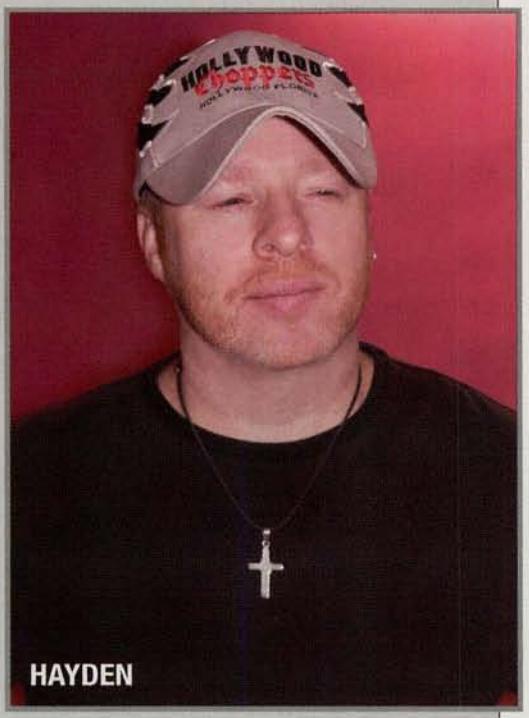
GEORGE BUSH SR. AND BILL CLINTON FOR DISASTER RELIEF
WE'RE HERE AGAIN ASKING YOU TO HELP AS MUCH AS YOU CAN WITH THIS LATEST DISASTER...
...MY SON!
TOSTEN

KELLY

Photo by Dave Naz

JOAN KELLY grew up in Torrance, California, with a twin sister—who doesn't want to be confused with her—and a slightly older brother. While attending the University of California, Santa Cruz, she fell in love with drugs, radical feminism and politics. Unfortunately, none of these interests helped the biology major's studies. After working as a psychiatric aide at a mental hospital, a cranky cashier at a newsstand, an efficient but uninspired secretary and a dirty whore with discriminating tastes, Kelly finally earned a bachelor of arts degree at Antioch University in 2005. Meanwhile, she wrote articles for such publications as *Ben Is Dead* and *BUST*, as well as an anthology on women and horses. The industrious young lady has now penned her first book, *The Pleasure's All Mine*, published by Carroll & Graf. In this issue (pages 42-43), HUSTLER readers can delight in Kelly's erotic experiences as a real-life professional submissive.

CHAUNCÉ HAYDEN delivers an exclusive interview with reluctant Hollywood "party girl" Tara Reid (beginning on page 82). Hayden is a nationally syndicated celebrity journalist who regularly appears on *The Howard Stern Show*, the E! network, *Geraldo at Large*, *Extra*, *Inside Edition*, *Hard Copy* and Fox News. Additionally, he edits the weekly entertainment magazine *Steppin' Out*. Besides HUSTLER, his hard-hitting feature articles have appeared in *Time*, *New York*, *Time Out NY*, *Celebrity Style*, *Elle*, *Rolling Stone*, *Cosmopolitan* and other magazines. Before becoming famous himself, the graduate of William Paterson University did a four-year stint in the Navy and endured a variety of jobs from male stripper to ditchdigger. Hayden has now conducted more than 1,500 one-on-one interviews with such prominent figures as Pamela Anderson, Jennifer Lopez and Donald Trump.



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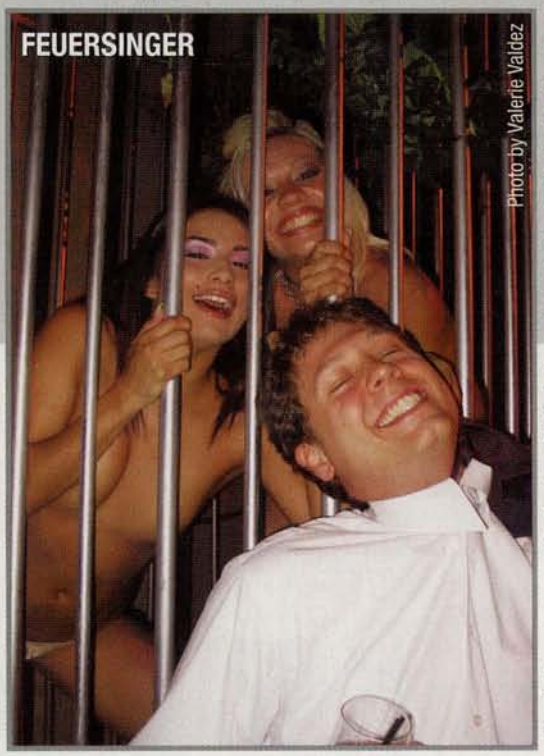
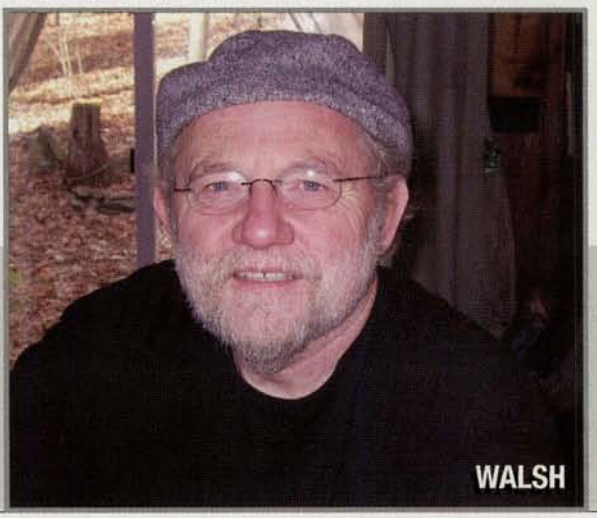

FEUERSINGER

Photo by Valerie Valdez

Raised in Missoula, Montana, **HANS FEUERSINGER** earned a degree in journalism and literature from UC Santa Cruz. A Los Angeles resident for the past two years, he is currently HUSTLER's Features Editor. Away from the office, his interests include skiing, golf and cinema. (Already he has completed four as-yet-unproduced original screenplays.) For his latest assignment (beginning on page 62), Feuersinger reviews Neil Strauss's best-seller *The Game: Penetrating the Secret Society of Pickup Artists.* This captivating book not only teaches men how to woo the ladies, but also get them in bed.


WALSH

HARRY WALSH is a former oceangoing tugboat captain who specializes in politics and technology. With degrees in English language from William Paterson University in New Jersey and the University of Illinois, he has written incisive pieces for HUSTLER, *Newsweek*, *The American Scholar* and numerous trade titles. In this edition (pages 76-78), with fascinating insight, Walsh explores the U.S. government's growing trend to recruit mercenaries. These highly skilled killers are being used extensively on our own soil (notably New Orleans) and in Iraq and other countries.

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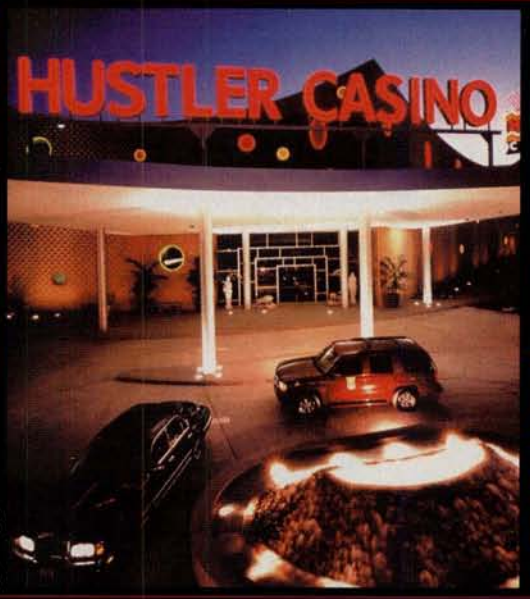

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Tera! Tera! Tera!

I would just like to give thanks to you and the gorgeous goddess Tera Patrick for her Holiday '05 encore in "America's Magazine." An intelligent woman with a killer body, Tera is definitely one in a million—maybe even one in a lifetime. I find her presence and beauty to be in such an otherworldly dimension that I cannot find words to describe how striking she is. Tera gets my heart racing and brings out the sexual animal in me. Simply put, the lady is as close to perfect as anyone could get. **—B.W.**
Fort Wayne, Indiana

As a longtime HUSTLER subscriber, I am writing to you in regard to your Holiday '05 issue with the stunning Tera Patrick on the cover. Her husband, Evan Seinfeld of the band Biohazard [a/k/a Spyder Jones in porn circles] should wake up every morning and kiss the ground she walks on for living in the same house as Tera. I read in an interview that she doesn't mind her husband getting oral sex from other porn stars, but draws the line at allowing sexual intercourse with any of them.

How do I find an open-minded woman like this?!

As far as Tera goes, to paraphrase something an old drunk roomie once told me, "I'd walk across a mile of broken beer bottles to suck the last dick that fucked her." Truer words were never spoken about Tera Patrick!
—C.R.C.
Winchester, Virginia

Reader C.R.C. is recalling a Tera Q&A with RockConfidental.com, in which she explained: "I'm not a jealous girl. He [Spyder Jones] doesn't have sex with the other girls, but I'll let the other girls give him a blowjob. Why not give him something extra? He's so good to me." It appears that Tera Patrick comes from the Bill Clinton School of Linguistics, where oral copulation isn't considered sex.

Pissed Off!

Let me first say I love your mag, even after being jarred by a horrifying photo on page 30 of the Holiday '05 issue. [Accompanying *Readers' Forum: 9/11* was a picture of a man jumping to his death from a World Trade Center tower engulfed in smoke after the 2001 attacks.] I was so angry with HUSTLER for printing it, my stomach twisted into a tight knot, and I almost vomited.

However, after giving it some thought, I realized that it's not HUSTLER's fault. I then turned my anger toward the real person responsible: President George Dubya Bush.

Before you consider me to be unpatriotic, let me fill you in on a little secret. I volunteered for military service two days after 9/11. Just when I thought I was going to get out of the dead-end town I lived in, my recruiter called me with some bad news. I was unable to enlist in the armed forces because of a medical condition called Klinefelters Syndrome. For some reason, my testicles had stopped producing the hormone testosterone.

I'm pissed because apparently you have to be in perfect condition to die for your country. I would have been the third generation in my family to enlist in the Army, but no, my government failed me. I wouldn't be complaining if I hadn't *(continued on page 191)*

Web surfers can find HUSTLER's Holiday treat Tera Patrick at ClubTera.com and Vivid.com.

LETTERS FROM OUR TROOPS

I'm a Marine stationed at Camp Pendleton. Your magazine means a lot to us Marines, and not just the pictorials—although they certainly don't hurt. We also like the joke page. Keep up the good work. You're doing us a big service. Semper fi.
—Private First Class R.D
Camp Pendleton, California

Hey, Private, you're doing *us* a big service. So keep your powder dry and your head down.

I'm a Marine on my third tour in Iraq. I know you have heard how hard it is to get porn over here. Well, it's even harder to keep it when you have a bandit to deal with. That's right. There's a gunnery sergeant who walks around the grunt housing area and acts like he's making sure we're not living like pigs, when his real motive is stealing porn. He hit my stash, and I was pissed. I was going to confront the guy, but I was talked out of it by my fellow Marines, who said it wasn't worth going to the brig over porn. I didn't agree with them because I am very serious about my porn. Now I have a foot locker to secure my stash.

If you could send more copies of HUSTLER and some of your videos, it would be greatly appreciated. Porn is worth its weight in gold around here. And here's my new battle cry: ELECT FLYNT IN '08! **—Corporal M.S.**
Somewhere in Iraq

We promise to resupply your stock of porn with a Larry Flynt care package that will include a few she-male DVDs for a little revenge on your part. Just leave the chicks-with-dicks discs in a place where your quick-fingered gunnery sergeant is sure to find them. Once gunny gets his just deserts, we're willing to bet he leaves your porn stash alone for good. Meanwhile, thank you for being a loyal HUSTLER fan under dangerous circumstances.

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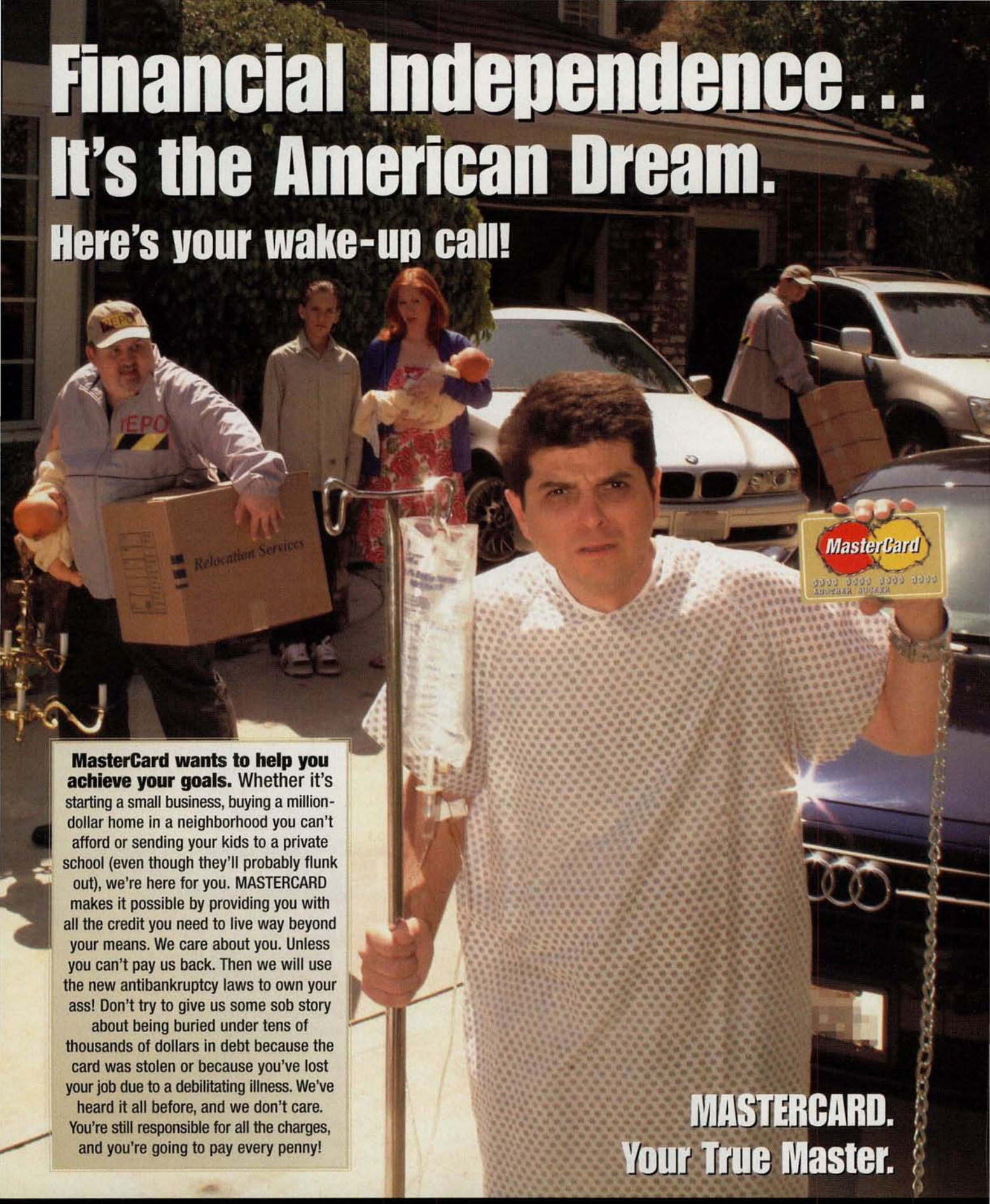

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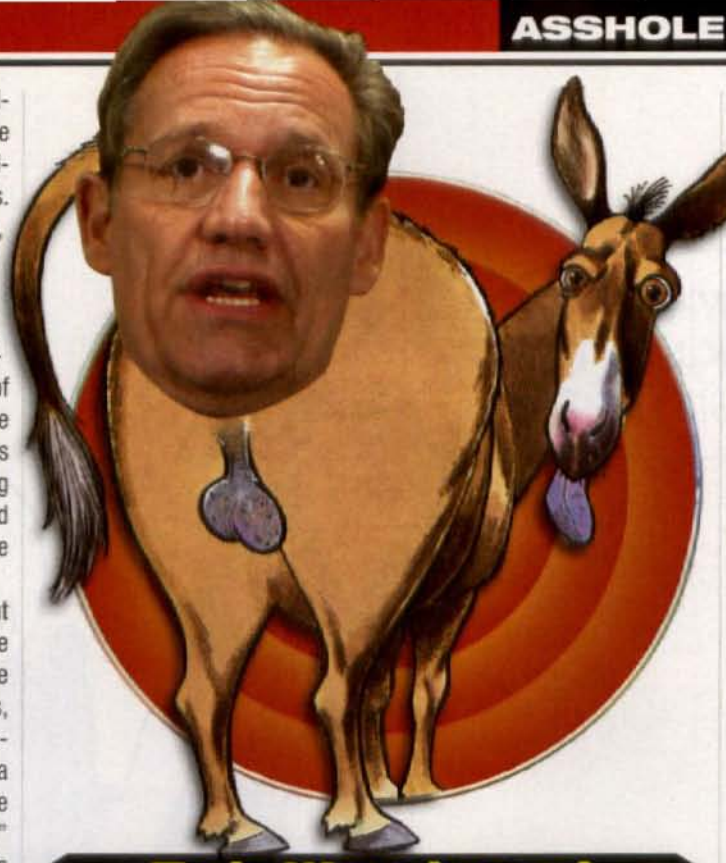


Bob Woodward

How the mighty have fallen! There once was a time when journalist Bob Woodward walked with the gods. He, along with Carl Bernstein, brought down President Richard M. Nixon, for Christ's sake!

Then again, maybe it wasn't Woodward after all. Maybe Bernstein was the real champion of democracy and justice. For the past 30 years, Woodward has proven himself to be nothing more than a corporate whore and political hack. Maybe that's all he ever was.

Take Woodward's most recent journalistic lapse: At the same time he was bouncing around the networks and cable channels, exclaiming that Special Prosecutor Patrick Fitzgerald was a "junkyard dog" whose evidence was "weak and laughable," Woodward withheld information that he himself was a central figure in the case.

Fitzgerald, you will recall, was authorized to find out who leaked the name of covert CIA operative Valerie Plame to the press, exposure that could, conceivably, endanger Plame as well as her contacts and other undercover CIA agents. Columnist Robert Novak, *Time*'s Matt Cooper and the *New York Times*' Judith Miller were thought to be the only journalists who had been informed of Plame's status by "high officials" in the White House. Now, by Woodward's own admission, we can add his name to the list.

By sitting on this information for two years, he has certainly hamstrung the investigation. In fact, it's already obvious that Woodward has put Fitzgerald's sole indictment to date—that of Lewis "Scooter" Libby, VP Dick Cheney's top aide—in jeopardy by altering the time line of events. Until the ethically challenged Woodward unleashed his bombshell, it was believed that Libby was the first person to talk to the press. Now Woodward assures us that an unnamed White House official other than Libby had told him a month earlier.

The stench of Woodward's rotting value system permeates the *Washington Post*, where even his colleagues have turned on him. Ombudsman Deborah Howell admitted that the paper "took a hit to its credibility." She added that by keeping the info from the *Post*'s executive editor, Leonard Downie Jr., he committed "a deeply serious sin."

Of course, Howell would have been a little more on the mark if she'd said what the rest of us are thinking: Bob Woodward is a dishonest sack of shit.

Discussing Fitzgerald's investigation before his own involvement was revealed, Woodward told CNN interviewer Larry King: "I don't see any underlying crime here." Even though George W.'s father—Bush 1—said that revealing the identity of a CIA operative is an act of treason, we can easily believe Woodward's befuddlement. His status as lapdog and shill for the same kind of corrupt political forces he once worked to expose has undoubtedly clouded whatever clearly drawn distinctions might once have existed between, oh, say, right and wrong.

Woodward's willingness to play butt boy for those in political power—no matter how malevolent and unethical they may be—has long been in evidence. His 2001 book *Bush at War* was an obsequious, groveling ode to Dubya and his minions.

In fact, warning signs preceded *Bush at War*. Before this latest revelation, those who still remembered Woodward's glory days refused to entertain the notion that his interview with former CIA Director William Casey might have been sheer fiction. Since Casey had succumbed to cancer by the time the dubious conversation surfaced in Woodward's *Veil: The Secret Wars of the CIA, 1981-1987*, no one will ever know for sure.

Joseph Wilson, Plame's husband, is the former U.S. ambassador who blew the whistle on the Bush Administration's false reports about Iraq buying uranium from the African nation of Niger. (It was this act that is believed to have triggered the outing of Plame as an act of political revenge.)

Not surprisingly, Wilson has called for the *Washington Post* to launch an inquiry into Woodward's conduct. We say they should just fire his ass.

Once a respected investigative reporter, Bob Woodward is now just one more Beltway asshole who sold out his honor for fame and fortune.

Farts in the Wind

RUSH LIMBAUGH proudly announced that listeners can "adopt" a soldier for just $49.95, but generosity and patriotism weren't involved at all. This was just a smoke screen for the syndicated talk show host and Premiere Radio Networks to rake in the bucks. Thanks to donations from their families and friends, troops are supposedly able to listen to Limbaugh's broadcasts over the Internet 24/7. If only 100,000 of his 3 million listeners paid the cash, this would add up to a tidy $5 million. What a scam by greedy Limbaugh and his radio bosses. Do they honestly think that listening to the neocon's crazed rants would raise morale?

MAUREEN DOWD, the attractive *New York Times* columnist, has now penned *Are Men Necessary?* Well, of course we are, sweetheart! In her outlandish book, subtitled *When Sexes Collide*, ill-informed Dowd claims that men are intimidated by her wit and intelligence. In addition, the unmarried author moans that younger women have returned to '50s values as "Yummy Mummy" grasping housewives. But in reality, Dowd's world bears no resemblance to how both sexes truly relate to one another today.

DADDY, WHY ARE YOU FUCKING THE BABY-SITTER?
GO ASK YOUR MOTHER!
Stuart

Tyra Blanks

Sandee Westgate

Austyn Moore, Jesse Jane, Evan Stone and Janine.

Legendary Janine

Lacy Hart

Cytherea

"Shiver me timbers," it's Jesse Jane.

WALK THE PLANK

Hollywood's Egyptian Theatre hosted the biggest XXX premiere since *Deep Throat*'s red carpet event in 1972. All the hoopla was for Digital Playground's just-released, $1-million epic *Pirates*. The night was full of comely lasses and swashbuckling dudes, notably cast members **Jesse Jane**, **Janine**, **Austyn Moore** and **Evan Stone**.

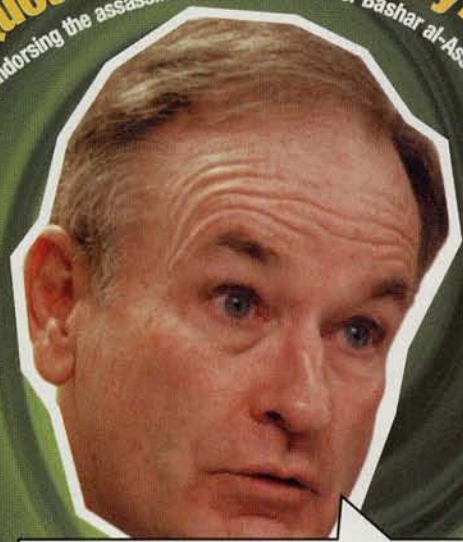
PHOTOS BY J.R. REYNOLDS

PORN FROM THE PAST

Thanks and $150 go to N.K. from Dix, Illinois, for this "spanktastic" photo. Send your smut of yesteryear to HUSTLER's "Porn From the Past," 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Include an SASE if you want the material returned.

This Month's Stupid Quote From Bill O'Reilly...

(Endorsing the assassination of Syrian leader Bashar al-Assad)



"We could take his life, and should take his life, if he doesn't help us out."

"Sex with love is the greatest thing in life. But sex without love...that's not so bad either." —*MAE WEST, HORNY OLD ACTRESS*

CELEBRITY FANTASY

WHAT WOULD Heather Locklear LOOK LIKE WITH A DICK IN HER MOUTH?

Through her long and illustrious TV career, the blond beauty **Heather Locklear** has made us grab for much more than our remotes. Sadly, there has never been any nudity or sex. Something we will never understand, since we know that Heather likes to fuck. She was once hitched to **Tommy Lee**!

Because the married mom seems much too cautious to ever let a hard-core home video slip out, we went ahead and placed a cock in Locklear's luscious lips.

DISCLAIMER: Parody picture; no such picture of Heather Locklear actually exists. This composite fantasy picture is altered from the original for our imagination, does not depict reality and is not to be taken seriously for any purpose. Do not masturbate to this picture.

ANGRY GIRL D'ARCY

BY MAX BURBANK

The secret to a good April Fools' Day joke is knowing how to lie.
We're makin' good progress in Iraq!
I don't remember who told me Valerie Plame worked for the CIA.
6247485
SCOOTER
A guy named Scooter used to work here, but I never met him.
Heck, I don't mind gettin' indicted and steppin' down as House Majority Leader, 'cause I didn't do nothin' wrong.
I think it's about time one of these bastards said, "April Fools'."
MAX

"'A hard head makes a sore ass.' That was one of the things my grandmother told me. That and 'Don't be an asshole.'" —WILLIE NELSON, COUNTRY MUSIC LEGEND

NEWSBITES

Dr. Feel Good

A 47-year-old Oregon woman is suing her former doctor. Malpractice? Nope. She claims the physician coerced her into having sex, claiming it was a remedy for her back pain. The 50-year-old medical professional also had the balls to bill the broad's insurance $5,000 for the 45-minute "treatments." The culprit was stripped of his medical license for 60 days and pleaded guilty to submitting false health care claims. We assume the naive lady still believes her dentist when he says that giving him oral sex will help prevent tooth decay.

Wanted Man/Woman

A Bulgarian escaped three years in prison after showing up in court a completely changed man. In the year it took for the case to be prosecuted, the male defendant underwent a sex change operation. The law in that country did not allow him/her to be convicted because he/she wasn't the same person who'd committed the crime. After reading this story, Scott Peterson wishes he'd flown to Bulgaria and cut off his cock.

Dead Wrong

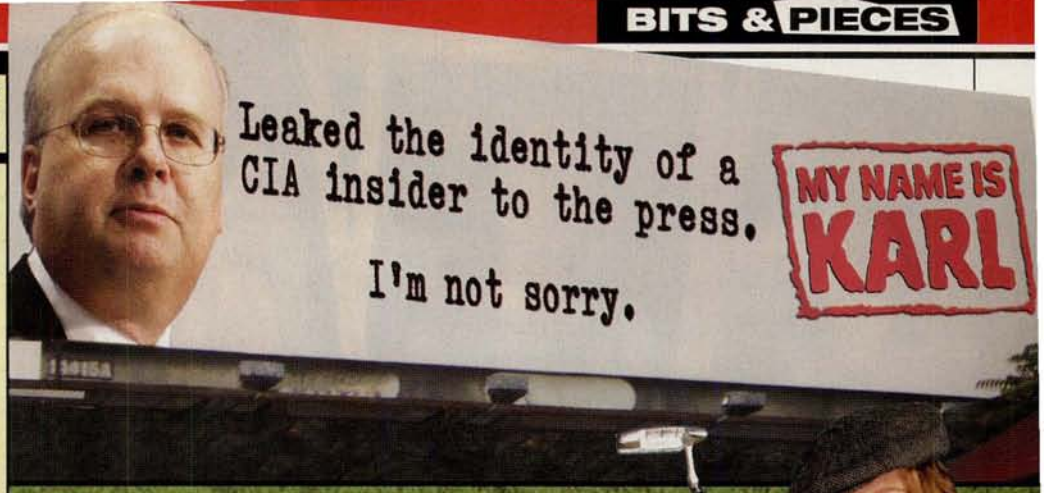
Encountering an illegally parked car, a meter maid in Sydney, Australia, sprung into action. She quickly wrote up a citation, slapped it on the windshield and went about her business. What she didn't notice was the body of a 71-year-old motorist slumped over the steering wheel. Another two days passed before the corpse was finally discovered. The meter maid is said to be upset about not spotting the stiff. The deceased Aussie is said to still be very dead.

Cannabis Show & Tell

A second-grader in Bridgeport, Connecticut, who transported more than a dozen bags of marijuana to school will not be prosecuted. Seems the tyke found his uncle's stash and brought it on a field trip to impress his classmates. The uncle faces charges of possession with intent to sell.

In a related story, a second-grader in Bridgeport, Connecticut, who transported more than a dozen bags of marijuana to school will not be prosecuted. Seems the tyke found his uncle's stash and brought it on a field trip to impress his classmates. The uncle faces charges of possession with intent to sell.

Wait just a second! Wow! Smoking pot really does affect your memory.



Fore! Play

Looking for a fun, politically incorrect way to divert attention from your lousy backswing? Check out the Putt Her club from Blue Ball Sports. This golf club works like those stripping pens and reveals a bikini-clad beauty when tilted just right.

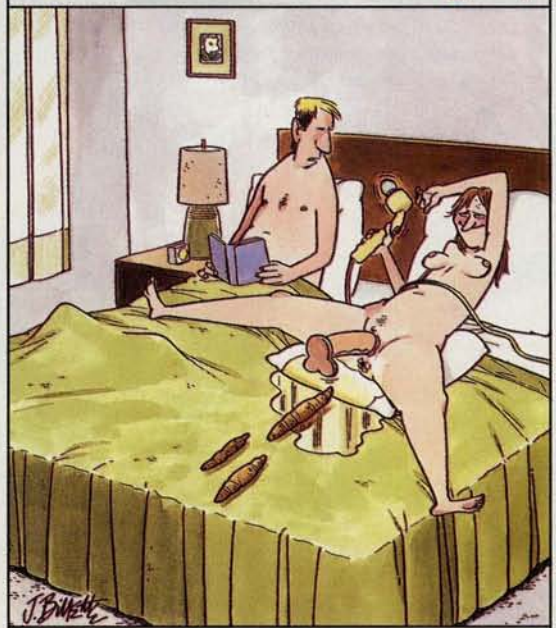
Impress your golf buddies and piss off the country club association with the Putt Her. Available online at BlueBallSports.com.

Sign of the Times

Isn't it supposed to be "Speed Bumps"? Speed humps is what we do when our girlfriend's husband comes home early. Thanks to J.S. for sending this in.

Have you seen a funny sign? Mail us a photo, and if we print it, you'll get a hundred smackers. Send your entry to: HUSTLER, "Sign of the Times," c/o *Bits & Pieces*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.

"MOST TASTELESS CARTOON"



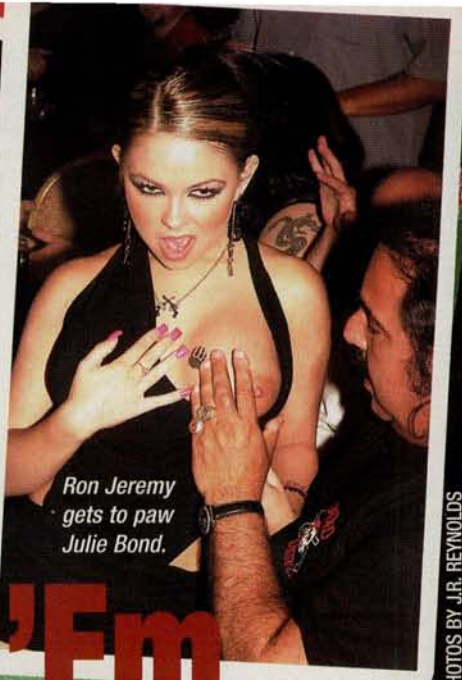
"Nice orgasm, honey! Now clean it up!"

"Chastity...the most unnatural of sexual perversions." —*ALDOUS HUXLEY, WRITER*

Sunny Lane

Rebecca Bardoux

Carmen and Shy Love make a great pair.


Ron Jeremy gets to paw Julie Bond.

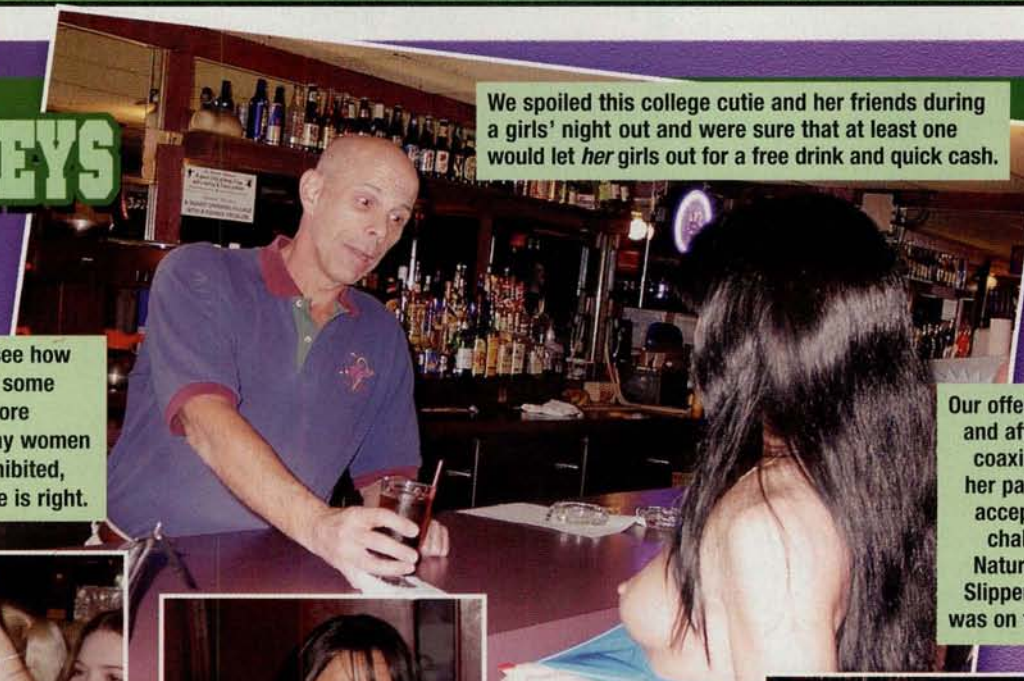
PHOTOS BY J.R. REYNOLDS

Who's got the lube?

Know When to Hold 'Em

A bevy of porn beauties turned out to support **PAW** (Protecting Adult Welfare) at its first annual Poker Night in Pasadena, California. Fans got to play Texas Hold 'Em and interact with XXX stars, directors and producers—notably **Sunny Lane**, **Shy Love**, **Julie Bond**, **Rita Faltoyano** and **Rebecca Bardoux**. **Ron Jeremy** and **Sean Michaels** acted as the masters of ceremonies for the charity event.

MONEY HONEYS


Money Honeys ©2005 SHH!

We spoiled this college cutie and her friends during a girls' night out and were sure that at least one would let *her* girls out for a free drink and quick cash.

Continuing our quest to see how far girls today will go for some extra income, we offer more irrefutable proof: Everyday women are becoming more uninhibited, even in public, if the price is right.

Our offer was $10, and after much coaxing from her pals, Tonya accepted the challenge. Naturally, the Slippery Nipple was on the house!

For more Money Honeys, check out HUSTLER HUMOR Magazine.

WHAT WOULD JESUS REALLY DO?

By The Valcourt Brothers

Dude, I totally want these Tera Patrick DVDs, but I'm broke.
Well, you'll have to wait till payday. I'm tapped out.
Or I could just shoplift them.
Wait! You can't do that. It's stealing, and it's wrong!
In a way you're right. It is stealing. But on the other hand, it's not like Larry Flynt needs any more money. I need this porn. I don't know what to do!
Just ask yourself, "What would Jesus do?"
JESUS!
My sons, you know that stealing is one of the deadliest of sins. Your ill-gotten gains will bring you no prosperity or pleasure.
What?! Huh?! But we can still jerk off to it, right?
Yes. Look, just download the porn from the Internet.
But isn't that stealing?
Kind of. Think of it like this. The poor box in church. How much of that money do you really think goes to the poor?
Oh, and my sons, Tera Patrick is not in She-Males of Rio #4. Remember, they're not chicks with dicks. They're dudes with tits!

"Our enemies...never stop thinking about new ways to harm our country and our people, and neither do we." —GEORGE W. BUSH, PRESIDENT/WARLORD

KAYDEN KR
CALL OF TH
WILD

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LAURENT SKY

The first thing you notice about this breathtaking beauty is her winning smile—that and those spectacular size-D breasts. As unbashful as she is endowed, Kayden is thrilled to be a big-time HUSTLER chick, but she vows to keep shaking her fine ass at a strip club back home in Sacramento, California. "It's the greatest job in the world," the 20-year-old coos. "I get to meet lots of guys and exercise like a demon, and I'm paid for doing it!"

Although having a blast night after night, Kayden is thinking about leaving the brass pole behind. "I'm modeling more and more," she points out, "plus I really want to finish college and get my degree. In case you're interested, I'm a junior at Sacramento State University, majoring in psychology."

Kayden spends what little free time she has amid a virtual menagerie. "I have a cat, a hamster, a dog, three fish and two horses," the curvaceous coed reveals. When we ask if it's true that riding bareback can give a woman an orgasm, Kayden replies, "I've never ridden butt naked. I do like riding in a bikini, but being on horseback is a lot like sex that's too rough. After a while it just hurts."

As for conventional hanky-panky, Kayden confides, "I'm just into guys, but that doesn't stop me from inviting a girl into the bedroom to join in. I love experimenting when it comes to sex. I have to admit that lately I've been running out of new things to try."

Before bidding adieu, the tantalizing newbie has kind words for our esteemed publisher: "When I saw *The People vs. Larry Flynt*, I was impressed by how far he has come. I'm honored to be in his magazine." And we're all glad to have you, Kayden.

TECH KNOW

Better living through gadgets.

BY KEITH VALCOURT

◀ NO LITTER BOX REQUIRED

Okay, so you don't *need* a remote-controlled dinosaur with 40 preprogrammed functions. But you want it. Designed by Mark Tilden, the genius behind the popular Robosapien, Roboraptor relies on an infrared vision system and multiple sonic sensors to detect objects in its path. Shine a green beam on some "prey," and your cool new toy will attack with biomechanical precision. (But watch out for its whipping tail!) Roboraptor is 30 inches tall and runs on six AA batteries, the remote control on three AAAs. Come on, you know you want it. Available at ***SharperImage.com***. Suggested retail price: $119.95.

IT'S A SNAP ▶

While millions of Americans own a camera phone, most of the pictures miss the mark or are out of focus. The Cellpod is a quick attach-and-release tripod for your cell phone that allows you to perfectly frame and take quality photos (via a remote feature)—and even lets you get in the shot. Weighing only 2 ounces, this compact and steady unit can fit in the palm of your hand and adapts to any cell phone. The Cellpod also swivels in several directions. Available at ***JoyInnovations.com***. Suggested retail price: $24.95.

◀ LIGHT TOUCH

The Bil-Lite S.U.L. (Sport Utility Light) is a featherweight (only 1 ounce), clip-on, hands-free illumination source that allows you to see with pinpoint accuracy. Containing an intense LED (no bulbs to change) and a lens system that gathers and increases the brightness, the Bil-Lite S.U.L. shines up to 30 feet in the dark and can easily pivot 90 degrees and rotate a full 360 degrees. The unit is available in seven colors, with a pair of 3-volt lithium cell batteries providing 100 hours of power. Available at ***Q-Lighting.com***. Suggested retail price: $19.95.

SOUND & VISION ▲

Looking for a way to take your photo album and music library with you wherever you go? Then pick up this cool-looking, indispensable item. The 20GB Zen Sleek Photo is a stylish, dockable MP3 player with a stunning 1.7-inch high-resolution OLED display for viewing thousands of images at almost any angle in rich, vibrant color. The unit, which can also be used to download as many as 10,000 songs, is equipped with a built-in FM tuner and recorder so you can catalog personal notes or tape your favorite radio shows to play back anytime you want. The player runs on a rechargeable battery. Get sleek. Get Zen. Available at ***US.Creative.com***. Suggested retail price: $279.99.

SONGS IN THE KEY OF LIFE ▼

Hats off to iKEY, the first portable USB recorder that enables you to record live audio and convert it into high-quality MP3 or WAV files directly and easily into your iPod or other MP3 player in real time. Just connect a cable from the headphone jack of your stereo or CD player into the iKEY and then connect it to your MP3 unit. No computers or software needed. You'll be able to enjoy everything from albums to live concerts and even speeches on your player…again and again. Available at ***iKEY-Audio.com***. Suggested retail price: $229.99.

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POWER REVERSAL

Rose lay back, her head resting on the plush down pillows. A small, satisfied smile played over her lips. Droplets of my jizz led from the beauty's perky, little titties to her toned, flat belly and down to her inner thighs.

We had just enjoyed marathon sex, a grueling two-hour session including—but not limited to—oral, straight and anal. I had conquered the most attractive female executive in my company. The chief financial officer, Rose had quite literally begged for this department head's "big, huge cock." Okay, then, so why wasn't I satisfied?

Rose seems so commanding in the office, and yet had been so disappointingly submissive in bed. I lay beside her, still craving—I didn't exactly know what. Or maybe I did. Every time I purchased an adult magazine or DVD, it was all about B&D, specifically with dominant women. I wanted, needed actually, a stern mistress to put me in my place, to force me into submission, to make each and every sexual decision for me.

But where would I find such an iron-fisted goddess? The question plagued me as I worked late the following night in my corner office. I was pondering how to make my fantasy come true when I looked up to lock eyes with the new cleaning woman.

"Come back later!" I said dismissively.

"No, I clean now!" she exclaimed.

"Later!" I repeated.

"Now!" the stunning Latina stated with unreasonable authority. And just like that I was in lust. But when I asked Cecilia for a date, she shook her head till her long, lush ponytail spanked her backside. "No!" she answered.

I asked the sexy custodian out again the next night and the next. "No!" and "No!" I thought perhaps it was because of our different stations in life, my being a well-paid executive and she working her butt off for minimum wage. When I mentioned those sentiments, as politely as possible, Cecilia laughed in my face. "No!" she roared. "It is because you cannot possibly know how to please a woman like me." Passion blazed in the sultry janitor's eyes.

"Teach me!" I begged.

And so my lessons began. Last night was my third.

I arrived at Cecilia's apartment, in a seedy, downright-dangerous section of town, at nine sharp. As soon as the door closed behind me, I dropped to my knees and swabbed my tongue across her boots. Through error—resulting in 50 cruel, stinging lashes—I now knew to address Cecilia only as Mistress and to not speak unless first spoken to.

Cecilia—Mistress Cecilia, that is—ordered me to crawl on hands and knees behind her. En route I dared to steal glances at the doll's full, shapely derriere. Tonight my new goddess was dressed entirely in traditional dominatrix garb: black spike heels, black seamed stockings, garter and an old-fashioned lace-up corset. Her lustrous black hair fell in loose waves down her back, all the way to tease her ass crack. She was stunning, and I was granite hard by the time we reached her bedroom.

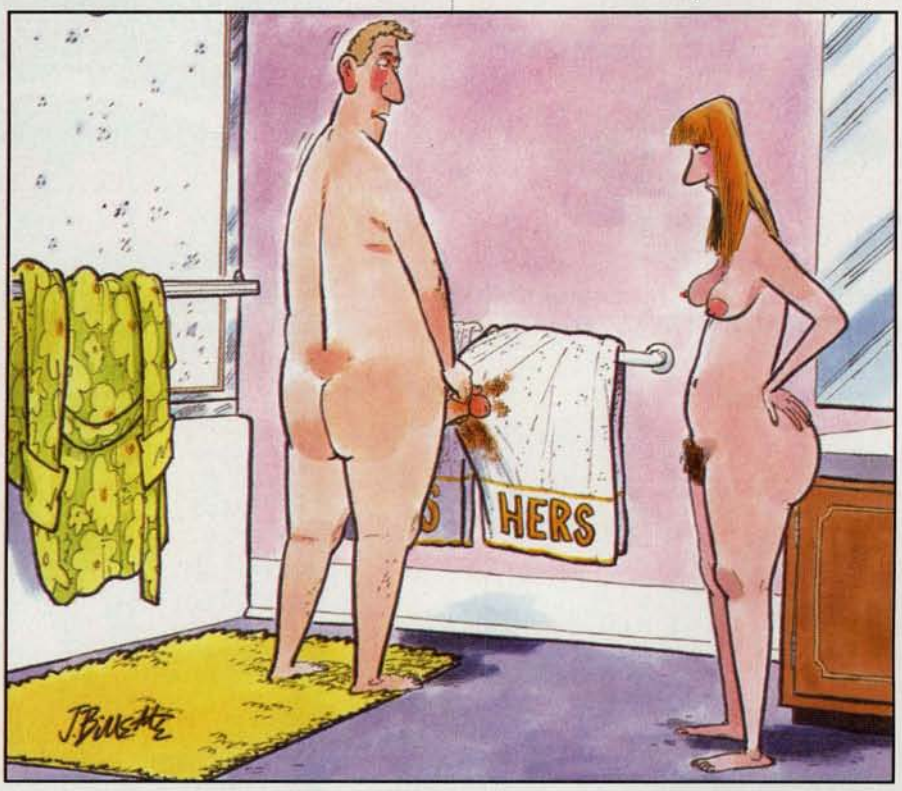
There, Mistress Cecilia directed me to strip naked, and I trembled as I did so—me, a high-powered business executive, fumbling over my buttons and socks in front of the woman who emptied my trash can and vacuumed my office floor. Apparently, I failed to follow orders quickly enough. Seated side by side on the bed now, Mistress firmly instructed me to lie across her lap, facedown.

Pushing my pecker between her thighs, she trapped it there, pressing her legs tightly together. I braced myself for that first whack. Damn, she was strong. It crashed harder than I could have ever imagined. And again. Mistress had never hit me with a bare hand before. It was wonderful. With every brutally harsh smack, the stress of my corporate life—the constant decisions, the endless obligations—faded, until all that was left was pure pain, pure joy, pure sex.

My cock throbbed. I tried to lift myself high enough to jack off between the dom's legs, but that only earned me ten more whacks—then a second set of ten with a paddle for making her hand sore. My ass burned. My balls ached. I couldn't help it. I sprayed jism all over the bitch's beautiful calves and the carpet. Mistress Cecilia shoved me to the ground, her dark eyes flaming with rage, warning me that I could expect punishment. I had licked every trace of my semen from her legs and the floor before she took mercy on me and allowed her lowly slave to lap at her heavenly pussy while she petted my head.

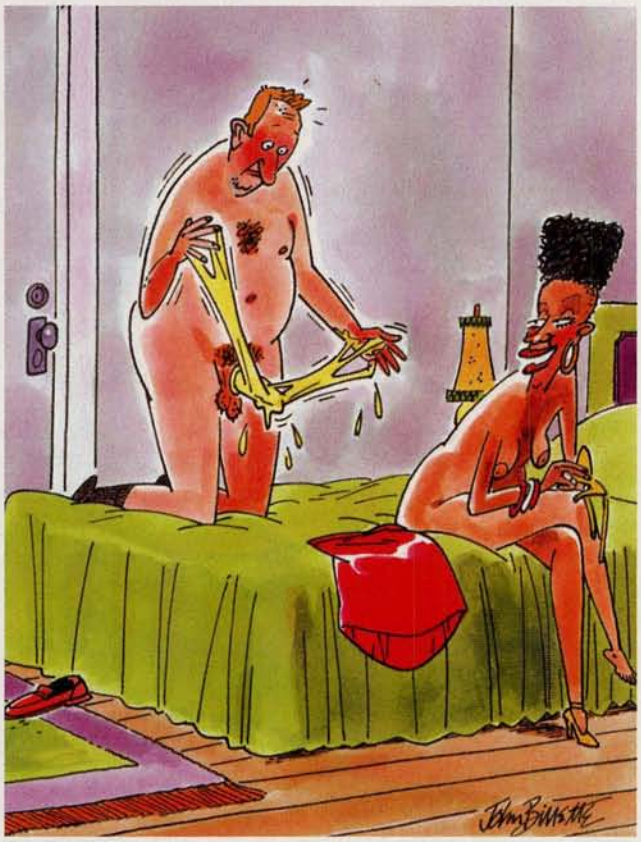
Today Mistress informed me of my punishment. She's forcing me to clean a whole floor of offices for her tonight. Fuck, I hope I don't get caught. I hope Rose isn't working late.

—A.M.
TULSA, OKLAHOMA



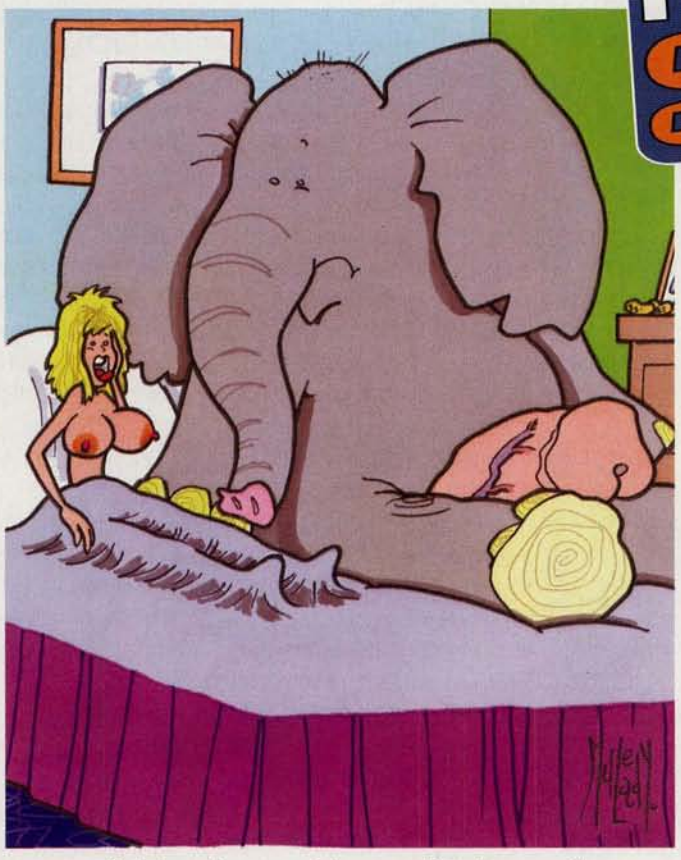
"Hey, it's your shit from your asshole!"

Send your personal sexperiences to HUSTLER *Hot Letters*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.

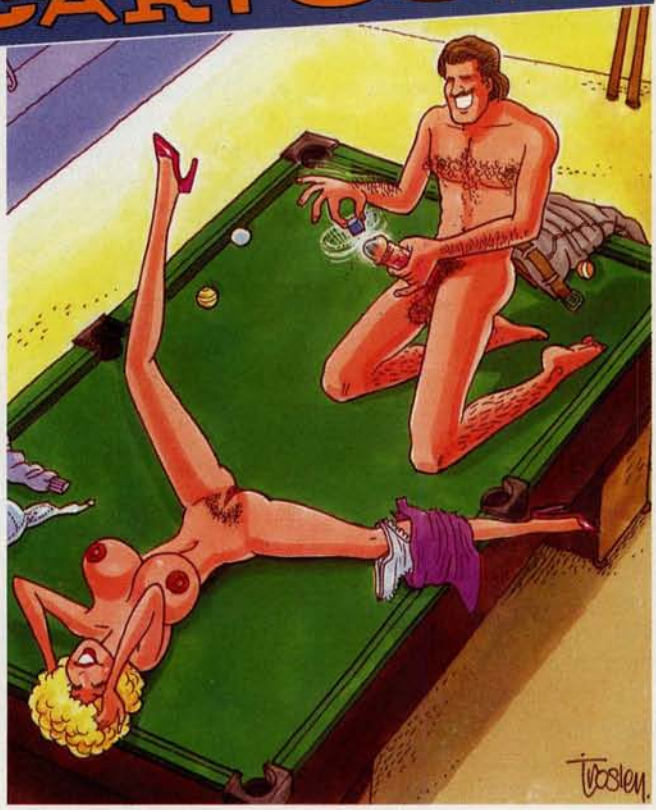


"Relax, sugar, it happens all the time. My pussy done melted yo' rubber!"

HUSTLER CLASSIC CARTOONS



"Shit, what a nightmare! I dreamed you only had a ten-inch cock!"



JOYCE RILEY: HAS OUR GOVERN BEYOND TR

Joyce Riley, U.S. Air Force flight nurse.

According to internal documents, the U.S. government conducted deadly experiments on unsuspecting American troops during 1991's Gulf War I. Now, as our fighting men are returning home from Iraq, they're already reporting the same, if not worse, symptoms as their predecessors. While officials still deny the existence of a so-called Gulf War Syndrome, many health professionals suspect the "mystery illness" is caused by a combination of experimental vaccines and exposure to depleted uranium munitions, as well as chemical and biological weapons.

JOYCE RILEY

Joyce Riley is a former Air Force captain and a veteran of Gulf War I. She is the leading voice in the effort to expose the truth about Gulf War Syndrome, working tirelessly as a full-time activist for veterans' rights, exposing government abuses on her Web site GulfWarVets.com and through her documentary *Beyond Treason*. HUSTLER sits down with Riley as she discusses the disturbing facts about how our government continues to cover up its crimes against American soldiers.

HUSTLER: How did you become aware of Gulf War Syndrome?

JOYCE RILEY: In January 1991 I rejoined my unit at Kelly Air Force Base [in San Antonio, Texas]. By December 1991 I was hospitalized with this bizarre neurological disease that they said was multiple sclerosis, but not quite. And lots of other nurses were coming down with the same problem. Of course, the Department of Defense [DOD] was saying that they didn't know anything and that we must have a mental problem. I knew I didn't have a mental problem. Prior to that I had been a heart/lung/liver/kidney transplant nurse at St. Luke's Hospital in Houston. That was real trauma and tough work. Flying around playing *M*A*S*H* in the air with the Kelly Air Force Base group was just an absolute honor. I loved every minute of it. It was not as stressful.

I contacted the DOD and the Veterans Administration, and they told us "Nobody's sick; everybody's fine. Just go about your business." But I couldn't function any longer. I had to drop out of work at Kelly Air Force Base, and I loved being a flight nurse. It took me the next four years to get better, and I had to go outside mainstream medicine to find help.

Had you been inoculated or given anti-anthrax drugs before deployment overseas in 1991?

That was the link to the Gulf War illness that I had, because I did not deploy. The DOD admitted that there were some people who had deployed and had problems. Then we started finding out the ones who didn't deploy had problems. We said, "There's got to be a link here." And sure enough, it had to be the vaccines. I got ten vaccines in one day at Kelly Air Force Base prior to the time I was supposed to deploy. I wrote in my journal that day, "I had to get ten shots today to serve my country. I would get 100 just to be able to serve the country." I had no idea that those shots nearly killed me. I was very sick. I could barely walk for a period of time after that. I started getting better in 1995.

How did your investigation begin?

My background is nursing. I've been a director of nursing for four institutions. I've lectured at the National Institutes of Health. So when I began doing this research, I had already served 15 years testifying in cases as an expert on nursing malpractice. I knew what it took to put a case together. I had worked with hundreds of attorneys to determine where there was negligence or when someone had done something wrong, so it was natural for me to start saying: "Wait a minute. The DOD and the Veterans Administration are saying everybody's fine. And I'm looking at all these people dropping like flies, saying, 'They can't be that blind to not see this.'" And I said, "I know there's a cover-up." That was about 1995 when I decided that I was going to begin a full-blown investigation.

What did your investigation reveal?

It led me to some documents, the first of which just turned me upside down and changed my life totally. The documents of Senate Report 103-97 from 1994 were formerly secret. They've been declassified now. But the public doesn't have access to those unless they hunt and peck. I scraped together all these documents to prove that the DOD was lying. Report 103-97 was basically to be released, as I understand it, only to committee members—not to the general public. And here's what shocked me. Almost the first statement in it is: "During the last 50 years, hundreds of thousands of military personnel have been involved in human experimentation and other intentional exposures conducted by the Department of Defense, often without a servicemember's knowledge or consent." I was shocked. Because up until this time I thought it was just Gulf War illness that was a problem. I thought it was just us.

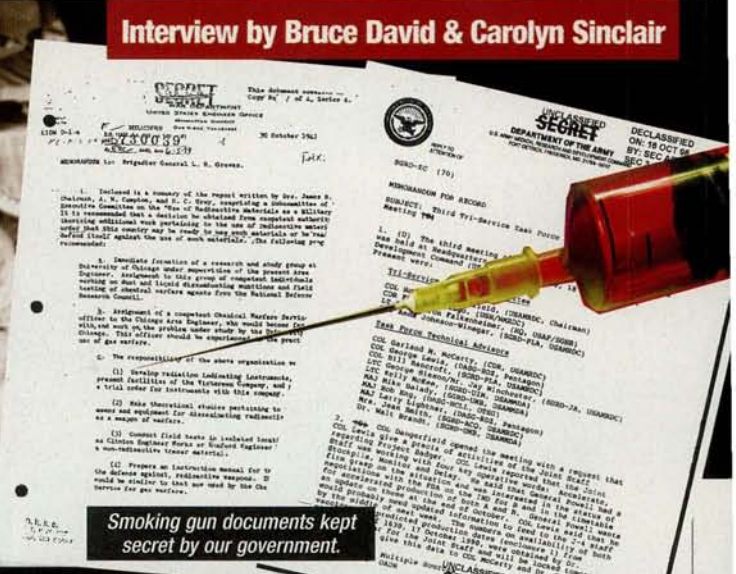
When guys came back from Vietnam, I was in ROTC at the University of Kansas. I was supporting the war, and I couldn't believe that our country would've done anything like this. I never questioned our government whatsoever. In 103-97 they had the arrogance to say that not only were these experiments done, but they delineated those experiments, including Operation Whitecoat and experiments with the drug BZ.

How does one begin to take on the Department of Defense?

First I went to my attorney and said, "Finally, I'm making some sense of what has happened to the Gulf War veterans." My attorney said, "I don't want anything to do with it, and I don't want you to ever mention it again. I couldn't withstand the IRS audit if I got involved." That was his statement. Of course, he's no longer my attorney. At that point I realized I was on my own. I went to about ten different big attorneys in Houston,

MENT GONE EASON?

Interview by Bruce David & Carolyn Sinclair



Smoking gun documents kept secret by our government.

Army Sgt. Stephen Miller presents damning evidence to the Senate Veterans Affairs Committee.

and said, "I'm looking at a national intent to kill our own military by the use of experimentation." Not one of those huge legal greats would even touch this. No one. So I decided I was going to find out what happened. I was going to find an answer for this. I decided I was going to have to take the message to a larger audience. So I started a radio show.

How difficult was it to take your message to the airwaves?

I bought time. I was so desperate that I told the station I wanted to do a radio show called *Nurse Talk Radio* about health care. They said, "Yeah, sure, fine, here's an hour on Saturday afternoon." I started in 1995, talking about Gulf War illness, trying to find some other people who had it. It turned out there were thousands of others like me. Then I got invited as a guest on other radio shows, and luckily enough in 1996 I was on *Coast to Coast* with Art Bell.

That opened it all up. He believed what I was saying. He challenged me, but he put me on the air. I got more letters than I could've ever answered. They started telling me their stories. I received a letter from a young man saying, "I can't believe I heard you on the program tonight. I was about to give up. I was about to end it all. But I will continue now, because I know that one other person knows."

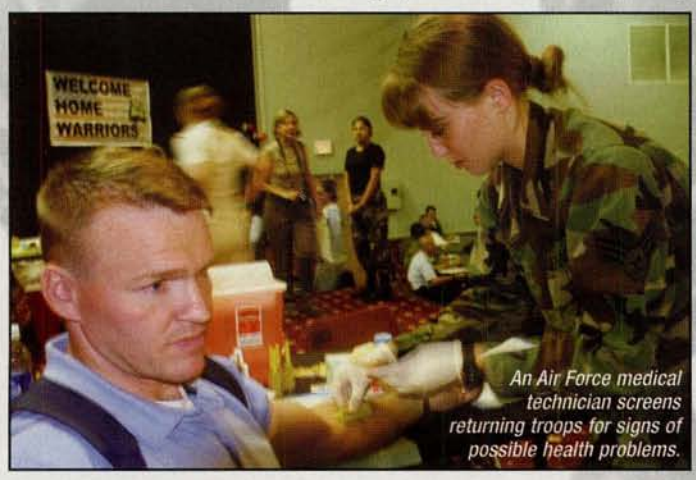
How did that affect your mission?

I knew that I was breaking the hearts and changing the lives of all of these people listening to that program that night. But also I realized that I was finding several thousands of people who were about to give up and who needed some hope to go on. I became the nurse that was out there yelling for them. Yet it seemed like nobody, other than the veterans, was listening.

My husband, Dave, and I began traveling. We borrowed an RV and went around the country, holding meetings at American Legion halls until they would no longer allow us to. They said we were giving out conspiracy theories like Agent Orange, so they stopped letting us use the American Legion.

Dave and I decided to continue to fight, even if it seemed like nobody was listening. We went around the country for almost a year, going from town to town. Wherever two or more vets were joined together, we'd talk to them. People were listening. And the Pentagon knew. In Erie, Pennsylvania, a man in a suit came up to me after one of the vet meetings. Nobody else was in a suit. He said, "I'm a former two-star Army general, and you're absolutely right. Keep doing what you're doing." I asked him why didn't he support me in the open so we could get something done. He said, "I've got two daughters in college. There's no way I can risk losing my retirement." Then he handed me $50, and I felt so dirty. If we hadn't needed it so badly for gas money, I don't think I would have taken it.

I started to realize that the Pentagon was following us around, and people were coming to meetings. Some of the guys would say, "I'm not really supposed to be here, but I need to tell you, don't stop, because nobody is going to do it from the inside."



An Air Force medical technician screens returning troops for signs of possible health problems.

A depleted uranium bullet in Iraq. Such munitions are a possible cause of Gulf War Syndrome.

The gruesome effects of the U.S. military's radioactive weaponry and chemical experimentation.

Photos courtesy William Lewis, director of *Beyond Treason*

At the same time, you started an organization for Gulf War veterans?

Right, it's the biggest bulletin board for veterans with Gulf War issues. We appealed to the parents, saying, "Listen to your kids. If they say they're sick, please don't believe the DOD." We also produced a documentary called *Beyond Treason* that is available free to veterans.

Then Captain Chalker Brown of the DOD called me and said, "I'd like to talk to you about that video that you have. We'd like for you to stop using that—not to give it out anymore." I asked, "Why is that? Can you tell me which part isn't accurate?" He said, "That's not the issue. The issue is you're one of us." I said, "Sir, if 'being one of us' means that I'm going to sit by and watch these people struggle and die, count me out. I'm not one of you. When I took my oath to serve in the Air Force, it was to serve my fellow man, my peers in uniform. And I will continue to do that whether you do it or not."

You became a troublemaker for them. You just wouldn't shut up.

In 1996 my husband and I tried to buy an old RV. The sales guy asked if we had good credit. I said, "Yeah. I've got two late payments in ten years." He went back, got the credit report and said, "Lady, you're about to be arrested." He said, "You've got 16 credit cards and never a dollar paid on them. They're all maxed-out. There're four bank loans and a federal bankruptcy in your name. We can't sell you anything."

I went back to Houston immediately, to the Harris County Courthouse, and sure enough someone had committed bankruptcy in my name. They had used my name and several aliases with my social security number. I was financially ruined. I couldn't believe that anybody could have the power to do something like this. I had to go to federal court, prove who I was, hire an attorney and go through those expenses to prove my identity. I had over $100,000 of debt. We brought in the FBI. They had to bring in the Secret Service because there was so much money involved. It was a mess, and my life is still affected to this date. So you don't do these things without a certain amount of concern.

Did that stop you from conducting your investigation?

No. I went on, and I found another document called Senate Hearing Report 103-900, commonly called the Regal Report. In it was all the information about what happened during the Gulf War. It had been taken off the government printing office list. All the 12 senators, who were there, have full knowledge of everything I'm telling you right now—one of them from my own state. Yet none of them were doing anything about it. The document, which is from 1994, spelled out that they knew 20% to 40% of the Gulf War veterans were sick, that they were having deformed babies, that it was not a mental problem, that 15,000 chemical alarms went off out there, and they were all ruled malfunctions.

What maladies were affecting veterans returning to the States?

The first Gulf War, they started coming home feeling like they had a constant flu. They had rashes, joint pain and chronic fatigue. I had the same symptoms. I can remember one day waking up, and I couldn't figure out how to get the sheets off me because I had no energy whatsoever. I'd never seen anything like that in the textbooks. The muscle spasms would be like having a charley horse that lasts for two weeks. I told a neurologist, and he said, "That just doesn't happen." So how do you fight a situation when they're saying it doesn't exist? The DOD continued to deny that people were sick, despite their having seizures, massive migraine headaches that would never go away, throwing up every day, or bleeding from the gums, rectum and nose.

Why were these combatants the first to display such symptoms?

Because we've never had a situation involving the combination of vaccine, depleted uranium, chemicals, biologicals and oil well fires. These vets were having layered effects from all these things. Joint pain, like arthritis, was debilitating 25-year-olds. Beyond that, they'd have problems with their spouses. The women they'd had sex with started developing endometriosis [tissue growth within the reproductive system that can be painful and cause infertility]. Their wives were having hysterectomies, one after another.

How many Gulf War veterans are sick?

Out of the 697,000 who served in the first Gulf War, 225,000 are now on permanent disability. Another 200,000 have filed for it, but because they made the mistake of putting Gulf War Syndrome down, or because they didn't fill out their paperwork correctly, they got turned down. It's my belief that probably around 450,000 of the troops are sick from the first Gulf War. Now remember, it was a 100-hour war, in which only 148 people died. Half of those were friendly fire. Yet we have hundreds of thousands on permanent

disability. A lot of them, by the way, have been lost to any kind of follow-up, because once you are in the reserves, there's no tracking. They won't contact you to say, "Your unit was exposed to this, so please come in and get tested." It doesn't happen. But I will tell you this—nine out of ten people who contact the American Gulf War Veterans Association are sick.

How many have died?

The DOD has admitted to at least 10,000. We believe that figure to be much higher. Probably around 30,000 people have died. That is my guess, and unfortunately, that's all we've got. Due to national security, they are not releasing the information

Can we expect the same problems from the current Iraq war?

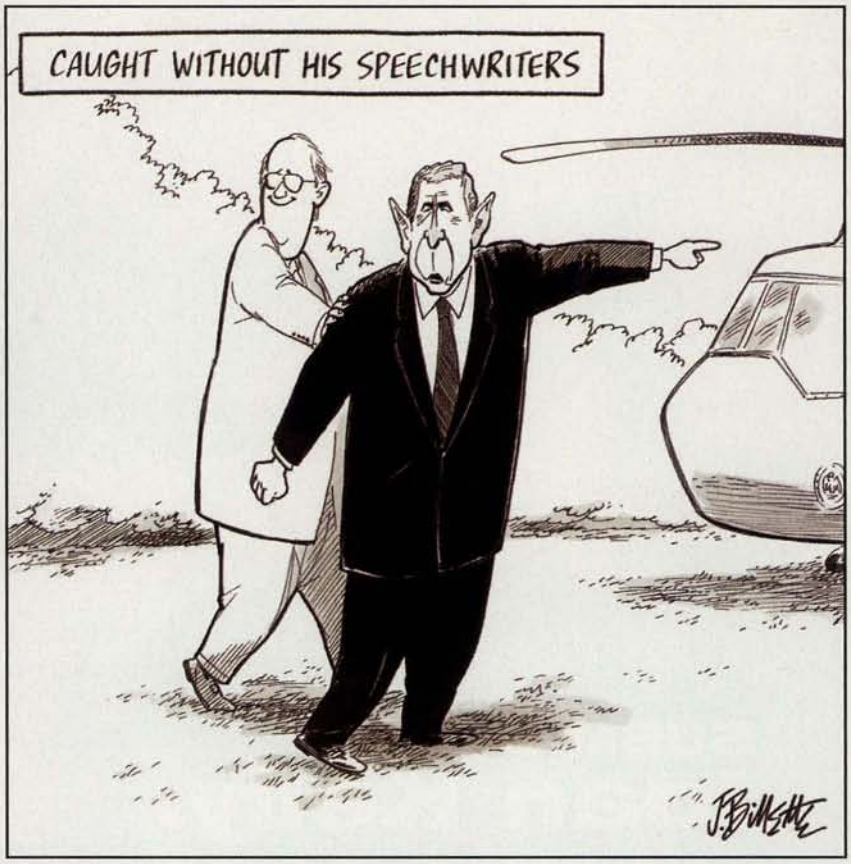
Yes, and it's going to be in spades. [Returning soldiers] have already contacted us. Those depleted uranium particles are going to be in their clothing, souvenirs. I can't tell you how many people bring home sand as a souvenir to share with the family. That sand is going to contain depleted uranium particles.

I'm not trying to scare people. I'm trying to be realistic. We've got a huge problem waiting to happen. So, yes, it's going to affect their children and their family. I don't know when it's going to end.

Are the U.S. government and the military working against our troops who fight their wars?

After the troops return, the military is waiting for them to die. After Vietnam and the Gulf War, that happened. I've seen this over and over. And it's time that it stopped.

The government makes everybody feel good for buying a yellow, made-in-China magnetic ribbon that says, "Support the Troops." People put it on their car, thinking they support the troops. Then somebody like me comes out and starts saying these things, and I'm the one who's un-American? I'm unpatriotic and don't like the military? Nothing could be further from the truth. We don't need another bridge or highway named after a veteran. We need to take care of these troops after they come home, because it's not happening.



"That's right! Jesus told me to keep on killin' those folks over there until they're free!"

"Since a man is innocent until proven guilty, Lewis "Scooter" Libby will have the backing and support of our organization, People for the Ethical Treatment of Assholes!"

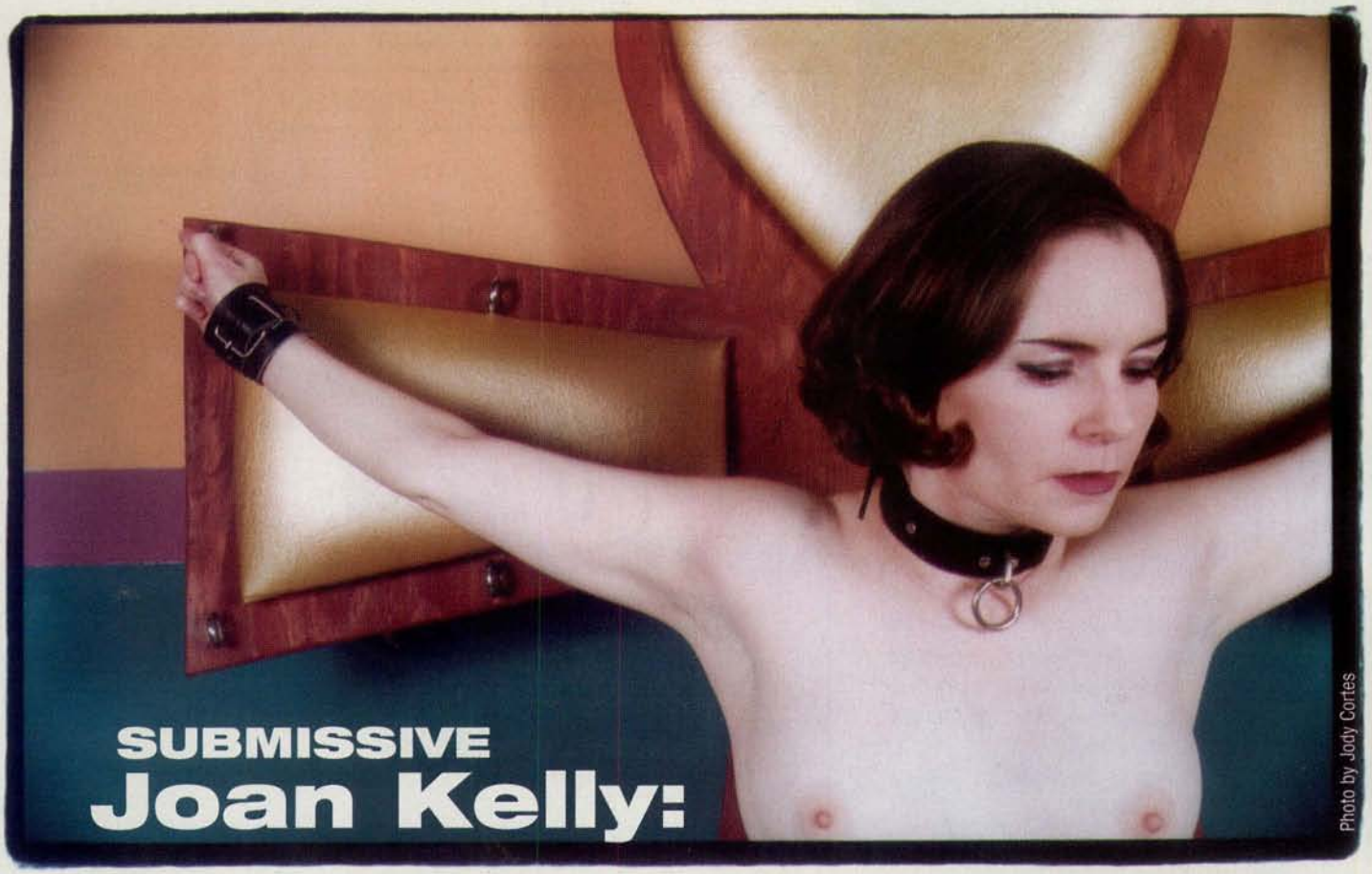


Photo by Jody Cortes

Photo by Gary and Pierre Silva

SUBMISSIVE Joan Kelly: THE PLEASURE

When Joan Kelly took a weekend job at a BDSM dungeon in Los Angeles, it seemed she had finally found a perfect outlet for her pent-up desires. All of a sudden, the then California college student was being paid to do kinky things she'd only fantasized about. In *The Pleasure's All Mine: The Memoir of a Professional Submissive*, Kelly reveals her enigmatic persona. Although sexually obedient, she remains a strong-willed, passionate woman. Her experiences make for an extraordinary life and a stimulating book, as the following excerpt attests.

Book cover photo by Dave Naz

"Can you take this?"

Mistress D. attached a pink plastic clothespin to my outer labia. Next, she walked around the table I was strapped to and peered around my legs to gauge my response.

I nodded, "Yes, Mistress. It's okay."

She put another one on the same side about an inch lower, and then two more on the opposite side. She placed the fifth and final clothespin just above the hood of my clitoris. It was a particularly sensitive area, and she smiled when I gasped.

"You're going to take this and much, much more, aren't you, Marnie?" [*Editor's Note: Marnie is Kelly's BDSM pseudonym.*] D. turned so the video camera could capture both the commanding look on her face and my calm nod of agreement in the same shot.

"Good girl."

She went back to fiddling with the clothespins, each of which had a small white string threaded through its middle. She tied the end of each clothespin's string to the larger ropes around my thighs, so that my lips were pulled open, red and swollen with splashes of attached pink plastic, looking like so many extended petals on a flower. I knew it looked beautiful because of the mirror straight in front of me.

I had met Mistress D. only a couple of hours before, when I came to her studio for this video-shoot. I had known of her for some time—she was one of the most famous and successful independent dominatrixes in the country. Amazon-tall, with long, blond hair, a voluptuous body and as genuinely pretty as any high school cheerleader I'd gone to school with, she had contacted me about being a sub in one of her fetish movies a couple of weeks earlier. I had been more than flattered—working with Mistress D. was like receiving the kink equivalent of the *Good Housekeeping* seal of approval.

"Tell me, how does this feel?" she asked, tapping the parts of the clothespins where they pulled on my tender skin.

I moaned sharply. The pinching intensified when she touched them, but something about the slight movement made everything feel good at the same time. "It's different, Mistress," I finally answered.

D. laughed and stepped away from the table where I lay. "Have you ever felt a vibrator on clamps before, Marnie?"

Photo by Gary and Pierre Silva

Photo by Gary and Pierre Silva

Photo by Jody Cortes

'S ALL MINE

"No, Mistress, I haven't," I said, my voice rising in anxiety.

"Are you afraid it might hurt?" she grinned at me, pulling a large back massager with a strangely phallic attachment on the end out of a nearby drawer.

"Yes, I am," I answered honestly. It wasn't one of the things we had discussed explicitly about the plot. I knew there would be bondage, caning, the clothespins and some breast flogging, but the vibrator was a surprise to me.

She plugged in the device and brought it toward me. I watched helplessly, my arms and legs having already been extensively bound together, then hooked onto a suspension cable that lifted my ass slightly off the table.

When D. touched the tip of the huge vibrator to the clothespin above my clitoris a moment later, I yelled in surprise. Instead of a sharper pinch, it caused a deep and dull ache, and at the very same time provided the intense pleasure that a vibrator normally would. It was the weirdest combination, and I couldn't tell whether I wanted her to turn it off and release me, or never, ever stop.

"God, Mistress—oh, God, please, Mistress," I babbled, and pushed my hips toward her. It was all I could say for the next few minutes as she moved the vibrator continuously over the clothespins. Please. God. Please, Mistress. Oh, Jesus. I screamed finally—not from an orgasm, but from the overload of sensation.

"That's probably enough for now." D. feigned mercy for the camera, but it was actually time to move on to the next scene.

"Gosh, thank you. That was really neat," I said, after her assistant, Jim, yelled "Cut!" and went out to have a smoke between takes.

"You're welcome." D. gazed down at me, having come around to stroke my face after filming stopped. "Thank you! I knew there was a reason I wanted to work with you," she laughed.

Even having just met her, and even in the context of having to engage in a bit of cheesy posturing for the camera (*Whatever would please you, Mistress; if it amuses you, I will, Mistress*), I still fell fast and hard for D. Lying there, still panting from the scene we'd just shot, I felt like I would never get tired of staring into those wide, blue eyes.

When the buzz finally wore off, the ache from the clothespins felt like it was finally too much. I asked Mistress D. if she could please remove them.

"Not yet, Marnie. We have to wait for Jim to come back and take some still photos for the box cover and the Web site. You can hold on a few more minutes for me, can't you?" she asked sweetly.

Something about that type of request always got me—just a little while longer, just for me—and I found myself nodding dreamily at D. as the throbbing in my outer lips became tolerable again.

After Jim returned, got the stills he needed and left again, D. reached down between my spread legs and took off the first clothespin. I screamed. I'd forgotten that they always hurt worse coming off.

"Look at me. I don't want you to lose eye contact with me for the rest of the time when these are coming off, understand?" D. took my chin in her hands.

I did what she said, staring at her as she slowly removed the remaining clothespins. It never got any less excruciating, but by the time the last two came off, I could only moan softly at the sharp stabs of pain. Watching D.'s pupils expand as she took in my response, I felt like I could have worn those things home and slept in them if she'd asked me to.

ALEX BENNETT

PERMISSION TO

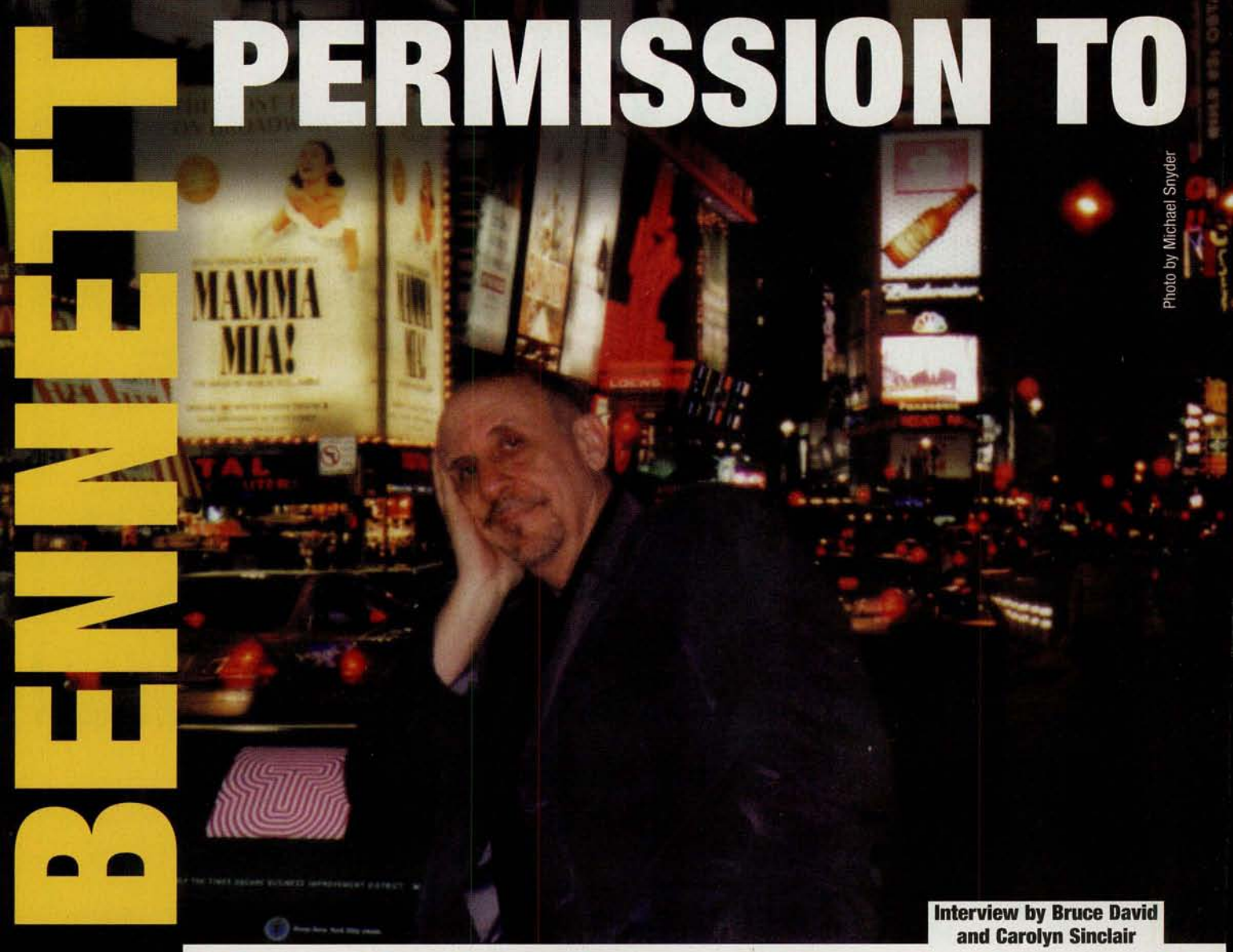


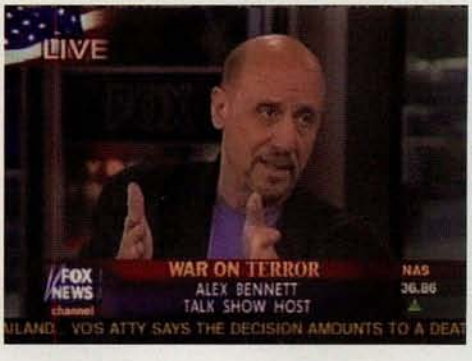
Photo by Michael Snyder

Interview by Bruce David and Carolyn Sinclair

After making the switch to satellite radio, the venerable

Outrageous and irreverent, radio personality Alex Bennett is the original Howard Stern. Beginning his career in New York City in the 1970s, he quickly dominated the airwaves as a countercultural icon, a feat he repeated in the '80s and '90s in San Francisco. Now he's made the postmillennium leap to become one of the hottest acts on Sirius Satellite Radio. Even Stern himself has sung Bennett's praises. Over the years he's interviewed countless celebrities, from rock icon John Lennon to filmmaker John Woo. Reversing roles, Bennett sits down with HUSTLER to discuss everything from the war on terror to the war on free speech.

HUSTLER: You've hosted top-rated radio shows spanning decades, conversing with some of the most influential voices of a generation. How did you get started?

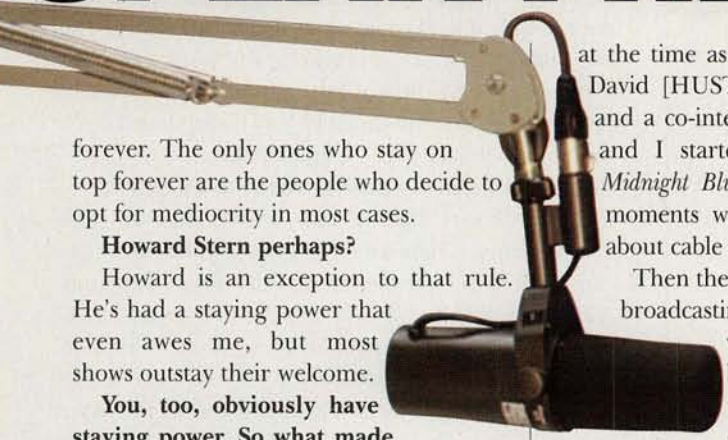


ALEX BENNETT: It started in the '70s with me having some writers on from *The National Lampoon*. That matriculated into having rock artists on who, up until that time, didn't do radio interviews. And then the politics of the time appealed to a younger audience. So, essentially, I was doing a talk show for a younger audience. If you can name them, we had them as guests. Abbie Hoffman, Jerry Rubin and all the usual suspects of the time. I interviewed Tim Leary while he was on the run from the law in Algeria.

How long were you on the air in San Francisco?

About 17 years, and there was a period of hard times. Whenever you do a radio show in a market for that long, eventually nobody's going to want to hear you anymore. In other words, they've heard you before. You burn out after a while. You just cannot stay on top

SPEAK FREELY



ALEX BENNETT: THE MAN BEHIND THE MIKE

BENNETT (FOURTH FROM LEFT) WITH A STAR-STUDDED COMIC GROUP

ALEX WITH JOHN LENNON AND YOKO ONO

talk show host is thriving on the cutting edge of broadcast technology.

forever. The only ones who stay on top forever are the people who decide to opt for mediocrity in most cases.

Howard Stern perhaps?

Howard is an exception to that rule. He's had a staying power that even awes me, but most shows outstay their welcome.

You, too, obviously have staying power. So what made you abandon traditional radio?

I decided to start an Internet television network, but when the dotcom boom burst, that died. I worked for a short time at C-Net Radio, which was the most boring thing you could possibly think of doing—talking about computers 24/7. And then I was out of work, because if I was going to do talk radio, I was going to lean to the left. I couldn't possibly reinvent myself as conservative, because I couldn't wake up in the morning and look at myself in the mirror.

Believe me, there are some people out there who are on the air saying they're conservative, because that's where their bread is buttered. I couldn't do it. I'd go into the radio station, and they'd ask, "What are your politics like?" I'd say I was to the left. And they'd say, "Oh, I'm sorry. We're only hiring right-wing hosts." As you know, that was pretty much the order of the day. It was like I was living back in the McCarthy era, when you couldn't work because of your politics.

But the advent of satellite radio saved my professional life. Where satellite radio's concerned, any given satellite system has over 120 stations. And they've got to fill that with programming. Where do you go to get the best programming? If you're smart, you go to the old pros and bring them in. That's precisely how I managed to get in the door at Sirius. And I *wanted* to be there because I liked the new technology.

You've always been at the forefront of new technology. You also had a pioneering hand in cable television back in the day.

Back then I chose cable because I saw it at the time as the new frontier. Bruce David [HUSTLER Editorial Director and a co-interviewer for this feature] and I started a cable show called *Midnight Blue*. One of my proudest moments was testifying to Congress about cable regulation.

Then there was Internet television broadcasting, which, at that time, was something new. I was broadcasting a two-hour television show every single day, Monday through Friday. Consequently, the satellite thing was right up my alley. I love new technology. There were no rules, and not because somebody said there were no rules. It was a whole new territory that nobody had ever explored before. It's like being in television in the early days, where you got to dictate and start creating the form.

When we tune in to your show, what are we going to encounter? In the old days you used to interview porn stars who'd get you in trouble with the FCC.

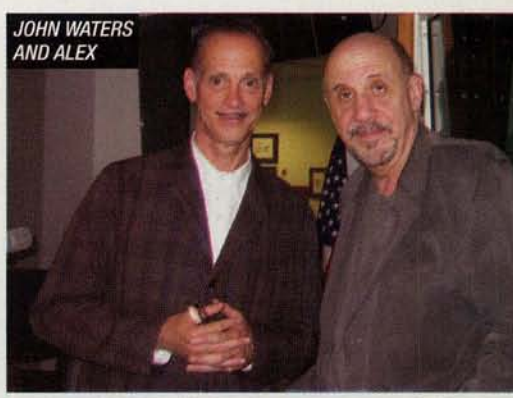
I learned very quickly that most porn actors have nothing to say. I don't want to put them down for what they do. I certainly think it's wonderful, and I'm willing to watch their fine work. But I don't have to interview them. You know, I thought the same thing was true when I was doing rock stars. After a while I couldn't interview rock stars anymore, because they had nothing to say either. Most of them. The smart ones weren't really great musicians.

Who are the smart ones, and who aren't great musicians?

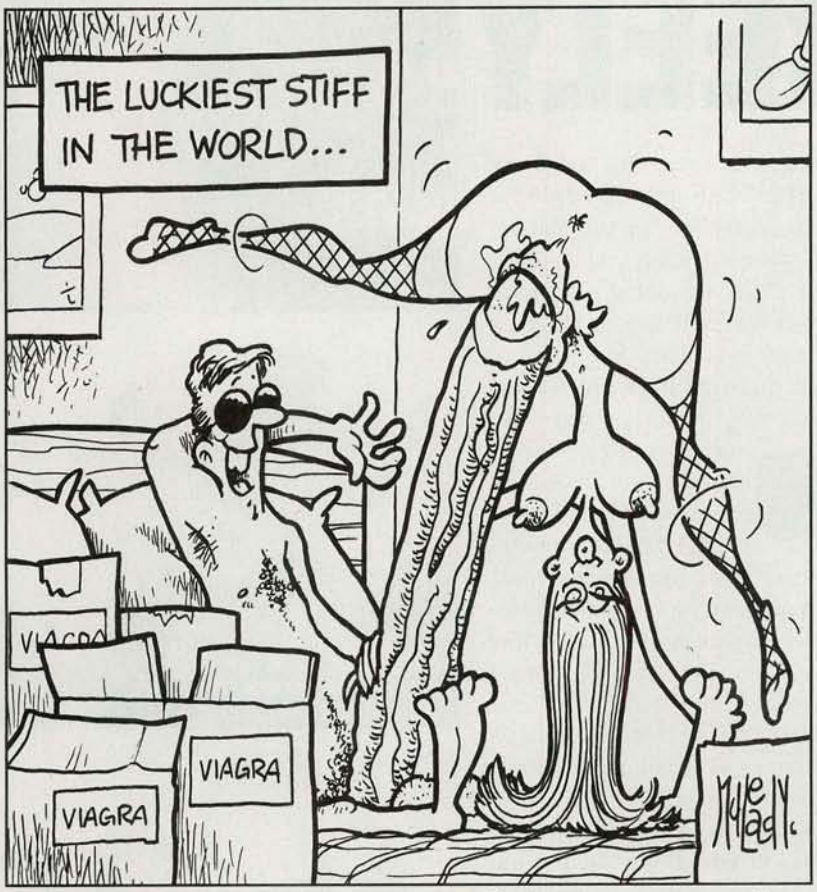
Probably the most brilliant guy I ever interviewed was a guy named Alvin Lee. He was very smart and a pretty good musician; he wasn't a big star. One who was really bright and happened to be a good musician is Pete Townshend. He's one of the brightest people I've ever met. But by and large, most of the rock people were just like, "Yeah, we stayed at this Holiday Inn and threw some furniture out the window."

Would you place John Lennon in the smart category?

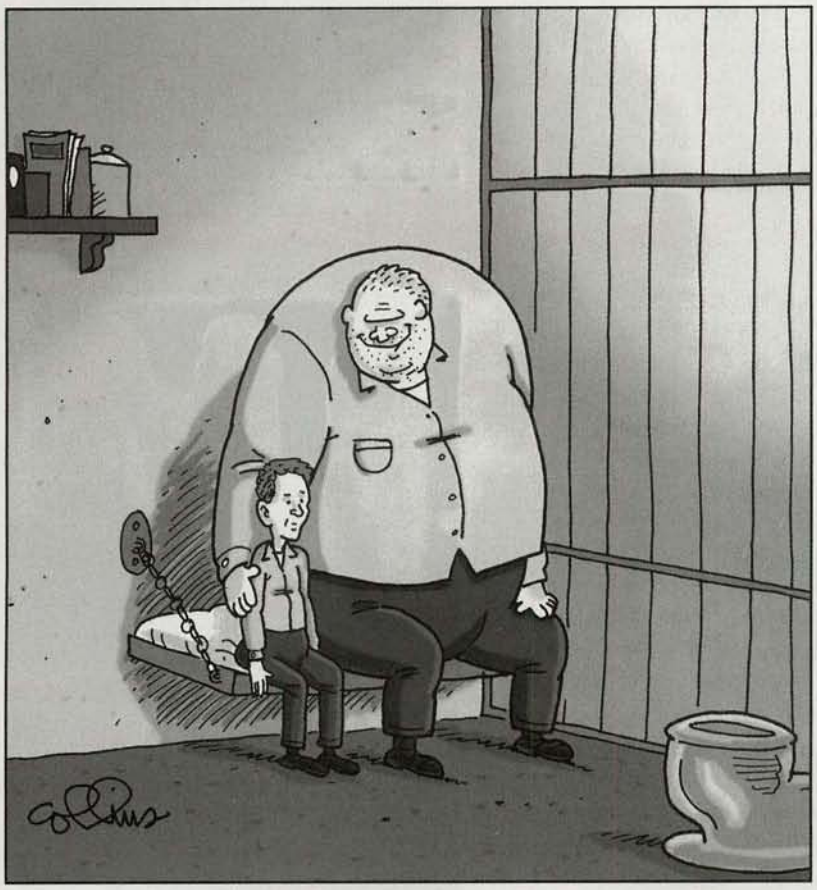
No, I wouldn't. Lennon was almost like


JOHN WATERS AND ALEX

GEOFFREY RUSH AND ALEX



"I was born blind, so I can take all the Viagra I want."



"Scooter. Now that's a nice name."

Alex Bennett:
Permission to Speak Freely

an idiot savant. The bright one was Yoko [Ono, Lennon's wife]. I could get into a deep philosophical discussion with Yoko. I could never do it with Lennon. The one thing he did, he did brilliantly. But you know, when it came to politics, he was simply mouthing what other people had to say. You would be very disappointed if you met John Lennon. Very disappointed.

Besides celebrity guests, what can we expect?

We deal very heavily with politics, but I'm also about culture. There's a lot of humor in the show, because I don't believe we can do this without laughing. A lot of my stuff becomes political humor or just observations about life and people. There are a lot of first-person stories. For example, a few days ago I was walking through Central Park, and out of the sky a squirrel falls to the ground. *Crack*. And it dies right in front of me. I'm trying to prove to the person I'm with how wonderful New York is.

What important guests have appeared recently?

Cindy Sheehan. I guess she's important. Long before anybody wanted to seek her out, we had her on a good year before she hit the spotlight. We'd heard about her, a Gold Star Mother who wanted to mirror what was going on there [Iraq]. I've had more trivial people like Jenny McCarthy on, for instance. Alex Bornstein from *Family Guy*. Politically, I've had people like Howard Dean.

Is it true that you called President Bush a cocksucker on the air?

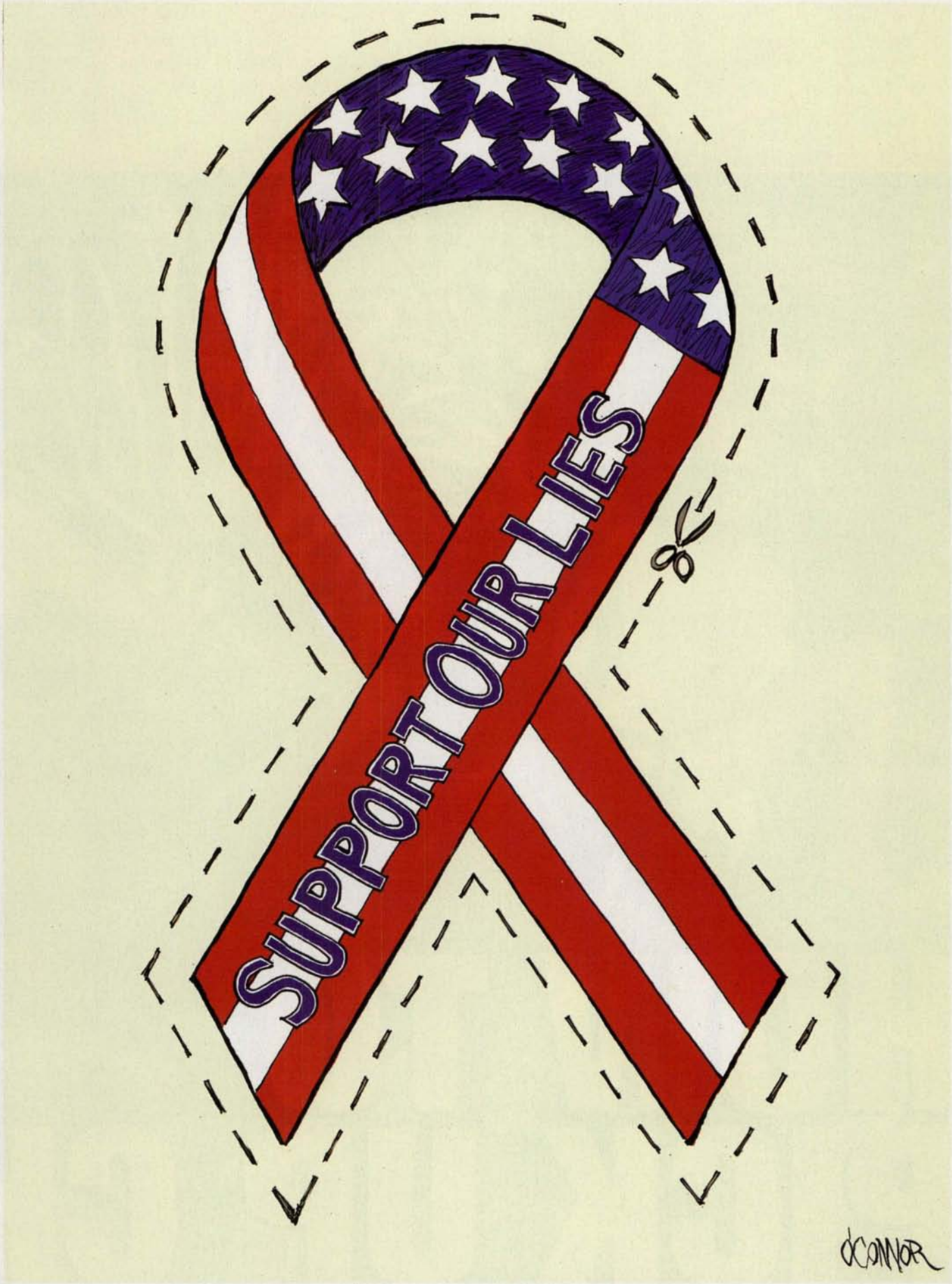
I did, when I got so mad that any other word would have failed me. I can't remember the exact reason why, because quite frankly, he probably deserves to be called that every day of the week. Then I started to second-guess what I had said, and I took it back—only because most homosexuals I know are okay. I didn't want to deride them by applying a term of some sexual activity they engage in to George W. Bush. So I went back to calling him what I always call him, which is *asshole*.

How is satellite radio different from traditional broadcasting?

It's so much different than terrestrial radio, and not only because the FCC lets us say what we want to. It's different because of the delivery method. In other words, if I do a show, and you pick it up, you're going to hear it the same time as the guy in Cleveland is and the same time as somebody else in Florida. The same signal hits everybody at exactly the same time, everywhere in the United States. And so that's more like a community. Plus, we have a blank slate and new rules and conventions that you figure out, including things that work and things that don't. That's absolutely fascinating.

Programwise, how is satellite radio set up?

Everything under channel 99 is commercial-free. Everything above 100 and upward to 200 is mostly entertainment talk stations. Howard's on 100. We have an amazing sports franchise. You're going to find Martha Stewart there, other *(continued on page 58)*



CUT ALONG DOTTED LINE AND FASTEN TO THE BUMPER OF YOUR SUV.

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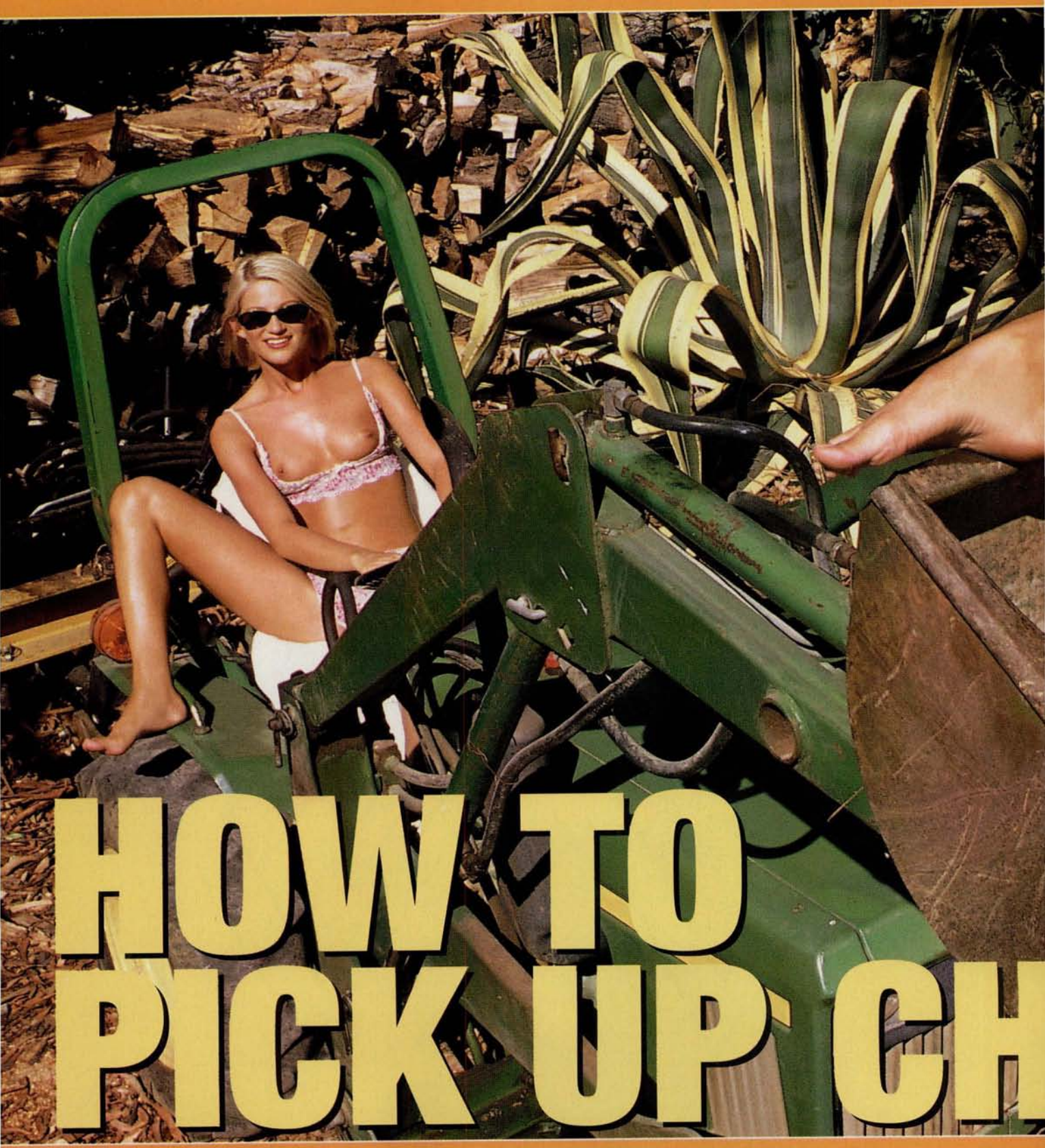


HOW TO PICK UP CH

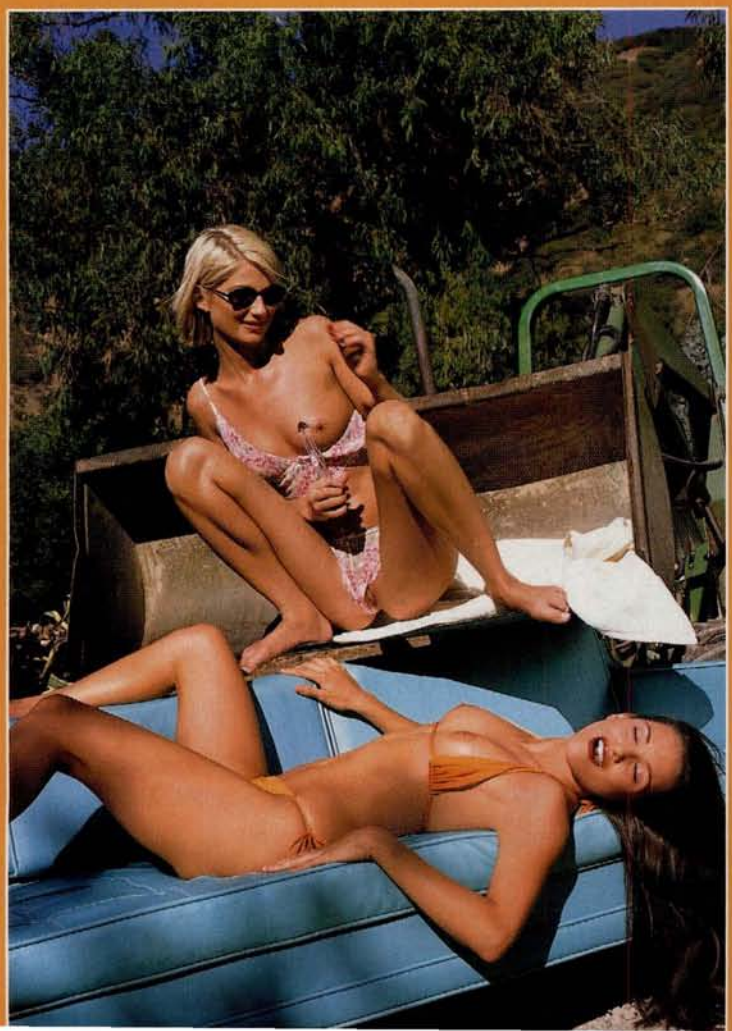
ELESTE STAR

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT

ICKS

Sometimes we're stumped by our photographers' sexy layouts, but this one was a breeze. Joan (Nevaeh) has stolen a pay loader from a construction site near her home. While rumbling aimlessly through the countryside, she encounters a hitchhiking hottie named Bette (fellow porn vixen Celeste Star). "Hey, ya wanna come with me?" Joan asks sheepishly, flashing her tits.

"Only if I can ride in the bucket," Bette replies.



How convenient. Joan finds a couch in the middle of nowhere, and once she discharges her lovely load, the two chicks are all over each other like Cajuns on crawfish. "I'm a very dirty girl," Bette purrs, setting her sights on Joan's juicy clam. "So thanks for picking me up back there, baby!"

Actually, both ladies like it back there, revving up with whirling tongues before bringing in auxiliary equipment. "Oh, yeah," Bette gasps when Joan starts burrowing her from behind.

"Ya know," the blonde blurts out, "if there were six more of us, we could be a caterpillar."

"Now *that* would really make the Earth move," Bette chirps, savoring the back ho's excavation.

As the bandita gets catapulted to climax, Bette asks, "Joan, dear, some dude just drove off with your tractor!"

"Aw, fuck it!" Joan mutters, and Bette does.

For a pick-me-up, see brunette Celeste Star sizzle in *Barely Legal Innocence #1* on VHS and DVD from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 877-325-6464 or visit HUSTLERhollywood.com to order.

Jenny McCarthy

Enough Already!

We can't believe we're saying this—but we never want to see another shot of these titties again! Yet here's everyone's favorite rocker/actress/sexy mess **Courtney Love** stumbling around New York City after an appearance on *Late Show With David Letterman*. Pull it together, Courtney. You're a mother, for God's sake! Buy a bra and... nah. Fuck it! Courtney, we love you just the way you are.

Got any nude celebrity pictures? Contact us at nakedcelebs@lfp.com about publishing them.

Courtney Love

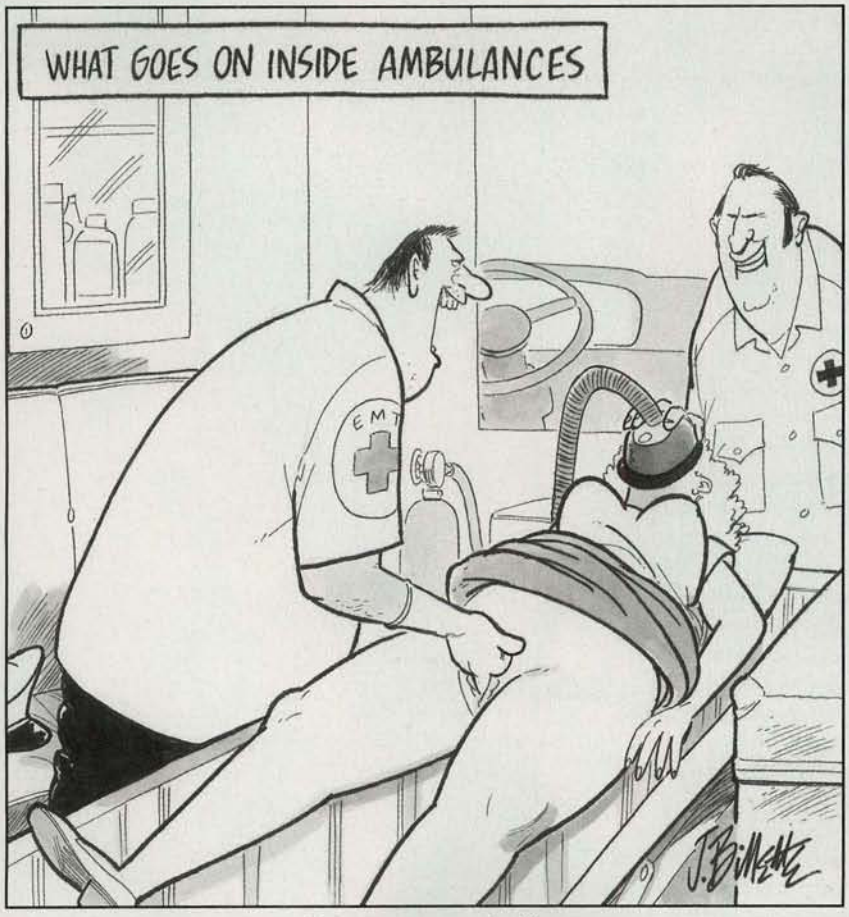
FAMOUS FLESH

Exposé by Keith Valcourt

Tiffani Thiessen

What's one to do when your career is failing, your latest movie tanks, your marriage dissolves, and your current TV show is about to be canceled? Throw on as little as possible and show off your ample breasts to what's left of your adoring public! Here's actress and boob tube personality **Jenny McCarthy** on the red carpet at the World Music Awards in Hollywood. Seems the onetime MTV hostess is desperate to recapture some buzz. Remember, Jenny, long after fame forsakes you, we'll always make space for you in this magazine.

Remember *Saved by the Bell*—that wacky escapade featuring a lovable group of high school kids, including the luscious Kelly Kapowski? Neither do we. But that series launched the career of two big stars: *Showgirls*' **Elizabeth Berkley** and the tasty **Tiffani Thiessen**. Here Ms. Thiessen lets us peek at her perfect peaks during a photo-shoot in England. The talented actress also appeared in *Beverly Hills, 90210*, *Two Guys and a Girl* and the **Pauly Shore** film *Son in Law*. One look at her magnificent mammaries, and we finally understand why that Dustin Diamond guy didn't mind being called "Screech" all those years. He got to spend his days viewing Thiessen's stellar body of work up close.



"I've got a pulse!"

Alex Bennett:
Permission to Speak Freely

(continued from page 46) entertainment shows and a lot of news stations. And then finally, you get to the political talk stations, including *Sirius Left*, which I'm on.

Do you feel that the U.S. is still a democracy?

I've been saying since the 1970s that it's an illusionary democracy. I'm saying this as someone who's worked in the trenches, trying to get political thought across on radio and who's also protested in the earlier years. Quite frankly, I think marching and protesting is a young person's duty. As we get older, we have more power. We can change things in other ways.

As one who's been in the trenches all these years, I've never felt, until now, that I've had the freedom to say what I believe. It took something like satellite radio, which is kind of removed a little bit from that governmental control and censorship. I never felt I could say what I really felt on a radio show. I never felt that I could march in the streets without smelling tear gas. Freedom to me is freedom of speech. Period.

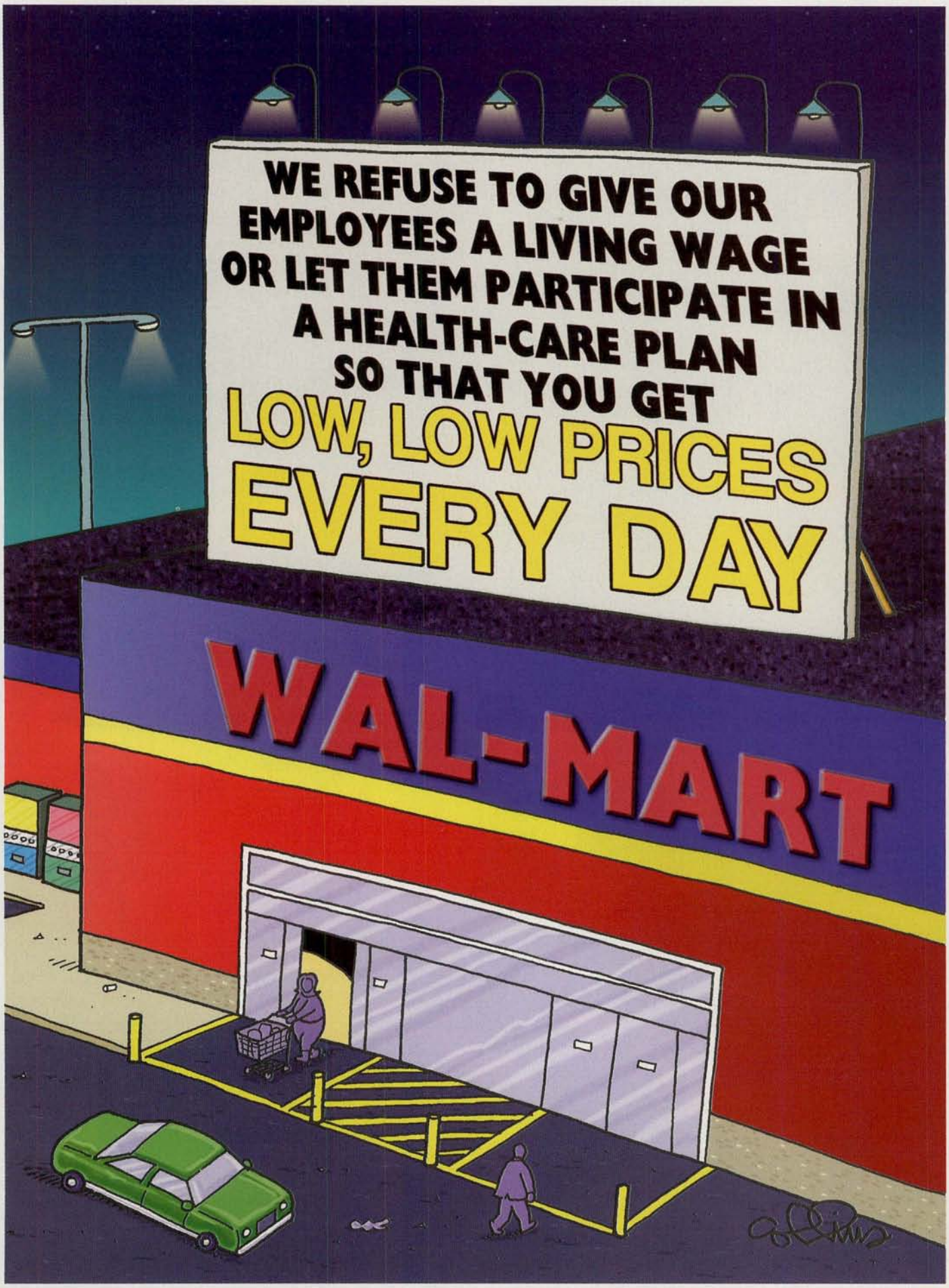
What do you have to say about the Federal Communications Commission?

The amount of attention paid to a single exposed breast during the Super Bowl started this whole thing. We made asses out of ourselves all over the world. People just couldn't believe that [Janet Jackson's "wardrobe malfunction"] was bothering anybody. The FCC decided that they were going to clamp down on broadcasting, and they created a chill in this industry that you won't believe. It's still there today. Occasionally, I do a terrestrial radio program as a substitute, and, man, the rules and regulations mean you can't do *anything*. And the sexual censorship isn't nearly as important as the political.

I'll go over to this other station, and it's not as much fun as it once was. The more I do Sirius, the harder it is for me to do terrestrial radio. I just don't feel I can say what I want to say, and that has nothing to do with four-letter words. It has to do with the intrinsic freedom that I have at Sirius. No one, but no one, has ever come to me and told me, "You can't say that," referring to a political opinion.

The content of my program has never been questioned. If the program director has anything to say, it's like "You should give the phone number more often" or "You should mention the channel number more often." But outside of that, the freedom that we have is the most amazing freedom I've ever had in this business.

What: *Alex Bennett Program*
Where: Sirius Satellite Radio Channel 146
When: M-F, 9 a.m.–12 noon ET
How much: Sirius's subscription plan starts at $12.95 per month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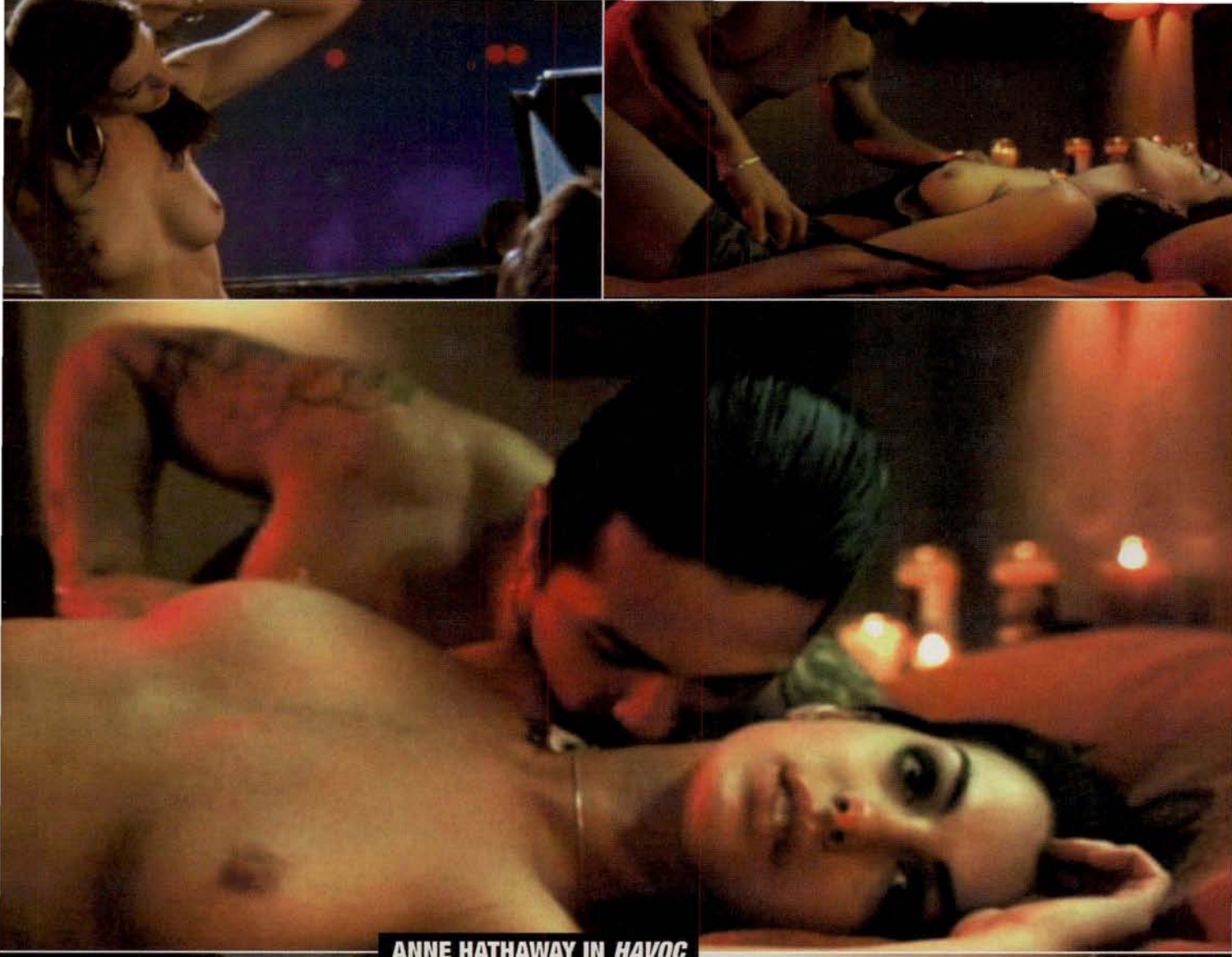
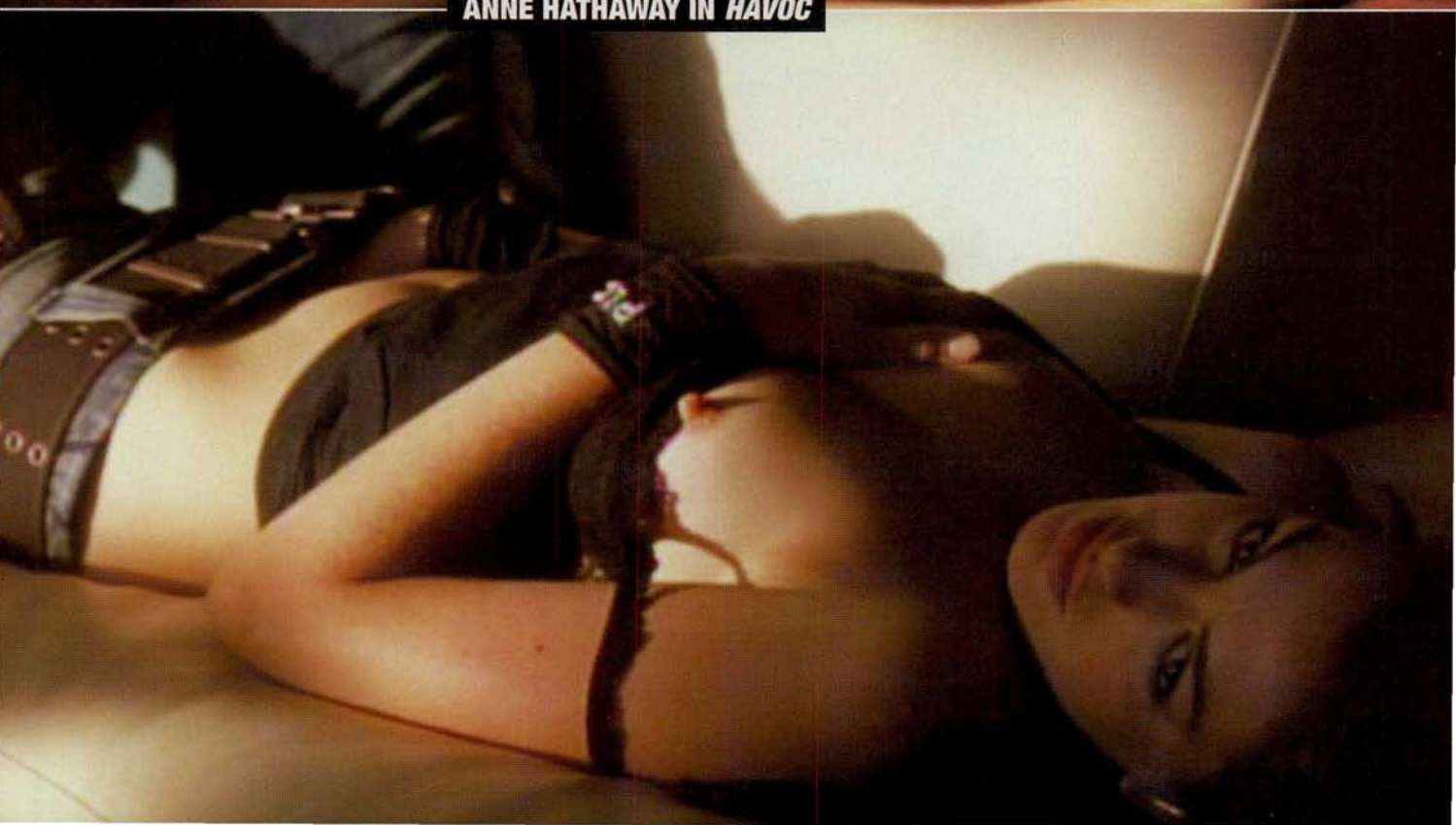


ANNE HATHAWAY IN *HAVOC*



MOVIE MAMMARIES
Rent These NOW!

EXPOSÉ BY KEITH VALCOURT

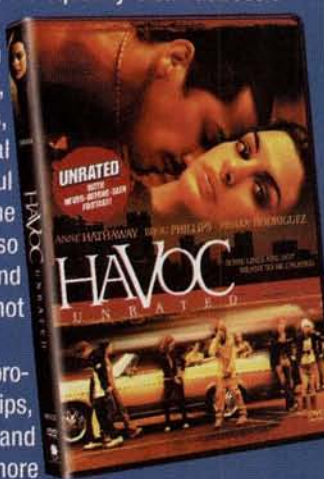
CHRISTINA RICCI IN *PROZAC NATION*

There comes a time in the life of a child starlet when she matures into a woman and decides it's the right time to do her first nude scene. For **Christina Ricci** and **Anne Hathaway**, that time has come.

Ricci first captured movie audiences' attention opposite **Cher** in the PG-13 flick *Mermaids*. She broke wide as daughter Wednesday in the big-screen version of *The Addams Family* and its forgettable sequel, *Addams Family Values*. She then juggled her film work between family fare such as *That Darn Cat* and art house favorites, notably *The Ice Storm* with **Sigourney Weaver**, *Buffalo 66* with **Vincent Gallo**, and *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas* and *Sleepy Hollow* with **Johnny Depp**.

In our opinion, her zenith came in 2001's *Prozac Nation*. Why rent the depressing adaptation of Elizabeth Wurzel's whiny novel? We'll give you two reasons: Christina Ricci's tits! Here you get to see exactly what we've all waited for as the hottie relives her first-ever topless scene! Her natural talents shine through in this otherwise bleak and dreary picture. Sad? Depressed? Forget Prozac. Rent *Prozac Nation* today.

Anne Hathaway is best known to film audiences as the do-good star of the family-friendly Disney films *The Princess Diaries*, co-starring **Julie Andrews**; *Ella Enchanted*; and *Princess Diaries 2: Royal Engagement*. In a perfect case of life imitating art, the squeaky-clean actress's latest film is the gritty drama *Havoc*, co-starring **Bijou Phillips**. Hathaway plays a spoiled good-girl-gone-bad who delves into the dark side of Los Angeles amid drugs, sex and gang violence. As a solid *Fuck you!* to the frozen corpse of Walt Disney, Hathaway smokes, swears, performs simulated oral sex and bares her beautiful breasts on screen for the first time. There are also some tasty bump-and-grind scenes with the equally hot Ms. Phillips.



Every month, HUSTLER provides the hottest nipple-slips, wardrobe malfunctions and fleshy highlights. (For more sexy Hollywood treats, turn to pages 56-57.) Let us know what you think at nakedcelebs@lfp.com.

The Pickup

Find out the success secrets of

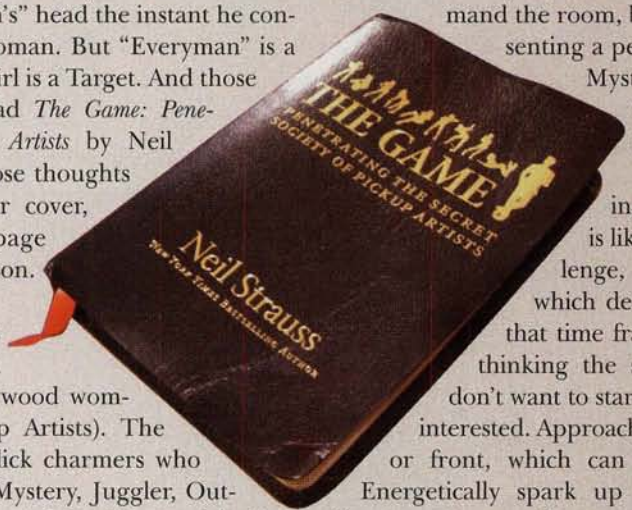
"This is classified. If we let you in, you cannot share these techniques with anybody. They're very powerful, and in the wrong hands they could really screw a girl up."

—Steve P., Hypnotist/Pickup Artist

Here's a scenario: You enter a hip club, and the music is blasting. You order a drink and spot a drop-dead-gorgeous woman at the bar, her soft breasts exposed just a bit too much. She smiles at you.

Should I talk to her? What will I say? What if she shuts me down?

These thoughts enter "Everyman's" head the instant he considers approaching an attractive woman. But "Everyman" is a chump. To a Master Seducer, that girl is a Target. And those insecure thoughts? Puh-leaze! Read *The Game: Penetrating the Secret Society of Pickup Artists* by Neil Strauss, and you'll never suffer those thoughts again. The book—with its leather cover, gilded lettering and rounded page cut—looks like a Bible for good reason. For single men, this is a holy text.



The Game's author shares his true story of being accepted into an elite crowd of tried-and-true Hollywood womanizers, or so-called PUAs (Pickup Artists). The narrative focuses on a society of slick charmers who refer to each other by aliases like Mystery, Juggler, Outbreak and Sin. Along the way, Strauss (who's nicknamed Style) becomes a sharp-dressed Seducer who learns the intricacies of the hookup and shares the group's techniques with the reader.

As a lark, the Seducers appear on the popular dating program *elimiDATE*, just to dominate other guys, proving on national television that their holy art form is legit. They also steal girls from under the noses of male celebrities simply to say they did. For practice, the group has a seduction competition with L.A. escort queen Heidi Fleiss. They even turn the author into a pimp-protégé, hitting hotspots in limos night after night, teaching him The Game.

The philosophy is simple. A Pickup Artist strives to play The Game artfully. This requires you to be confident enough to approach and follow through in seducing any woman. To do this, the Seducer must know the playing field; he must understand the female mind.

The group's ringleader is the player named Mystery, and he spouts the wisdom of a Jedi playboy when it comes to the female psyche. Remember his PUA basics the next time you go out: Live, breathe and shit alpha male!

Mystery identifies five alpha male attributes: Be confident (always have a smile, then you're somebody), be well groomed, have a sense of humor, connect with people, and be the "social center of the room."

Start by changing up your wardrobe, dude. Mystery and Style suggest wearing a larger-than-life shirt, hat, belt buckle or other flashy conversation piece. This means wear something slick, something snazzy, something that says "I command the room." Even if you couldn't command a dog, you still command the room, because this is acting—you are presenting a persona or an image to an audience. Mystery and Style call this Peacock, the theory that a male must stand out to attract female mates.

Now you're ready to start socializing. A beautiful woman all by herself is likely to be guarded. Despite the challenge, abide by the Three-Second Rule, which demands you move in on her within that time frame. Act immediately, before overthinking the situation or getting nervous. You don't want to stare, or it becomes obvious that you're interested. Approach from the side, never from the back or front, which can be seen as too confrontational. Energetically spark up a conversation by dropping an Opener, an unrevealing statement, question or anecdote that will lead to a comfortable conversation.

The Opener can be just about anything, spontaneous or prescripted. The Seducers recommend: "Did you see those two girls get into a fight outside?" A less direct line could be: "Pass the bar nuts."

Since a woman by herself is a challenge, the Seducers suggest focusing on groups. The key, according to Mystery, is to brush off the woman you desire and win over her friends instead, especially men who might try to cockblock. Compliment a guy who's with your Target. Tell him his watch or jacket is cool. Make it seem like you're interested in something besides talking up his adorable companion. You can also devote your attention to the Target's unattractive girlfriend, or give your Target a Neg, or minor insult or backhanded compliment.

A Neg should be ambiguous and seemingly accidental, "Anyone ever tell you that you look like Tori Spelling?" If she reacts negatively, recover with something like, "But a good-looking Tori Spelling." Always keep your Target guessing.

Here, you're working on her psychology by using the group

By Hans Feuersinger

Artist's Bible

Hollywood's master womanizers.

atmosphere. If your Target is beautiful, then she's used to guys fawning over *her*, not her lame friends. By distancing yourself from her and focusing on her pals, she feels the need to prove to you that she's desirable.

For instance: If you do an impression, a magic trick or tell a funny joke, and the Target wants you to do another, you could say to her friends, "Is she always this high-strung? How can you go out with her?" This tactic lowers your Target's self-esteem by using a mild form of rejection. She'll try harder to impress you, if only to win back her own self-esteem. Another way to Neg is to talk only to the Target over your shoulder and always keep your back to her. "Only alienate the girl [you] want to fuck," Mystery suggests.

According to the Seducers, it's imperative to judge a woman's reactions. Keep your eyes peeled for an IOI, or Indicator of Interest. An IOI is a subtle, often unintentional clue from a woman indicating that she is attracted to you. It could be a squeeze of the hand, a bump of the knee, a twist of the hair, a lean in your direction or a pointless question that keeps conversation going. This is how you gauge your progress. A few IOIs means you're doing well.

The Seducers all carry a prop bag containing contingency items like gum, condoms, pens, preselected photographs, Tic Tacs, a cheat sheet of routines and lines, and a notebook. Another expert prop is a piece of dryer lint. This ruse involves walking up to a woman, wordlessly removing the lint from her shoulder and asking, "How long has that been there?" Then hand her the lint. She'll feel both embarrassed and grateful, thus giving you the upper hand.

Closing the deal—i.e., kissing and getting her phone number—will always be hard, even with the Seducers' tricks. They suggest finding some privacy with your Target, covertly breaking out your prop bag and performing a magic trick or mind-reading technique. Unfortunately, *The Game* does not teach you how to do any tricks—you'll have to learn to read tarot cards on your own. However, one creative and easy method involves carrying an envelope, pen and paper with you. After you've gotten some information about your Target, excuse yourself for a minute. Write on the paper, "You will meet a gorgeous woman today who will [write subtle details about your Target]." Seal the note in the envelope. When you're ready to close, tell her that a "psychic" friend gave it to you that morning, but said not to open it until the end of the night. Let her open the envelope and see how she responds.

Inevitably, there's the moment for you to ask her if she wants to kiss you. If she says yes, do so immediately. If she says maybe, say, "Let's find out," and kiss her anyway. If she says no, look unfazed and say, "I never said you could. You just looked like you had something on your mind." After this, as Style learned, it'll be a breeze to get her phone number.

There are a few questionable tactics in *The Game* (Tarot cards? Palm readings? Come on!), and readers will undoubtedly despise the Seducers at some point in the book. But it's hard to deny the merits of their philosophy. It's a fresh approach that delivers a tested methodology that deconstructs the female psyche. If you're serious about getting laid, put your money on the counter for this one.

Live, breathe and shit alpha male!

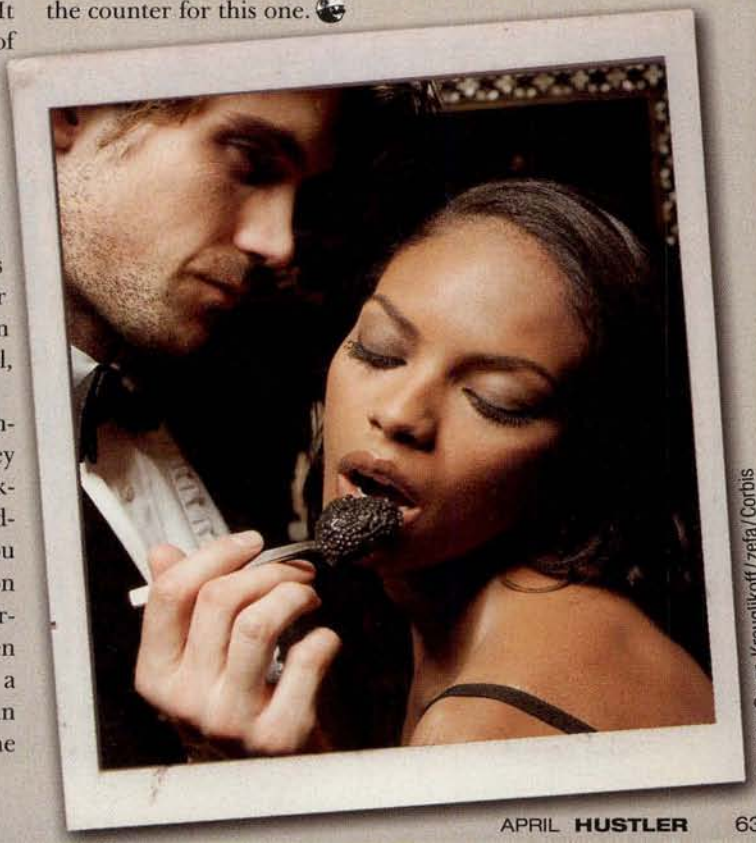


Photo by Serge Krouglikoff/zefa/Corbis

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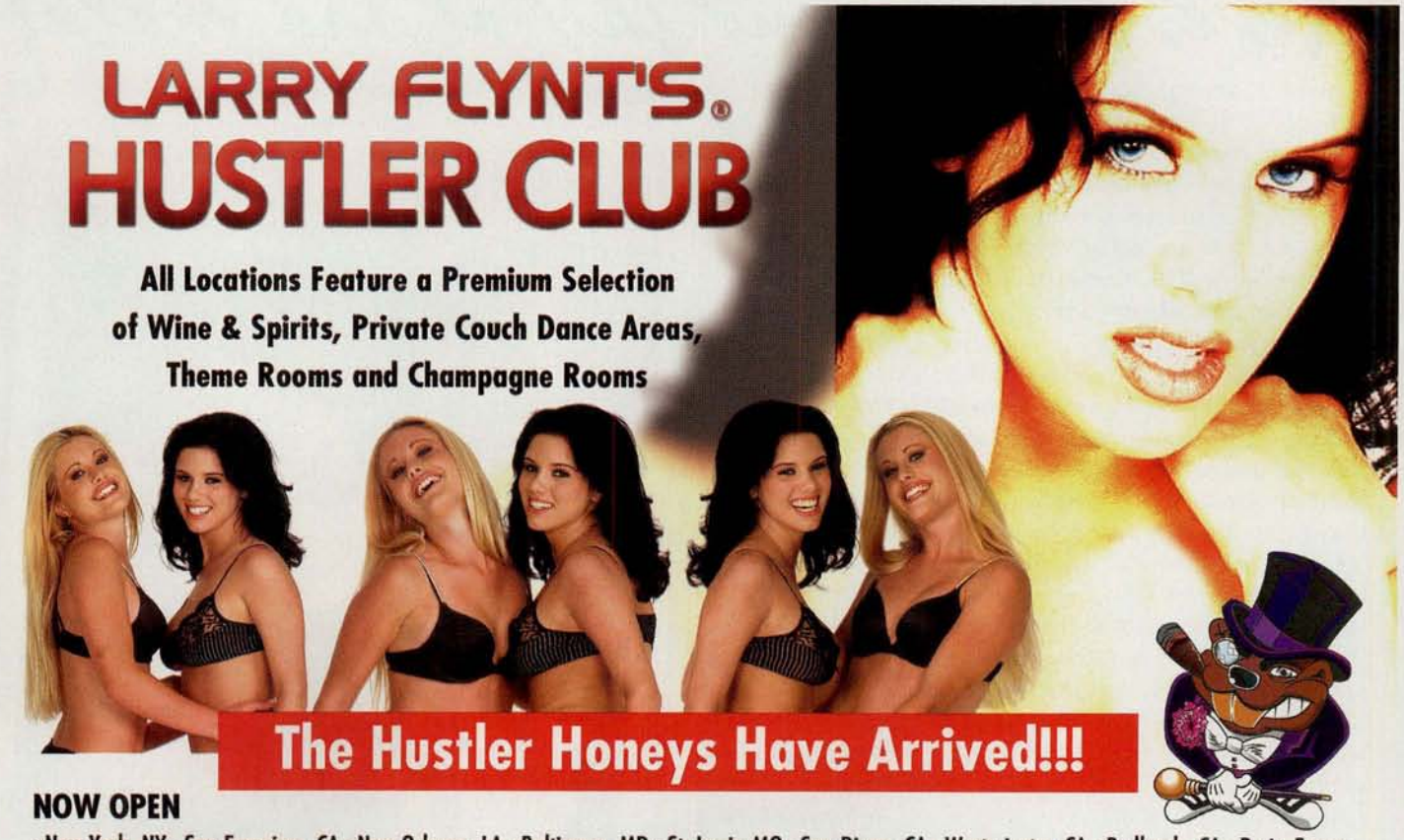
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Nancy Ann is a sexologist and freelance writer contributing insights on the latest sexual techniques, sex toys, and supplemental enhancements in the U.S, Canada, and Europe.

The Ultimate Fuck

Give Her A Cum-Drenching She'll Never Forget!

Learning "The Ropes"...

The letters keep pouring in, written by women of all ages, about a supplement that has made their sex lives "explosive" (literally). I'd like to share one, from a loyal reader...

Rebecca writes:

Nancy, my boyfriend has always satisfied me sexually. With an ample cock-size, average endurance, and creative oral technique, he almost never fails to get me off. But what I experienced the night he returned home from a business trip in Europe was the surprise of my life—a fucking I will never forget, and an orgasm that no man before him has ever come close to equaling.

Since I love to suck cock, the second my boyfriend dropped his luggage I stripped off his clothes and proceeded to please him with my best welcome-home blowjob.

Before long my wet mouth had him pumping gob after hot gob down my throat and on my face. With a fistful of throbbing cock, I held on for dear life as he unloaded his sweet jism; these were "power throbs" that kept launching massive amounts of cum. I've never seen anything like it—a man having a multiple! I was so totally turned on being nearly drowned with his superhuman load. And it didn't stop there! He stayed erect, throwing me down on the floor and pounding my twat until we both had simultaneous, earth-shattering orgasms, practically causing both of us to pass out. The rest of the evening and throughout the week we fucked ourselves into a frenzy; his recovery time between these super-charged orgasms was that of a teenage boy.

Since that night, all I can think of is sucking and fucking my new "power lover" all hours of the day. Finally, curiosity got the best of me, so I asked what had turned him into such a fuck machine. His answer: He had learned "The Ropes."

Turns out my boyfriend had spent an evening in Europe with a Swedish nutritionist and his wife of 20 years. The couple was openly sexual and couldn't keep their hands off each other, so my boyfriend asked them their secret. The nutritionist explained he regularly took a natural supplement, and gave my boyfriend a month's supply, telling him it would teach him "the ropes" of great sex.

The supply is about to run out, and we want to know where we can buy this incredible enhancement. Do you know if this product is available in the States?

Rebecca M.
San Diego, CA

Rebecca, as I've mentioned in previous columns, I do know all about what your last boyfriend used to enhance his orgasms. I'm happy to report that across the U.S. and Canada more and more men are finding out and using this unique supplement, learning that not only do they themselves benefit sexually, so too do their partners.

The contractions and release during male orgasm can be multiplied using an all-natural product called Serogen. Although formulated to trigger stronger, longer orgasmic experiences by strengthening the vas deferens muscle in men, an added bonus—from a woman's perspective—is that these powerful contractions men achieve while in the throes of an orgasm can induce an intense, female climax.

Moreover, the term "ropes" Rebecca mentions in her letter is actually European slang for the added contractions and heightened release that cause these rope-like sensations during male orgasm.

As far as finding Serogen in the States, I know of just one importer—Somalab. The company has a product line for men that includes newly added Serogen-SP, a premium blend of the original. If interested in purchasing Serogen or SP, Somalab can be contacted toll-free at 1-866-SOMALAB. Orders can also be placed through Somalab's informational Web site: www.learntheropes.net.

Nancy Ann

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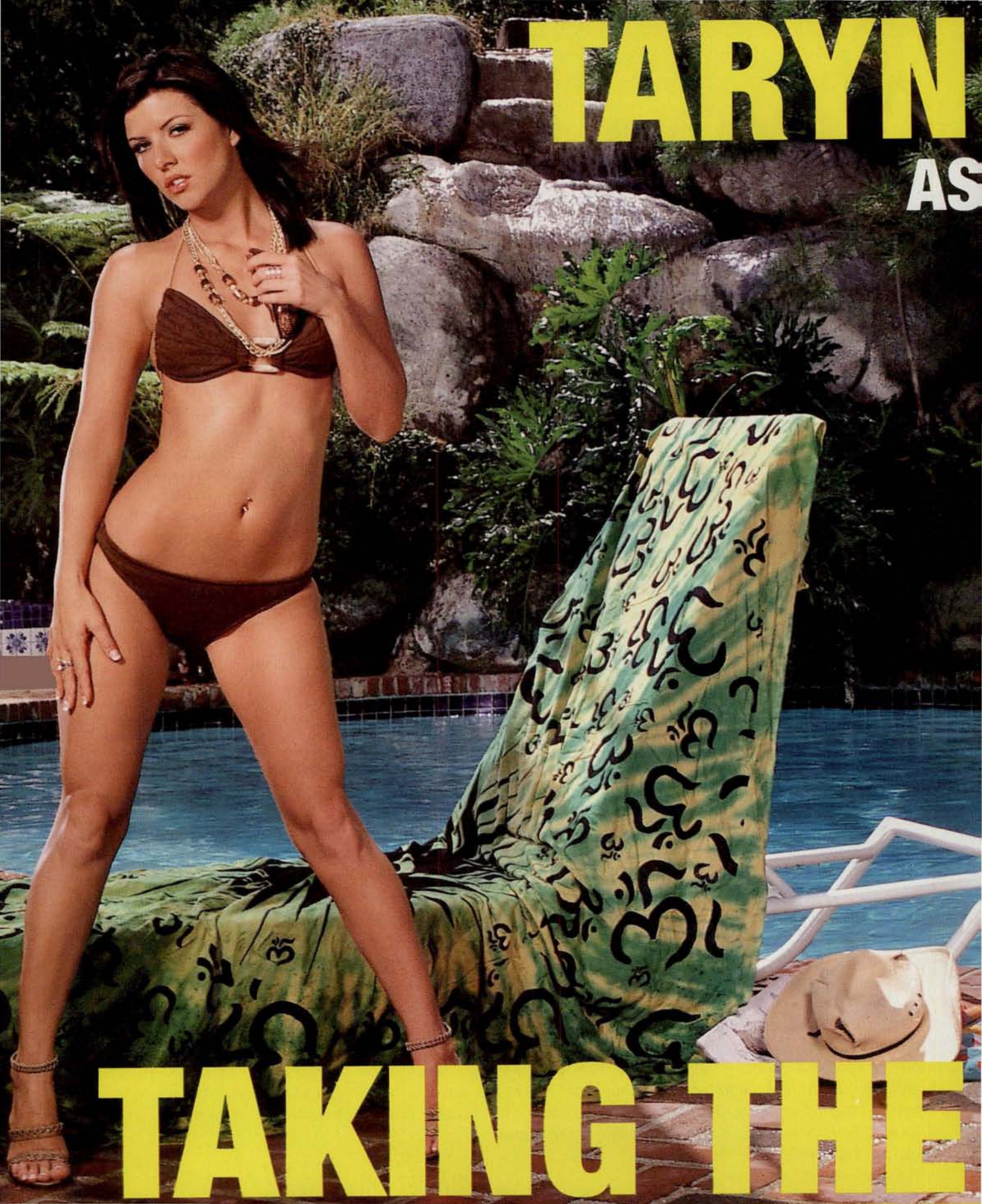
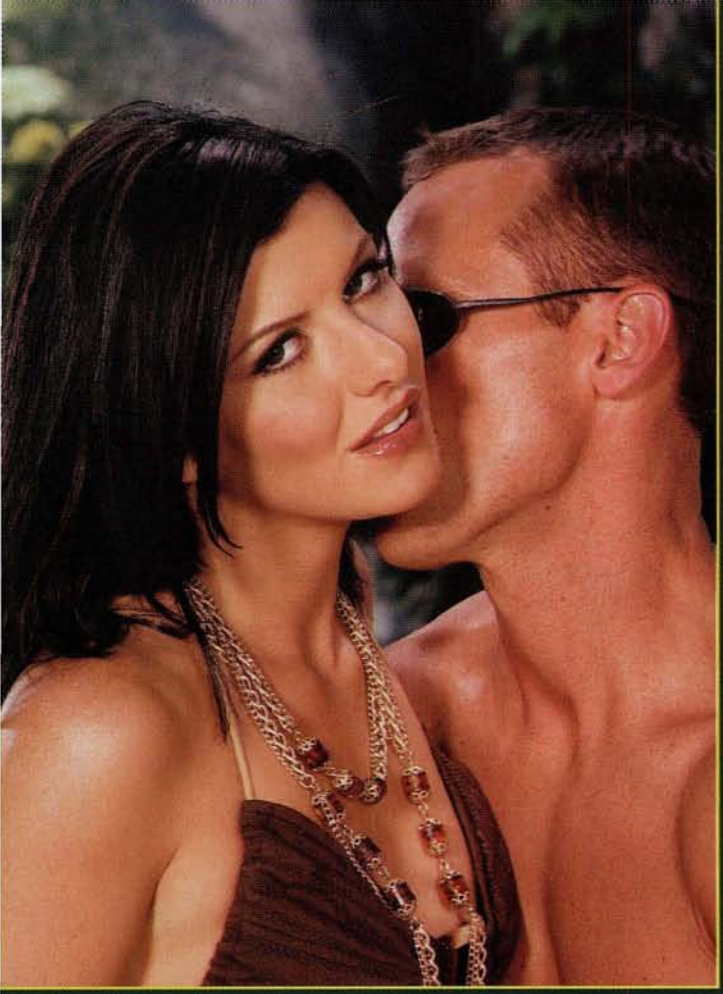

TARYN
AS
TAKING THE

THOMAS "THE RICH BITCH" & MATT BIXEL

The Rich Bitch hasn't gotten laid in ages. Seems her husband is always working late at the office or away on business trips. (Actually, he's off boning his much-younger secretary.) The frustrated broad is longing for a good fuck when she notices her personal trainer checking out the goods. "Shouldn't we start working out?!" the snotty housewife snaps.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOHN BRANT

PLUNGE



"And I can't wait," the dude growls. "Today I'm gonna drive you extra hard!" But first he throws the exercise buff into the pool. Once she climbs out, The Rich Bitch really gets wet. The pampered priss is used to being treated like a queen, but not now. She moans and groans with joy as the well-hung hunk puts her through the rigors and does her like a two-bit whore. Getting truly personal, he thrusts his throbbing cock into every one of her hungry holes.

The Rich Bitch works up a good sweat and is about to come when the trainer blows his load on her back and starts to leave. "Wait!" screams the spoiled and now-soiled siren. "I need more time."

"Sorry," the Lothario mutters, "but you only paid for an hour a day."

"Can you at least get me a towel?" begs the dirty darling.

"Not my job, lady," lover boy snarls. "See ya tomorrow." And off he goes.

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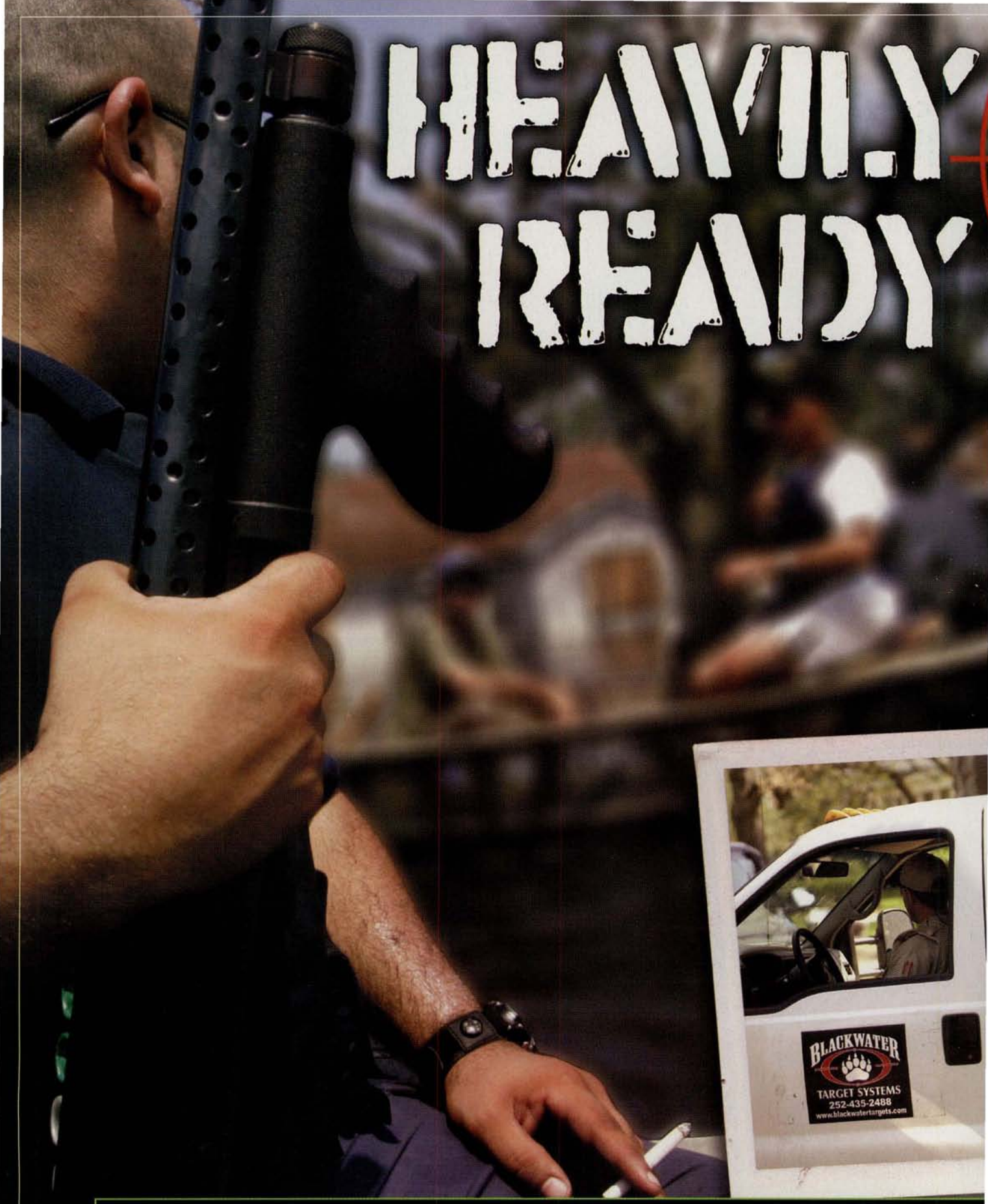


Who do you think will be showing up at your doorstep when George W.

BY HARRY WALSH

ARMED AND FOR ACTION

"...faster, better, cheaper and more efficient and effective than conventionally managed forces." —*BlackwaterUSA.com*

The next time right-wing Republicans want to stop a vote recount, as they did in Miami in 2000, they won't be flying in a mob of jiggle-bellied, soft-handed, yuppie Congressional aides to stage a riot in a hallway. They will use highly paid, battle-hardened combat veterans recruited from elite military units around the world to work as contractors.

Private corporate gunslingers, who can be deployed at a moment's notice in the service of anyone who can afford them, form what now amounts to an experienced, proficient, well-equipped army. These soldiers are not bound by any military code of conduct, nor have they sworn loyalty to the Constitution. They are in the business for the money—not principles, not patriotism.

Blackwater's soldiers of fortune rolled into Katrina-ravaged New Orleans, packing as much firepower as local law enforcement (far left), but with a lot less accountability.

Consider what happened in New Orleans. Shortly after Hurricane Katrina lashed the Big Easy—and well ahead of most official agencies—squads of armed men worked their way through the flooded streets. Carrying assault rifles and with Glocks strapped to their thighs, the marauders took over an office building, threw the furniture out the window and set up headquarters.

You might wonder: Who were these guys? And what were they doing in New Orleans?

They were mercenaries, although they don't like the term, preferring to be called security contractors. Looking out for the interests of people living in shady, securely gated communities, they were called in to protect homes and commercial enterprises from the largely exaggerated threat of looters. Mercenaries were in New Orleans to guard banks and hotels and ensure the safety of a handful of wealthy businessmen and officials. They were also there as government agents, hired to protect FEMA workers, and in some cases sworn in as deputies by the governor of Louisiana with the power to make arrests.

According to Jeremy Scahill's *The Nation* article (October 10, 2005), "the number of private security companies registered in Louisiana jumped from 185 to 235" within two weeks of Katrina.

Security companies on the ground in New Orleans included Blackwater USA, owned by Erik Prince, a billionaire and former Navy SEAL who's donated generously to the Republican Party. Blackwater, which recruits heavily from the world's police forces and militaries—including veterans of Pinochet's repressive, murderous Chilean forces—put between 150 and 200 operatives in the Gulf States after Katrina. Other contractors include: ArmorGroup, a British company that sent around 50 men to New Orleans; DynCorp, which operates in Bosnia, Iraq and Afghanistan, where it guards President Hamid Karzai; Intercon Security; American Security Group; Blackhawk; Wackenhut, which also runs a long list of private prisons; and Instinctive Shooting International (ISI), which is reportedly made up of former Israeli soldiers and was hired by James Reiss, chairman of the New Orleans Regional Transit Authority, to guard a wealthy gated community.

One heavily armed group from BATS (Bodyguard and Tactical Security) encountered by journalist Scahill bragged about gunning down some "gangbangers" who'd fired at them from an overpass. BATS was reportedly hired by F. Patrick Quinn III to guard his estate and luxury hotels. How sure can Americans be that their targets were gangbangers and not law-abiding citizens trying to signal for help?

With the notable exception of the elusive and apparently untraceable BATS, most of the above-mentioned security companies operate completely in the open. Nearly all of them have easily found Web sites on which they list services and accept online applications.

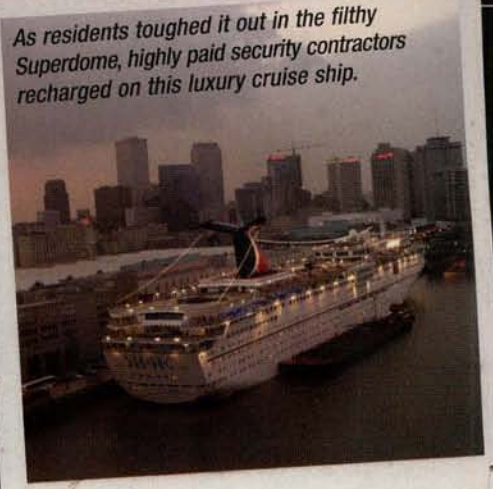
Business for military contractors is very good right now—thanks largely to the U.S. wars in Iraq and Afghanistan, and the

Bush decides to quarantine your neighborhood because of a bird flu outbreak?

government's move to award lucrative contracts to corporate buddies for traditional government functions, such as military support and security. New help is always needed.

Preferred applicants for the best-paid positions are highly skilled professionals from the world's most elite regiments. Especially prized are those from America's Special Forces, trained with taxpayer dollars and attracted to private service by wages that can reach thousands of dollars a day. The huge pay and other attractions of working for private contractors are so great that it is becoming difficult for the military to retain its most skilled and experienced combatants.

The long-term implications of having this raw power readily available to corporations are very unsettling. Today it is hard to determine where government ends and the complex of corporations begins. It is clear that the interests of Big Business and the insatiable greed of its leaders rarely match the interests of their employees and of working people in general.



As residents toughed it out in the filthy Superdome, highly paid security contractors recharged on this luxury cruise ship.

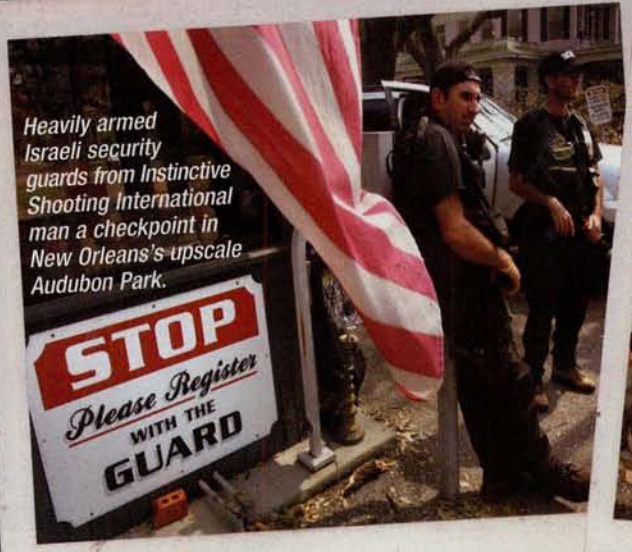
In Iraq, Afghanistan, Bosnia and other hotspots, protection of important people and valuable assets is no longer entrusted to the military; it is farmed out to private entities. Privatization of the jobs formerly held by military personnel extends beyond security. It includes everything from truckers hauling supplies, to workers flipping pancakes in mess halls on bases in Iraq.

There are between 20,000 and 35,000 private contractors in Iraq, including former U.S. and British Special Forces, Ghurkas, Fijians, Russians and others. Big money is available. However, for the four Blackwater USA employees famously killed, burned and hung from a bridge in Fallujah, no amount of money could be enough. Since these guys operate in an alternate dimension outside the law of any country, for some there are other side benefits, including the opportunity to exercise—with impunity—any perversion.

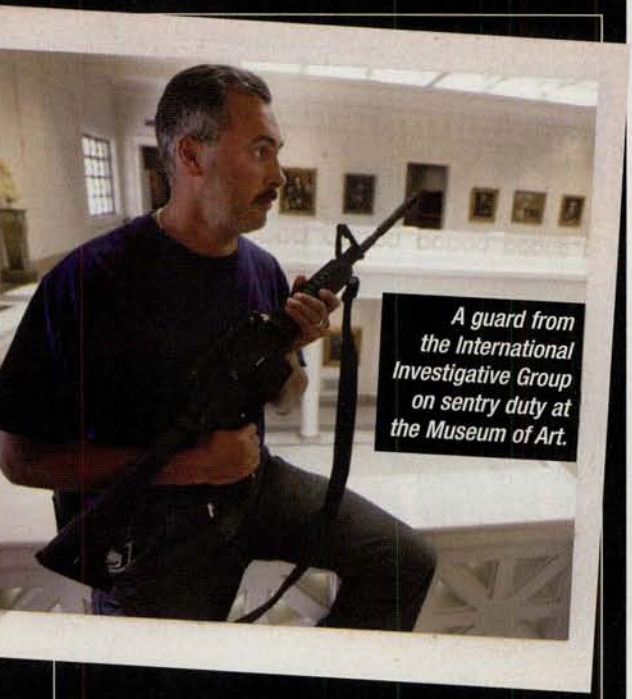
For example, DynCorp employees on the job in Bosnia were said to have been actively buying and selling child sex slaves, including girls as young as 12. When not raping these kids, their American owners sat in parks and watched them ride bikes and play with other youngsters in a bizarre parody of nannies and their charges in Central Park.

The ugly reality of New Orleans is that rich people retained military contractors to operate against unarmed civilians. Since there were no sworn enemies in town, you would think that American citizens would have had the right to be protected or arrested by legitimate, lawful authorities and held in accordance with due process.

So what's next? In a tactic reminiscent of Hitler's use of paramilitary



Heavily armed Israeli security guards from Instinctive Shooting International man a checkpoint in New Orleans's upscale Audubon Park.



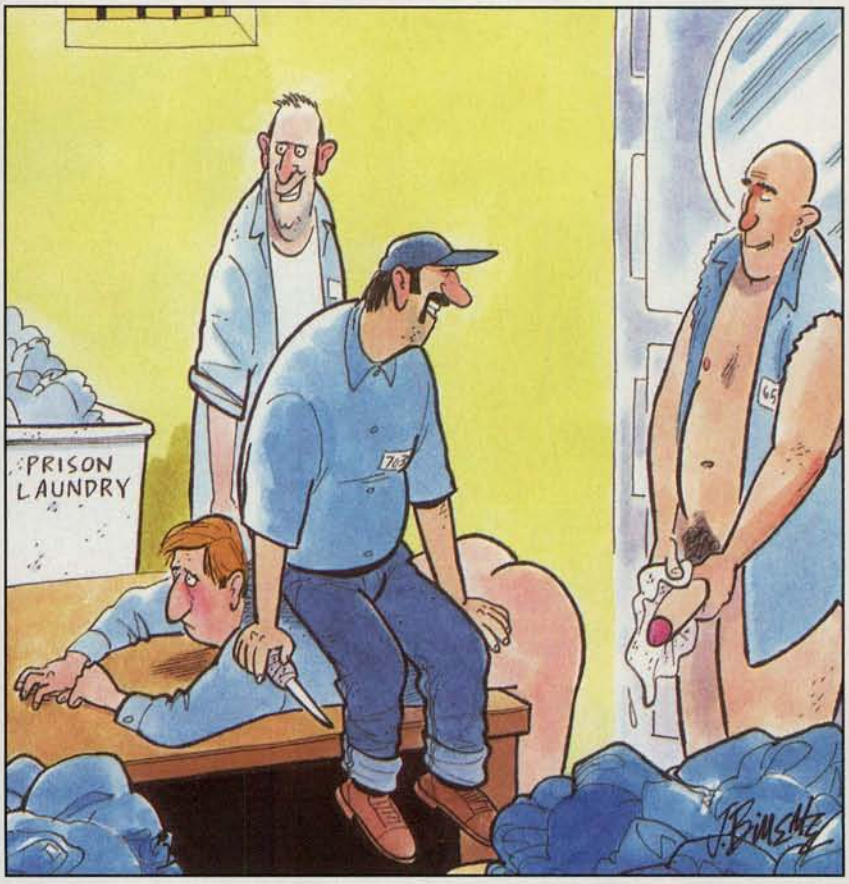
A guard from the International Investigative Group on sentry duty at the Museum of Art.

storm troopers, Republicans in power have already demonstrated their willingness to recruit thugs to transport rioters who threatened violence and stopped the vote count in Miami. The current privatization-obsessed U.S. government has set a precedent by hiring military contractors to protect FEMA in the Katrina aftermath. Wealthy individuals and corporations retained military contractors to protect their gated communities and business assets. Who do you think will be showing up at your doorstep when George W. Bush decides to quarantine your neighborhood because of a bird flu outbreak?

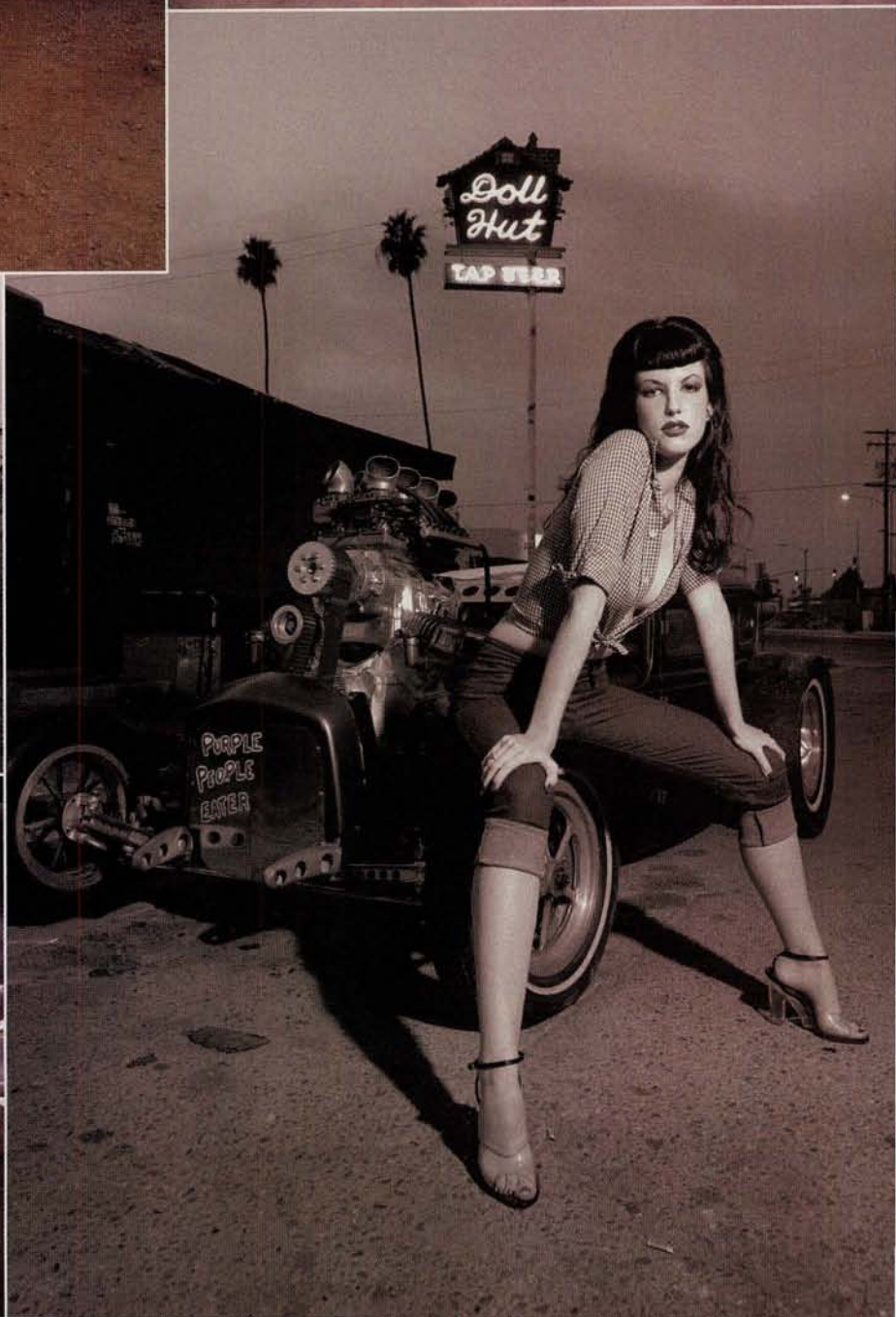
There are plenty of examples in American history of corporations taking the law into their own hands and using private parties as enforcers. For example, Pinkerton's—an ancestor of today's security conglomerate—thrived on strike breaking. In the 1892 Homestead Strike, 300 Pinkertons hired by Carnegie Steel Company boss Henry Clay Frick fought a bloody gun battle with disgruntled workers. In 1913 the Baldwin-Felts Detective Agency was hired to break a miners' strike in Ludlow, Colorado. The deadly standoff ended after workers and their families were beaten and fired upon with machine guns. In 1988 a scuzzy group of professional strikebreakers was brought in to protect those crossing picket lines during a New York City tugboat walkout.

The trend today suggests a chaotic future where heavily armed mercenaries operating outside the law, but with the support of local police, take control of disputed elections, crush strikes and protests, and seize foreign assets (like oil fields and refineries) for their corporate clients. Nothing in these grim scenarios benefits ordinary people.

Anyone who thinks deploying large numbers of soldiers-for-hire on our own soil will turn out favorably needs to read some history. A good place to start is the fall of the Roman Empire.



"We're sure that an ethical journalist of your stature won't reveal the source of the cornholing!"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GENTLEMEN, START YOUR ENGINES!

EXPOSÉ BY KEITH VALCOURT

Photos by David Perry

Some things just belong together. Burgers and fries. Football and beer. But the all-time greatest combo has to be fast cars and sexy chicks. Every guy's ultimate dream is to find that smoking-hot babe who truly knows her way around a stick shift.

Photographer David Perry's latest book, *Hot Rod Pin-Ups* (Motorbooks International), features customized retro hot rod racers flanked by a bevy of backseat Bettie Pages. These drag strip groupies channel the golden age of stag mags, when Alberto Vargas and Gil Elvgren defined feminine pulchritude. The contemporary beauties hang out with a growing West Coast subculture known as Rat Rodders—aficionados who create, customize and restore vintage hot rods. The results: crude classics. For inspiration these tattooed hepcats enjoy Pabst Blue Ribbon, swing dancing and 1950s greaser attire.

Perry's book is dedicated to showing off some of the girlie grease monkeys who love the purr of a freshly tuned engine, the groove of rockabilly tunes and the ink-covered dudes who make it roll.

TARA R

INTERVIEW BY CHAUNCÉ HAYDEN

If you believe the celebrity rags, Tara Reid is an untamed Hollywood party legend. Riding that reputation, E! network's short-lived *Taradise* chronicled the sexy jet-setter as she partied and carried on during a whirlwind jaunt through Europe. Now with work offers drying up, the husky-voiced *American Pie* star is battling tabloid rumors that she's an alcoholic and drug addict. HUSTLER sits down with Reid to discuss paparazzi run-ins, an unintentional nude scene and the reality behind her reality show.

HUSTLER: On *Taradise* you and Paris Hilton partied on a yacht. What was that like?

TARA REID: It's really no different than partying with anyone else. I'm sure you have a good friend that you party with—maybe not as famous—but to me, Paris is the same girl that I've known since I was 14. We both knew each other when neither one of us were famous. Then we both got famous. Sometimes we'll look at each other and get a kick out of how our lives turned out and what we did. We'll say, "Wow, we did it! People are actually chasing us!"

The paparazzi weren't very kind after that now-infamous red carpet disaster where you were photographed with one breast exposed.

That was different! That sucked! But how could they not take the picture? Know what I mean? I wish they had said, "No, we won't show it." But I'm sure someone made a million dollars from that picture.

Now that the smoke has cleared, do you look back and say to yourself, "Any press is good press," or was it the most embarrassing moment of your life?

That was absolutely horrible. Think about it. I looked like an idiot. I was standing there smiling while my boob is hanging out. I looked like a retard. The truth is, I really had no idea until they came up and told me. I had no clue. The paparazzi wanted to see my dress, so I took my jacket off, and the dress came off with the jacket because the jacket was so heavy. I didn't even feel it come off. If you look at the photo, you can tell I don't even know what's happening. I'm just standing there, smiling like an idiot with her boob out.

But on some level, don't you think it made you more human and likable?

Bullshit! Nobody thought of me as human after that. I was seen as a retard. It just wasn't fair.

It could've happened to anyone. It's happened to other celebrities.

Look, do I like to have fun? Yeah, I do. Should I be allowed to have fun? Yes, I should! Am I a bad person? No, I'm not! Am I cruel? No, I'm not! Am I sensitive? Yes, I am! That's the bottom line. I like to have fun. The one thing I want to say about American journalists is why is partying and having a good time bad? Why are you punishing people for being happy? And how come when someone else gets messed up or is a junkie or gets a DUI and goes to rehab, they're considered a hero again? But someone like me who just likes to have fun is the bad one. I don't get it. Our society is so fucked, it's unbelievable!

Why would the media target you?

Think about it. Did Paris Hilton do porn videos? Nicole Richie did heroin, and now they're [both] great! Nicole has done some really bad things that I won't even go into it, and look at them. They get nicely dressed again, and everyone is nice to them. But what about me? What did I do wrong? I never did anything! I partied! I danced on a table. So that makes me a bad person? I don't get it. Our society is so messed up. What am I supposed to do, sit in my house and not go out, not do anything? That's not going to help me get a job either. I've just got to live my life. If I sit home and do nothing, I'll be depressed, and it's going to be sad.

So you feel the media has unfairly portrayed you?

Photo by Albert Sanchez

Top: Tara out on the town. Below: Hanging with bosom buddy Paris Hilton. Below right: Tara's most infamous wardrobe malfunction.

Not only does the media pick on me (*pauses*)—God only knows what *you're* going to write about me! That's the truth.

Why don't you go into rehab as well? You just might get the same "America loves a comeback" treatment.

If I thought I really did have a problem, I would go. But I don't. If you hang out with me, any of my friends will tell you that I don't.

But people love celebrities who fall and come back. Why not just fall already so you can ride that comeback wave?

Trust me, I've gone through this already a million times. Say I do that. Now I'm admitting guilt for something I'm not guilty of. And what if it does nothing? Now people really do think I have a problem. See what I'm saying? And there's a good chance it won't do anything for me. They won't let me come back!

And in the meantime, I'm not being allowed to do what I love to do best—and that's make movies. It's so unfair! I've been doing movies since I was 12. I've been acting forever. And other girls like Lindsay [Lohan], Nicky [Hilton], Nicole and all the rest of them go out every night! How come they're not party girls? They go out every night! I don't go out every night, but when I do go out, they're there! And they're drinking! Why am I the only one who's drunk? It's bullshit! It's not fair!

Yet you're just a party girl to the media.

That's what people think now, and it's bullshit! I didn't get into the gossip pages because my family was wealthy! I got there because I was an actress! They've got to let me be a good actress again! They've got to start writing nice things! They've got to show me when I wear nice stuff. Not just stupid stuff! *Us Weekly* has to stop putting pictures of me half-blinking. Why that picture? You know there are others! But that's what they show! I wish they would just tell the truth. I'm not a drunk if I'm in the middle of blinking my eye. I don't have a drinking problem. I don't have a drug problem for sure!

What's the biggest misconception about Tara Reid?

I work really hard! I don't just party! I work with charities, and I'm a huge family girl. I'm with my family every Sunday. I just bought my parents a house on the beach three houses from mine. I'm sensitive, and I care what people write about me. I don't like that they make me look like an idiot. I'm not an idiot! I'm smart. I'm a lot smarter than people realize. I've been doing this my whole life. I've been acting forever. I'm good at it. I just want to act again. I'm more than they're letting me be. I need a chance. If I get that chance, people will see.

A onetime bartender, ditchdigger and football coach, New Yorker Chauncé Hayden is now an internationally acclaimed interviewer. Besides editing the weekly entertainment magazine Steppin' Out, Hayden is also known for frequent visits to The Howard Stern Show. His previous HUSTLER contribution was a May '05 Q&A with Miss Nude Amputee Jennifer Krum.

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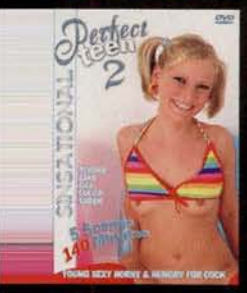

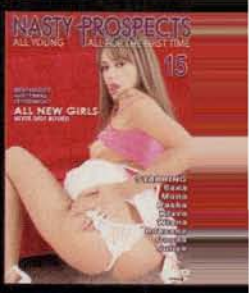

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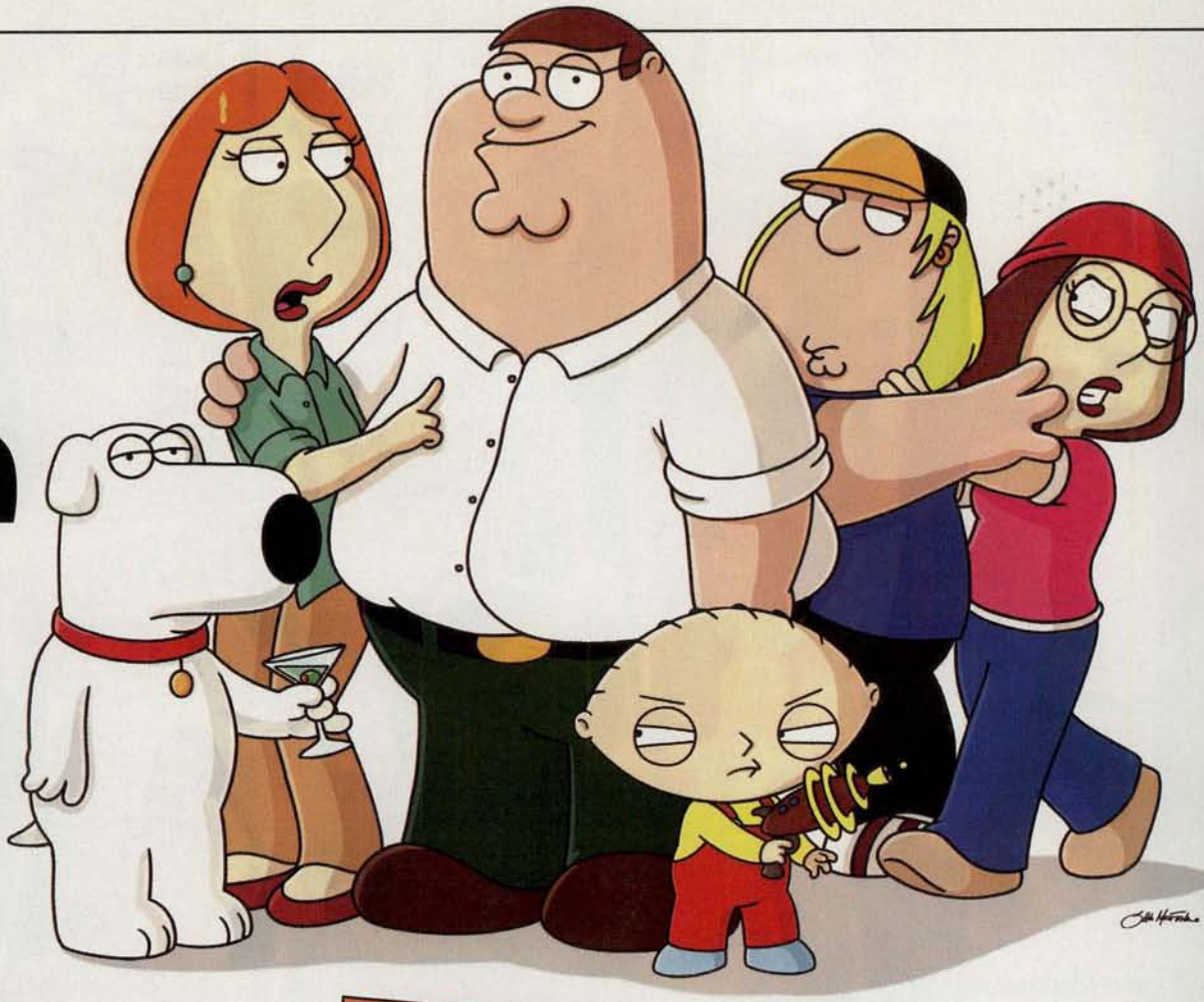

Brian—the wisecracking, cocktail-swilling dog from Fox's hit show *Family Guy*—has more on his mind than your average family mutt. Over the years, the talking dog's been a porn director, a drug-sniffing narcotics officer with a cocaine problem and the deadpan foil to Rhode Island's most famous dysfunctional household. Now America's hottest canine is featured in his first movie, *Family Guy Presents Stewie Griffin: The Untold Story.* HUSTLER caught up with Brian (and his human alter ego, Seth MacFarlane) between fire hydrants and mailmen to discuss Stewie, George W. Bush, Snoopy and what he really did with Jenna Jameson.

Interview by Tom Farrell

HUSTLER: So how about that Stewie movie, eh?

BRIAN: "Stewie movie"? Please, that kid's got a big enough head already, literally and figuratively. He doesn't need you calling it the Stewie movie. I saw some footage the other day, and it's hilarious and very dirty. Well, not as dirty as what the young lady on page 92 of the Holiday '05 HUSTLER is doing, but still pretty dirty.

In the film, your role in the future seems rather diminished.

I don't want to give anything away, but I die in midcoitus with a throw pillow.

What was it like directing a porn flick?

A lot like directing an Ashton Kutcher movie—bad acting, no plot, and you feel dirty when it's over.

Will you ever go back to directing XXX?

Well, if the right script came along, and it was something I was passionate about, and there was an Asian chick involved, maybe.

What was it like working with superstar Jenna Jameson? Did you or didn't you?

Jenna's amazing. She's great at getting plowed, but—and a lot of people don't know this—she's equally adept at putting on a strap-on and plowing someone else. And, no, I never hit that. But I do know a guy who did, and he said it was out of this world. Like playing chess with Gary Kasparov.

How about Lois? I mean, if she'll do KISS, you should have a shot.

Relax, buddy. She's my best friend's wife. And we're strictly platonic. Although, it's not cheating if you mastur-

bate to somebody, right?

Ever think of dressing up like Gene Simmons? It worked for him.

Not really, but Gene has come by the office several times to do voices on the show and molest our female production staff.

What's your favorite drink?

Forty-year-old scotch served by that girl who's getting her face frosted on page 63 in the March '04 issue of HUSTLER.

Do you have any celebrity pooch friends?

Oh, sure, Eddie, from *Frasier*; Tinkerbell; Kathy Griffin…

How about Triumph the Insult Comic Dog?

He's cool, but that guy who always has his hand up his ass kinda strikes me as a perv.

How about Taco Bell's Chihuahua?

Yo quiero? More like, *Donde está?* Right? No, seriously, I heard he's doing okay writing jokes for George Lopez or something.

Santa's Little Helper?

Nice-enough gal. I've seen her on the lot a few times. I don't know. I get kind of a weird vibe sometimes, like she's jealous of my success. Like last week I saw her coming down the hall, and I said, "Hey" and got no response. I mean, would a head nod freakin' kill you?

Thoughts on Snoopy?

Oh, great guy, great guy. We used to get together for drinks. Lost touch after his Zoloft addiction took over. I always wondered how he could be so happy sleeping outside on the point of a roof.

What about Snoop Dogg?

We kind of run in different circles. I've seen his videos, though. Wasn't he one of those original gangstas? What's he doing, car commercials now?

Can dogs vote?

Hey, if a bitch is gonna be President, who do you think is gonna get her there?

What do you think of Bush?

I think it's nice if it's tidy, like a neat little landing strip. Oh, you mean the President? He's a douchebag.

What kind of dog name is Brian, anyway? I mean, what about Pooch, Rover or Fido?

Sorry, my parents were straight.

Look for Brian on the third season of *Family Guy*, now available on DVD.

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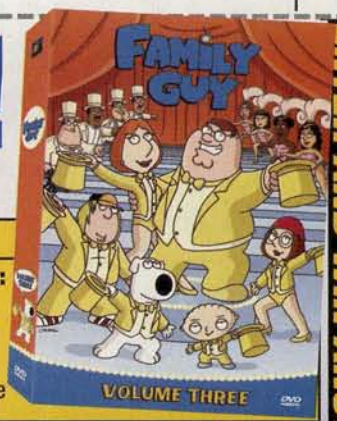

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4. Related to Peter

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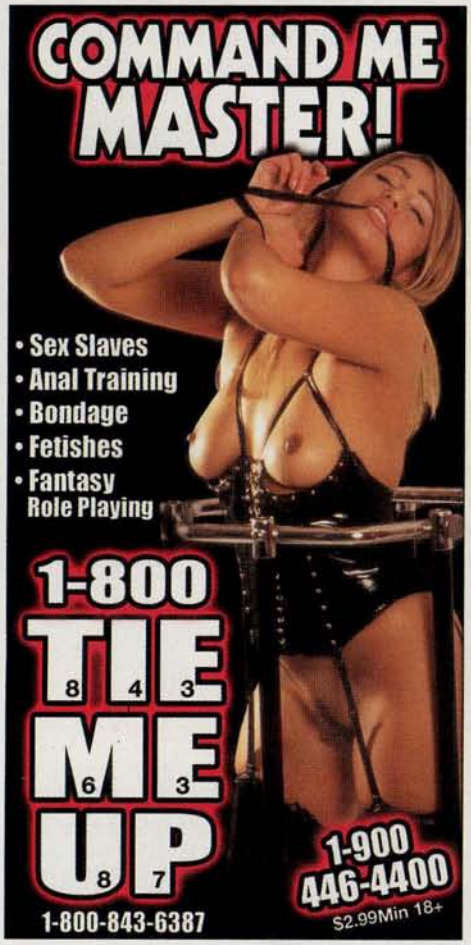
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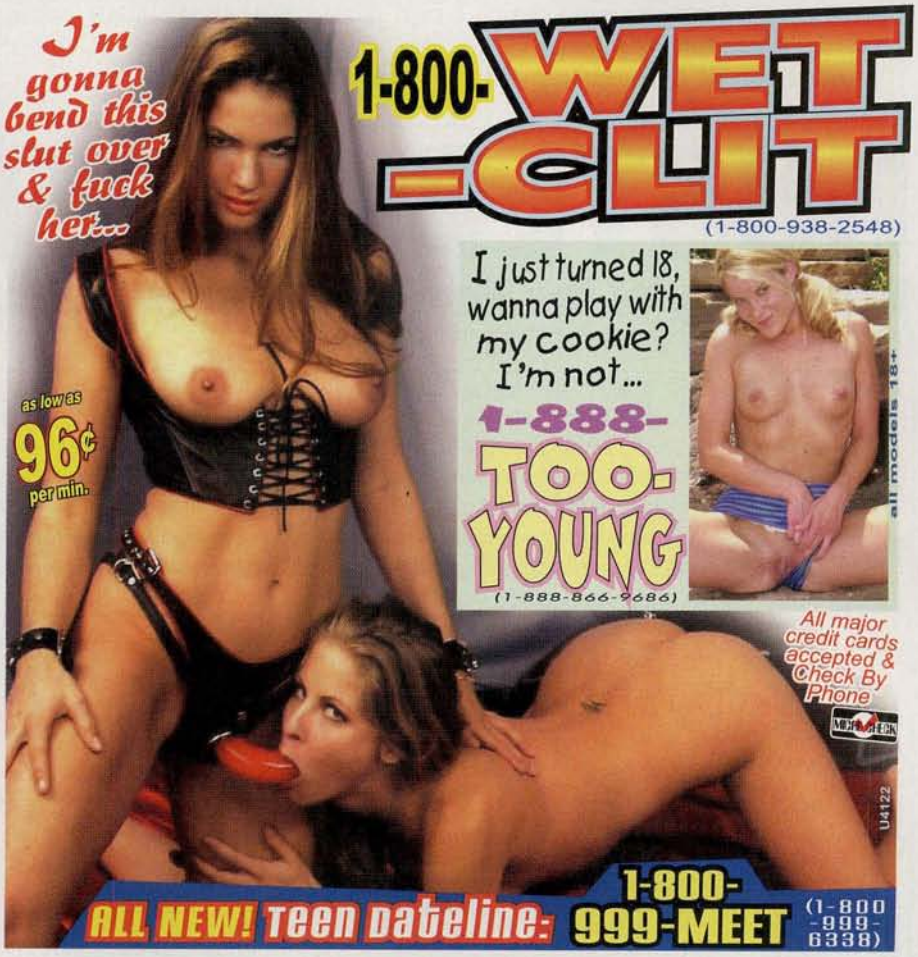
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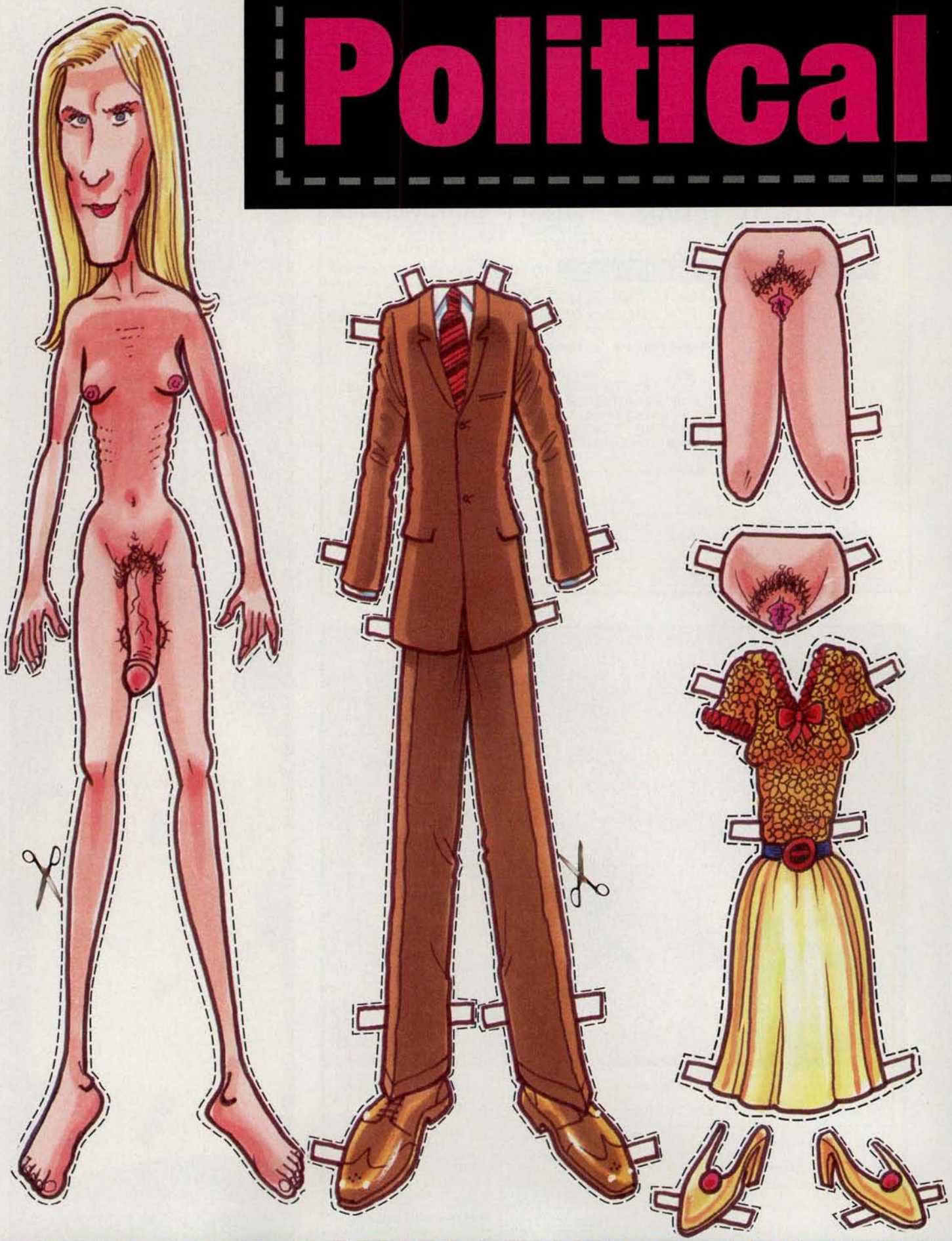
Political



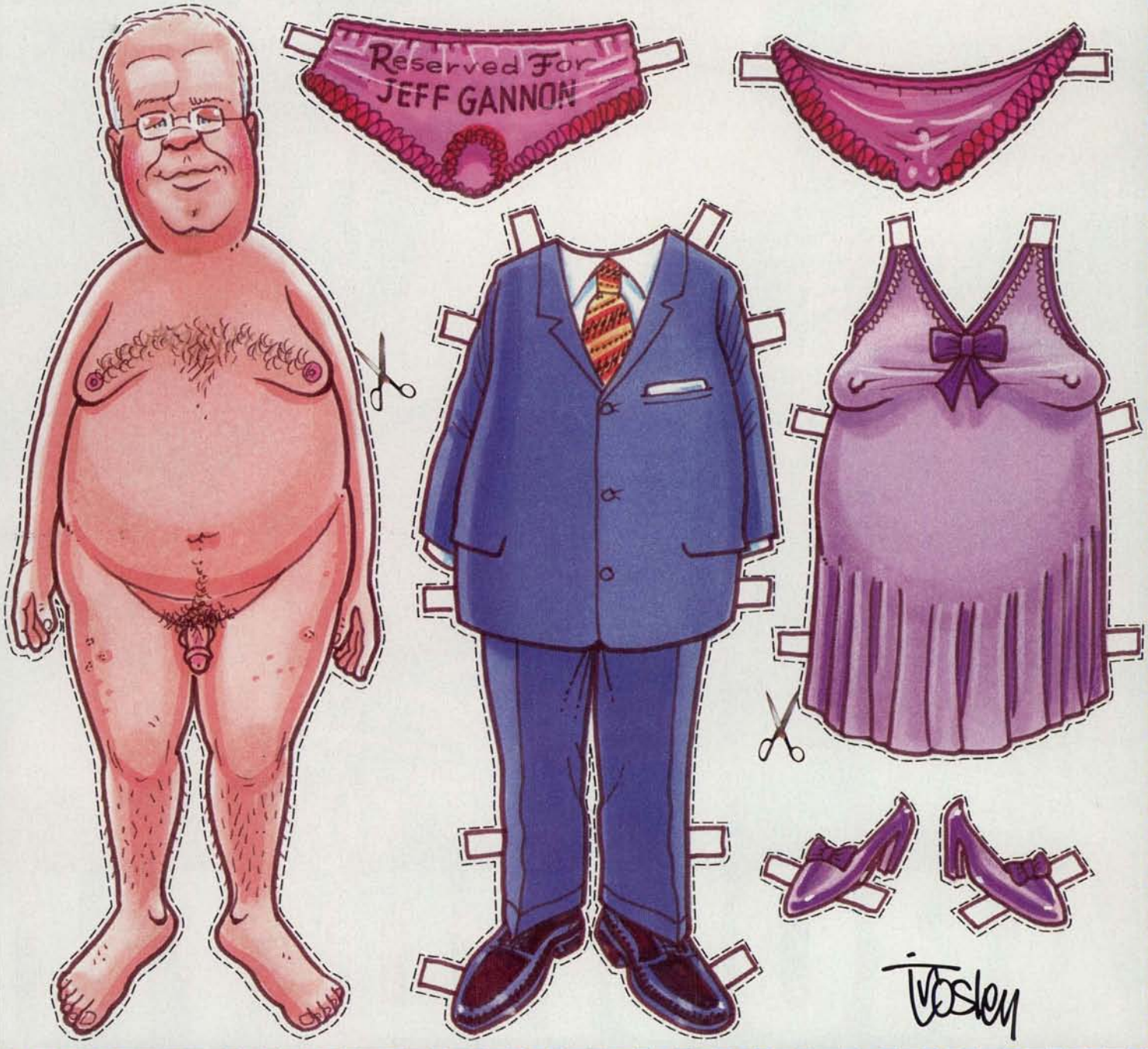
BY KEITH VALCOURT

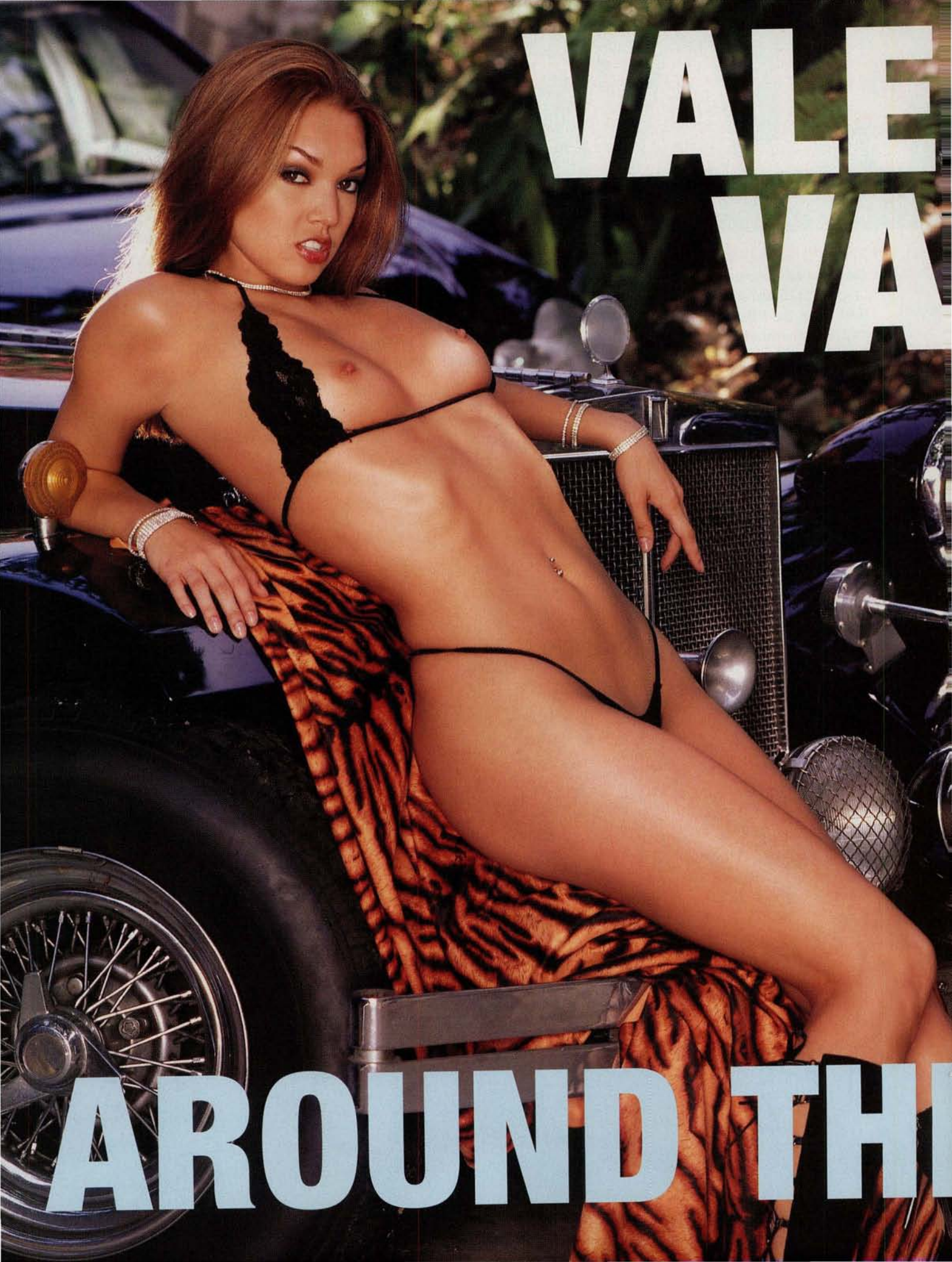
PLAYTHINGS

Now you can cut out and enjoy two of the Republican Party's favorite political playthings!

Ann Coulter, the insufferable conservative columnist, shows off his/her true nature. This anatomically interchangeable version of the Ms. Right doll comes complete with pre- and post-op choices. Now you know "how to play with a nasty little man, if you must."

Karl Rove, the Pillsbury Doughboy of politics, is George W. Bush's personal advisor and towel boy. Now you can make the brains behind the administration do your bidding—the same way he makes our commander in chief do his. As for the dress—who do you think Jeff Gannon (a/k/a James Guckert) was visiting during his frequent overnight stays at the White House?




VALE
VA
AROUND TH

NTINA UGHN

This olive-skinned goddess isn't really sure what she wants out of life. "I moved from Philadelphia to pursue a full-time career in modeling," Valentina says. "Back there I worked as an exotic dancer, which was cool, but being nude in HUSTLER seems so much cooler." So does that mean our latest centerfold has left her G-string behind? "Not necessarily," she replies. "I still go to Vegas to dance on some weekends. In general I just want to model, but I still don't know. Maybe something even better will come up."

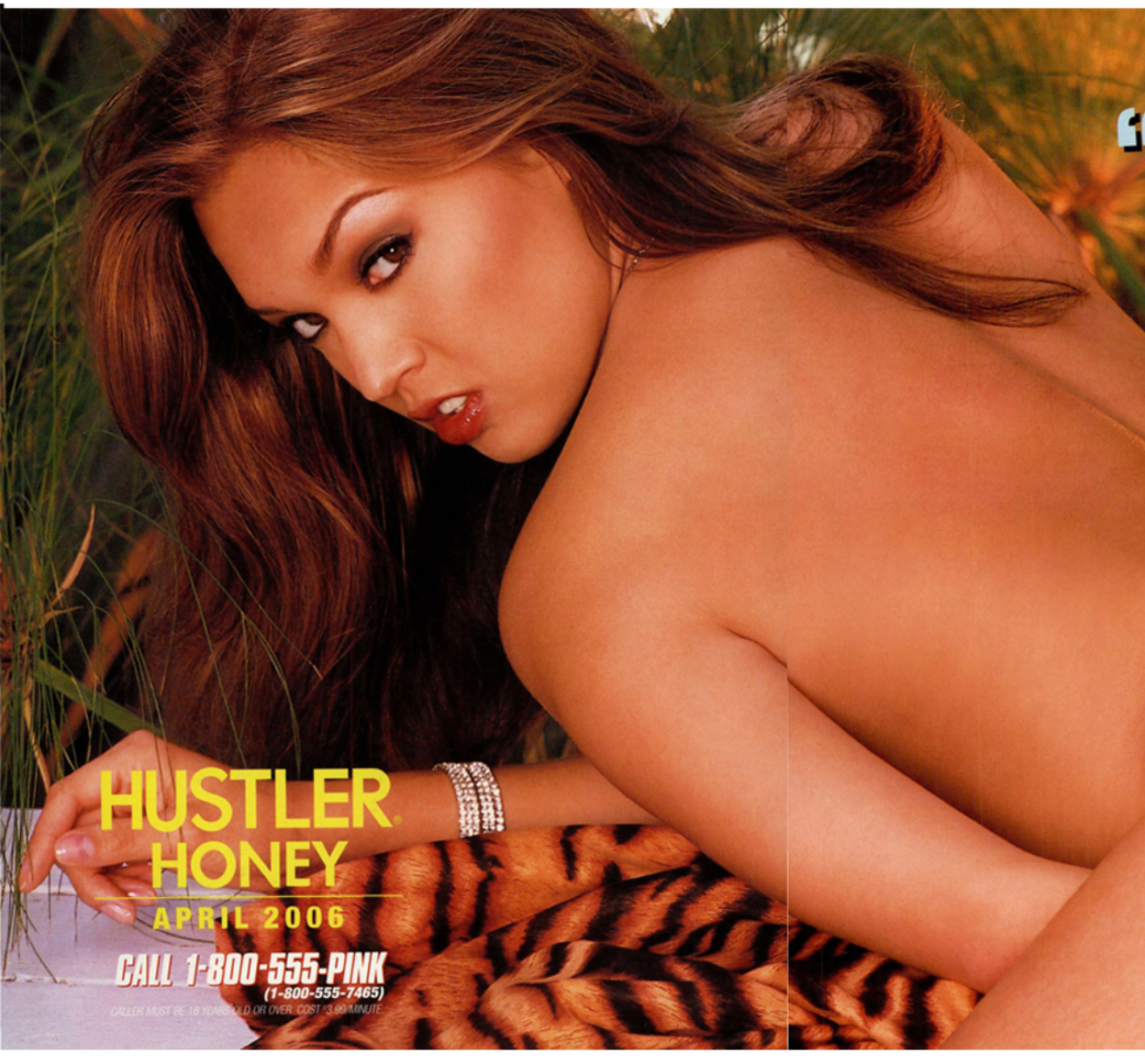
What does Valentina like to do for fun? "Smoking, drinking, I don't know," she gushes. "I guess just going out and hanging with friends."

E BENZ

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT

When it comes to sex, the 22-year-old knows exactly what she wants: "I like someone who'll take control and dominate me. I kind of like a little bondage. Being tied up and spanked makes me wet, but I'm way too shy to ask for it. So if a guy brings it up, I'm down."

Looking ahead, the brown-eyed beauty is open to opportunities. "I don't know what I'll do in the future," Valentina murmurs. "Maybe continue nude modeling, maybe go back to dancing. The thing is, I'm really okay with not knowing."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Valentina

A married man was trying to fly a kite in his backyard. Taking a few quick steps, he again got the wind to catch it for a few seconds, and then the flimsy contraption came crashing back down to earth. Getting more and more flustered, the guy kept trying to no avail.

All the while his wife was watching from the kitchen window, muttering to herself how men need to be told how to do everything. Finally, she opened the window and yelled, "You need a piece of tail!"

With a confused look on his face, the exasperated husband looked up and bellowed, "Make up your mind, bitch! Last night you told me to go fly a kite!"

Question: Did you hear about the Eskimo woman who had a one-night stand?

Answer: When the floozie woke up, she was six months pregnant.

A minister asked three members of his congregation, "When you're lying in your casket, and friends and brethren are mourning over you, what would you like them to say?"

Artie replied, "I would like them to say that I was a wonderful husband, a fine spiritual leader and a great family man."

Eugene responded, "I would like them to say that I was a wonderful teacher and servant of God who made a huge difference in people's lives."

Don pondered for a moment and then told the minister, "I'd like them to say, 'Look, Don's moving!'"

A blonde from Minnesota decided she needed something new and different for a winter hobby. She went to a bookstore and bought every title she could find on ice fishing. For weeks, she read and studied, vowing to become an expert.

Convinced that she knew everything there was to know, the blonde prepared for her first ice-fishing expedition. She carefully packed all the tools and equipment needed for the excursion, each item having its own special place in her kit.

Once at the ice, the blonde found a quiet little area, sat down on a padded stool and carefully laid out her tools. Just as she was about to make her first cut into the ice, a booming voice announced, "There are no fish under the ice!"

Petrified, the blonde looked skyward and asked, "Is that you, Lord?"

The voice boomed back, "No, you twit, this is the manager of the skating rink!"

Question: Why are married men fatter than single men?

Answer: Single men come home, see what's in the fridge and go to bed. Married men come home, see what's in the bed and go to the fridge.

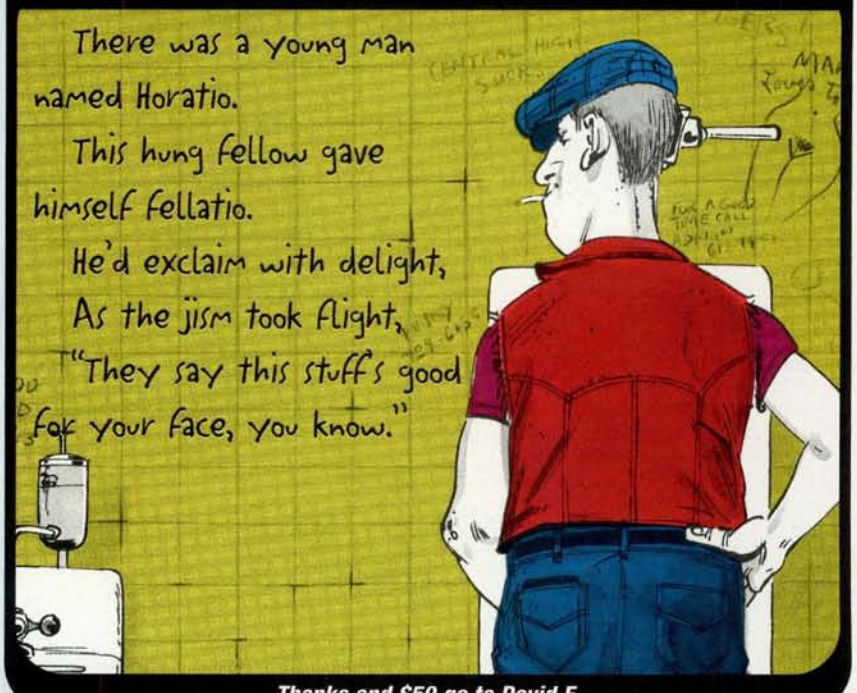
Two city slickers, Carl and Dave, were out on a hiking trip when Carl stopped to take a piss. Suddenly, a rattlesnake jumped up and bit him on the end of his dick. "Find a doctor!" Carl yelled, squirming in agony.

Dave ran to the nearest town, found an M.D. and explained that his friend had been bitten by a rattler. "No problem," the doctor said. "All you have to do is cut an *X* on the bite and then suck out the poison." Armed with this information, Dave hurried back to his buddy.

"Oh, God, I'm in pain!" Carl screamed. "Thank God you're back. What did the doctor tell you?"

Catching his breath, Dave looked down at his hiking companion and replied, "He said you're gonna die, motherfucker!"

GRAFFILTHY


There was a young man
named Horatio.
This hung fellow gave
himself fellatio.
He'd exclaim with delight,
As the jism took flight,
"They say this stuff's good
for your face, you know."

Thanks and $50 go to David E.

HUSTLER Humor jokes are provided by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, or have a "poem" befitting a bathroom wall, why not send it our way? Submit your witty stuff to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211; or by e-mail to HUSTLER@lfp.com. If your item appears here, we'll send you a check for $50. Sorry—we cannot return submissions.

"It's my favorite strap-on—an exact replica of Seabiscuit's."

Photo by Hellin Kay

Early birds Pedro Yanowitz and Chantal Claret, Morningwood's electrifying chanteuse.

MORNINGWOOD

ROCKERS WHO RISE TO THE OCCASION

By Michelle McCarthy

If in attendance at a Morningwood concert, don't be alarmed if you're asked to disrobe. Taking the band's song "Take Off Your Clothes" literally, vocalist Chantal Claret regularly asks for volunteers to strip onstage.

"We do applaud nudity, which I'm sure HUSTLER does as well," Claret tells us via phone while on tour, opening for Gang of Four "If you're going to get up on my stage, you have to put out. It's like a traveling circus. We're there to entertain. Anyone who isn't there to entertain as a musician is not doing their job."

Morningwood is Claret's first group, and yet the 23-year-old seamlessly blends the excitement of a newbie with the cocksure attitude of a road warrior. That noticeable confidence may be derived from the collective experience of her sidekicks: bassist Pedro Yanowitz (ex-Wallflowers), drummer Japa Keenon (ex-Cibo Matto) and guitarist Richard Steel (ex-Spacehog).

"I'm with these boys who have been around the block a couple of times—they're all hussies," Claret laughs. "They know which mistakes not to make."

A precocious teenager, Claret spent her high school years hanging out with older "kids"—as in thirtysomethings—going to clubs and promoting parties. "I'd be up till six in the morning and then go straight to school."

During one of her late-night adventures at a birthday party for Sean Lennon, Claret impressed Yanowitz with her untapped vocal ability. "We were all sitting in a circle," she recalls, "and everybody was asked to sing a song for the birthday boy. I sang, and then Pedro asked me to work on a project with him."

Five years later the New York quartet's self-titled debut album—a fun-filled concoction of pop, rock and dance—is being released on Capitol Records. And Claret has proven that she measures up to Tin Pan Alley's seasoned veterans, offering a range that switches from sweet and seductive to gritty at a moment's notice.

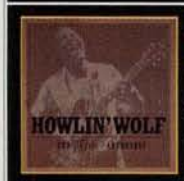
As for the band's moniker and sexually charged lyrics, Claret isn't too worried about offending anyone. But if her dad asked what Morningwood meant, she wouldn't dare explain it to him.

SIX-PACK

A HALF-DOZEN CDs OF INTEREST

Various Artists
Music for Lonely Housewives
Audio Fidelity

Inspired by the TV phenom *Desperate Housewives*, this collection of classic jazz, rock and R&B sung by strong-willed ladies (notably Cher, Pat Benatar and Dusty Springfield) offers musical support for all those homemakers out there crying in their dustpans. Songs such as "I Will Survive," "Mr. Big Stuff" and "I Need a Lover" will fill lonesome afternoons till *Oprah* comes on. *—Michelle McCarthy*



Howlin' Wolf
The Blues Anthology
Master Classics

Real, raw blues. Towering, gravel-voiced blues legend Howlin' Wolf was one of the most dynamic performers of the 20th century. Here he rocks the house with vintage live versions of his many classics. Backed by a hard-driving band on these electrifying tracks, Wolf's gritty, soulful and sexually charged vocal delivery leaves an indelible mark on the listener. *—Kevin Wright*

Dios (Malos)
Dios (Malos)
StarTime International Records

The band formerly known as Dios has emerged from a name-changing debacle (metal granddad Dio threatened to sue) with a soundtrack of sweet pop for the lovesick. Hooking up with producer Phil Ek (Shins, Modest Mouse), the Hawthorne, California, natives have polished their sound and left any lo-fi leanings behind them. *—M.M.*

Thelonious Monk Quartet With John Coltrane at Carnegie Hall
Blue Note

The brief but legendary collaboration between Thelonious Monk and John Coltrane in 1957 forever changed jazz history. This newly discovered concert recording captures, with pristine sound quality, the creative outpouring of two superior talents. Monk's brilliance and Coltrane's passion make this historic document an exciting listen that's easy for anyone to enjoy. *—K.W.*

Dropkick Murphys
The Warrior's Code
Hellcat Records

The boys from Boston return with their signature blend of punk and Celtic folk songs. Tales of hometown heroes and fallen comrades are met with anthemic choruses that'll make you want to swing a stein in the air and scream along. Wicked good. *—M.M.*

Berlin
4play
Majestic Recordings

Eighties vixen Terri Nunn and backing band return with a disc containing second-rate covers such as Prince's "Erotic City" and Marilyn Manson's "Dope Show," along with two new studio tracks. One high point is an acoustic version of "No More Words" performed for VH1's *Band Reunited* with the New Wavers' original lineup. *—M.M.*

For cool tunes and haircuts, The Lashes got it.

The LASHES

SEARCHING FOR THREE MINUTES OF HEAVEN

By Roy Trakin

Seated outside the Rainbow, L.A.'s famed rock star hangout, four members of the Seattle-based Lashes are enjoying their moment in the spotlight. Soon to be released is the group's major label debut, *Get It*.

In a nutshell The Lashes sport elements of '80s revivalists like The Killers filtered through '60s Midwestern *Nuggets*-styled faux Brit-pop garage bands from The Outsiders and The Buckinghams to Cheap Trick, The Raspberries and The Shoes. "We're a big fan of some decades we weren't around for," singer Ben Clark readily admits.

A most helpful Lashes fan has been former Sex Pistol Steve Jones, now a DJ at L.A.'s Indie 103.1 (KDLE-FM). Thanks to airplay on his show and other stations, bittersweet pop songs like "Sometimes the Sun" have made the band antichrists in their hometown, where grunge and anticommercialism go hand in hand with caffeinated beverages.

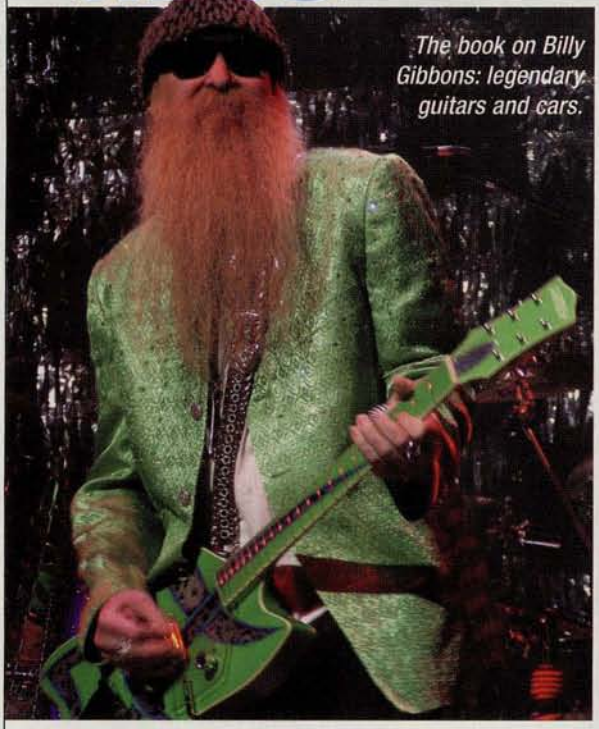
"You can only deny a pop hook for so long," says Clark, a Spokane native who put together the initial incarnation of the group after moving to the Emerald City and meeting guitarist Eric Howk, who was working at a Levi's store. "You may hate it, but three minutes later you want to hear it again."

"Crunchy and big is good," pipes Alaska native Howk, critiquing the band's trademark sound. "We're going for The Beatles with Marshall stacks."

"We want to change the world one teenybopper at a time," chimes in Clark, who claims his biggest rock star moment to date was helping Libertines member Pete Doherty cop crack in downtown Seattle after The Lashes opened for them. "All of us are here because pop music fucked with our heads. Hopefully, we will make someone else drop out of college one day because they loved our music, and it made them want to do this." ■

Photo by Chapman Baehler

NEWS



The book on Billy Gibbons: legendary guitars and cars.

CARS, GUITARS & TEXAS ROCK STARS: The famed ZZ Top axeman gives an insider's look into his true loves: cars and guitars with *Billy F Gibbons: Rock and Roll Gearhead* from Motorbooks. This 192-page color coffee table book reveals tales behind the creation of dozens of the bearded one's unique guitars—he owns 600—including the "Furry One" (made famous in the Texas band's video "Legs"). There's also a rundown of ten of Gibbons's slickest hot rods and custom cars, as well as highlights from his 40-year recording career. *—Michelle McCarthy*

TOWERS OF LONDON CALLING: The British punk upstarts brought their mayhem and cacophonous din to America's shores with a tour that included a stopover at L.A.'s famous Troubadour nightclub. The Towers barely made it out of their own country after lead singer Donny Tourette pleaded guilty to criminal damage and was fined 775 pounds ($1,327) for swinging from and subsequently trashing the scaffolding and canopy at one of their gigs. *—Tom Farrell*

Towers of London's Tommy Brunette (left) and Donny Tourette on their best behavior.

Photo by Annette Ovanessian

DVD SIX-PACK

A HALF-DOZEN DVDs YOU NEED TO KNOW ABOUT

Def Leppard
Rock of Ages—The DVD Collection
Bludgeon Riffola/Universal

The definitive video collection from the group that put heavy metal pop on the MTV map. Spanning 20 years, you get the teen idol tracks like "Photograph" and "Rock of Ages" and more—18 all-time favorites, plus the previously unreleased 2002 video for "Now" and the rehearsal video for 2005's chart-topping "No Matter What." *—T.F.*

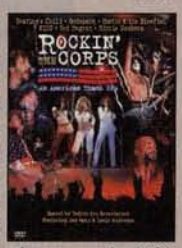
Samhain
Live 1984 Stardust Ballroom
Music Video Distributors

Looking past the far-from-professional camerawork and shoddy sound, this DVD serves as a piece of punk rock history. You not only get to witness the goth-punks' first L.A. gig, but also the show is filmed at the now-defunct but once-legendary Stardust Ballroom in Hollywood. It's a nostalgic glimpse of a post-Misfits Glenn Danzig, before all the muscles and long hair. *—M.M.*

Various Artists
Taste of Chaos
Image Entertainment

If you missed last year's sold-out Taste of Chaos tour, here's your chance to check out a sampling of the bill at a stop in Asbury Park, New Jersey. Powerful performances by bands such as My Chemical Romance, The Used, Killswitch Engage and Atreyu make you wish you had been there. Bonus features include extended interviews and behind-the-scenes footage. *—M.M.*

Various Artists
Rockin' the Corps: An American Thank You
Image Entertainment

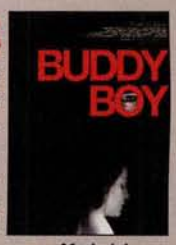


Hosted by Cedric the Entertainer, this mixed bag USO show was recorded live at Camp Pendleton as a tip of the hat to the families of troops stationed in Iraq. The star turnout was enviable, with performances by KISS, Destiny's Child, Hootie & the Blowfish, Ted Nugent, Godsmack and more. *—Keith Valcourt*

Pixies
Pixies Sell Out
Rhino Home Video

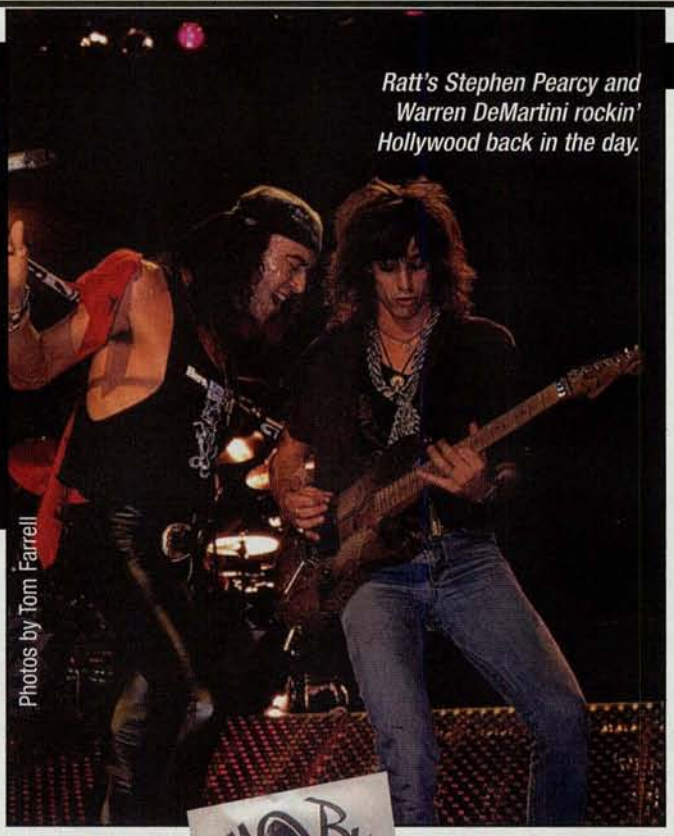
Frank Black once told *Rolling Stone* that he'd only play with the Pixies again "if I were penniless or a family member needed a kidney transplant." Thankfully, that's not what it took for the band to reunite in 2004 for a string of dates. *Pixies Sell Out* captures the seminal indie band live in Belfort, France, but you can also check out bonus performances at such gatherings as Coachella Valley, New Orleans's Voodoo Festival and the Fuji Rock Festival. *—M.M.*

Buddy Boy
Image Entertainment
Sire Records



Catholic mama's boy screws hot epileptic vegan and starts thinking she's a cannibal. Meaty pitch, ham-fisted picture. And not a single nude seizure! Talk about missed opportunities. Ditch this and rent a real Polanski flick. *—Mark Johnson*

Poison's C.C. DeVille (left) and Bret Michaels blast out of the past in a CD extravaganza.



Ratt's Stephen Pearcy and Warren DeMartini rockin' Hollywood back in the day.

Photos by Tom Farrell

SUNSET STRIPPERS: Cleopatra Records has released the ultimate compilation of the '80s Sunset Strip hair band experience with *Hollywood Rocks,* a handsomely packaged four-disc set. The music takes you back, and sometimes leaves you there, with tracks by Axl's pre-Guns N' Roses outfit Hollywood Rose, pre-Ratt band Mickey Rat, Plain Jane (Jani "Warrant" Lane's first Hollywood band), Candy (featuring Gilby Clarke), Dokken, the purple-haired Zeros, Poison, Quiet Riot, Faster Pussycat and just too many hair farmers to list. If you were there (and don't pretend you can't remember), then you must get this CD. —*T.F.*

KOTTONMOUTH KINGS—PUT THIS IN YOUR PIPE AND SMOKE IT: Members of the Southern California rock band Kottonmouth Kings joined forces with the AAMC (American Alliance for Medical Cannabis) at a recent demonstration in front of the Federal Building in West Los Angeles. The gathering was in protest against a recent U.S. Supreme Court ruling that permits the government to block physicians from prescribing marijuana for patients suffering from cancer, glaucoma and other serious illnesses. Ten states, including California, have legalized marijuana use for medical purposes.

Kottonmouth Kings' Brad "Daddy" X and Pakelika on the front lines. God made pot; Bush made laws. Who do you trust?

The Kottonmouth Kings, whose latest record entered the charts at number 50 on the Billboard Top 200, have been proactive in their support of the legalization of marijuana since the band's 1995 inception. They frequently join forces with the AAMC, which provides education, advocacy and awareness about the benefits of medicinal marijuana.

Voices AAMC Los Angeles chapter head J.P. Mohr: "How can a nation based upon principles of individual liberty, personal responsibility and care of the sick and disabled possibly ban a medicine whose use harms no one, while relieving suffering? Marijuana is a beneficial, natural medication that deserves further medical research—research that our government won't allow. The same government that advocates the use of medications like OxyContin or Adderal, denies medical marijuana. There are hundreds of accidental deaths every day from taking these other pharmaceuticals, yet there is not one documented case of toxicity or fatality from cannabis usage."

"Kottonmouth Kings have always been on the front lines, fighting to make marijuana a legal substance," says frontman Brad X. "When we got the call to join the AAMC rally, we jumped at the chance to be a part of the war on drugs by verbalizing our dissatisfaction with the recent Supreme Court decision." —*T.F.*

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GAME ON

Resident Evil 4 fans have two new reasons to reenter the world of survival horror. **Capcom** has released the game for PS2, and **NubyTech** has released a blood-spattered chainsaw designed just for the PS2.

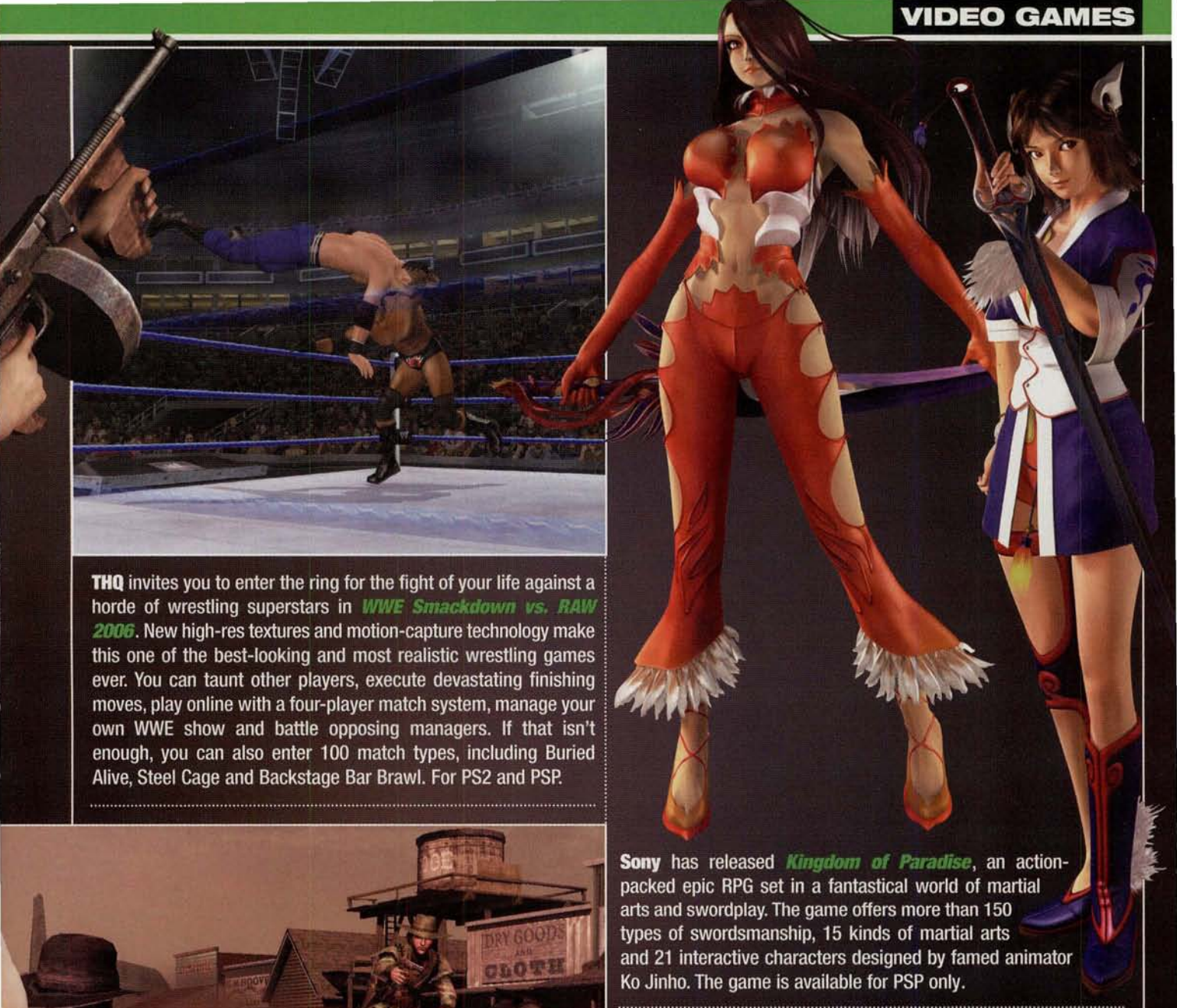
Venerable video game character Sonic the Hedgehog is back with two new titles from **Sega** and a controller. The limited-edition PS2 controller is from NubyTech and features colorful Sonic artwork. ***Shadow the Hedgehog*** (for GameCube, PS2 and Xbox) focuses on Shadow in some tricky situations as Westopolis falls under alien attack. ***Sonic Rush*** (for Nintendo DS) is a fast-paced side-scroller in which the world's fastest hedgehog pairs up with Blaze the Cat. ***SR*** uses both Nintendo screens to show the playfield.

One of ***Suffering***'s highlights is the obligatory postmortem breast exam.

Midway has released ***The Suffering: Ties That Bind***, the gory sequel to *The Suffering*. Set in the slums and prisons of Baltimore, the action-horror game once again pits the hero Torque against the villainous Blackmore. Torque has the ability to use his rage and unleash an angry, inner demon or to choose a moral path that will affect the game's outcome. ***TS:TTB*** features a slew of disturbing new creatures and a streamlined gameplay system, all in a seedy, dark underworld. Rated M for Mature, ***TS:TTB*** utilizes plenty of bloodshed, gore, intense violence, drug use, sexual themes and strong language. Oh, yes. For PC, PS2 and Xbox.

You can play with alluring Ada in the new PS2 version of ***Res Evil 4***.

THQ invites you to enter the ring for the fight of your life against a horde of wrestling superstars in ***WWE Smackdown vs. RAW 2006***. New high-res textures and motion-capture technology make this one of the best-looking and most realistic wrestling games ever. You can taunt other players, execute devastating finishing moves, play online with a four-player match system, manage your own WWE show and battle opposing managers. If that isn't enough, you can also enter 100 match types, including Buried Alive, Steel Cage and Backstage Bar Brawl. For PS2 and PSP.



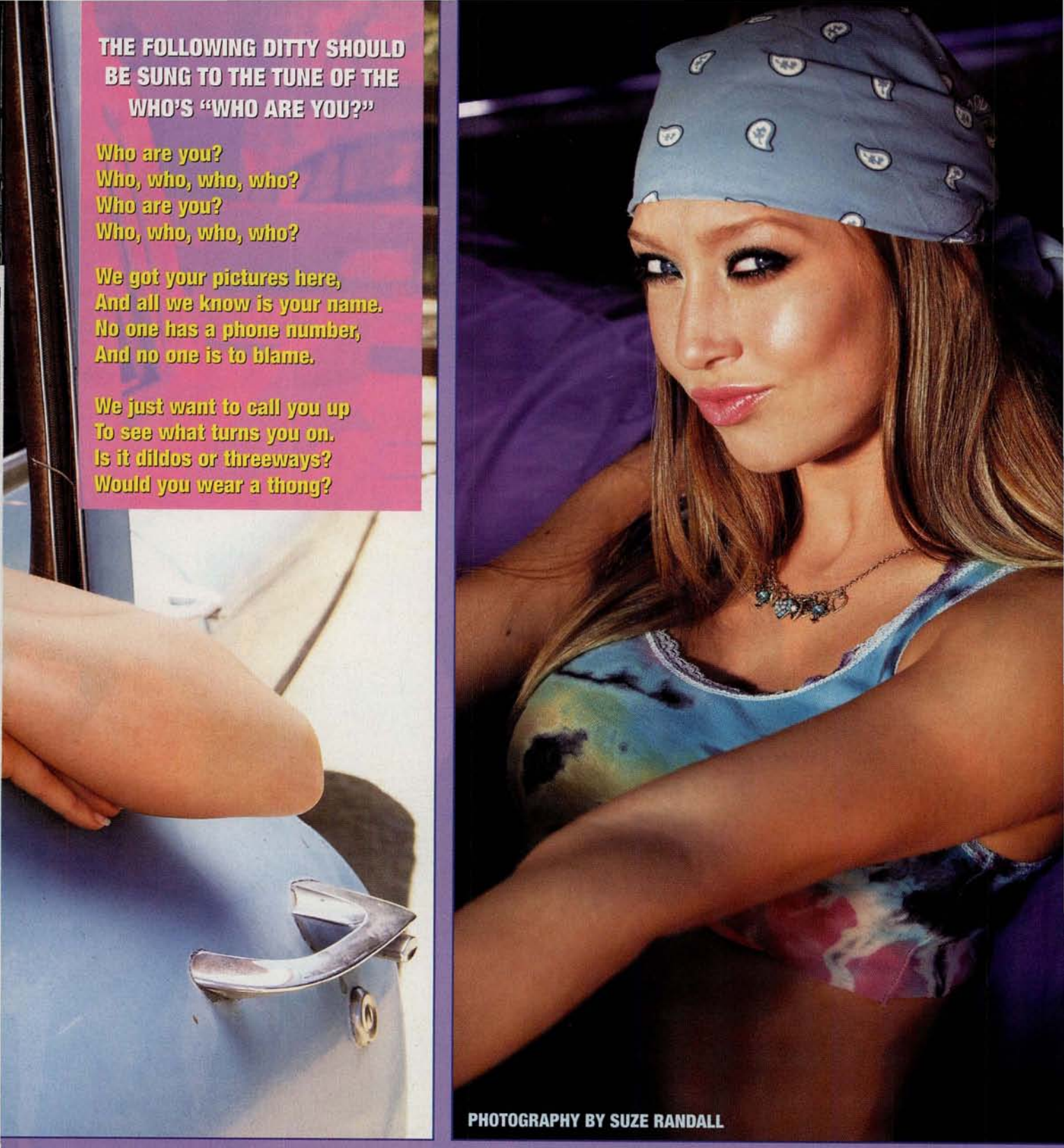
Sony has released ***Kingdom of Paradise***, an action-packed epic RPG set in a fantastical world of martial arts and swordplay. The game offers more than 150 types of swordsmanship, 15 kinds of martial arts and 21 interactive characters designed by famed animator Ko Jinho. The game is available for PSP only.

Activision takes you back to the rough 'n' tumbleweed days of America's frontier with ***GUN***. Featuring a talented cast of voice actors such as Kris Kristofferson, Tom Skerritt, Brad Dourif, Ron Perlman and Lance Henriksen, ***GUN*** is like being dropped into a Sam Peckinpah movie. The Wild West never felt so alive—or dangerous. For PS2, Xbox, Xbox 360, PC and GC.

Mission Details.

Bandai Games delivers one of the greatest anime flicks ever, ***Ghost in the Shell***. This PSP game allows you to battle six players in wireless mode, with 50 weapons to choose from. And you can train your peeps to fight the terrorists on a number of levels—including hacking into their systems.

DANA
MYSTE



THE FOLLOWING DITTY SHOULD BE SUNG TO THE TUNE OF THE WHO'S "WHO ARE YOU?"

Who are you?
Who, who, who, who?
Who are you?
Who, who, who, who?

We got your pictures here,
And all we know is your name.
No one has a phone number,
And no one is to blame.

We just want to call you up
To see what turns you on.
Is it dildos or threeways?
Would you wear a thong?

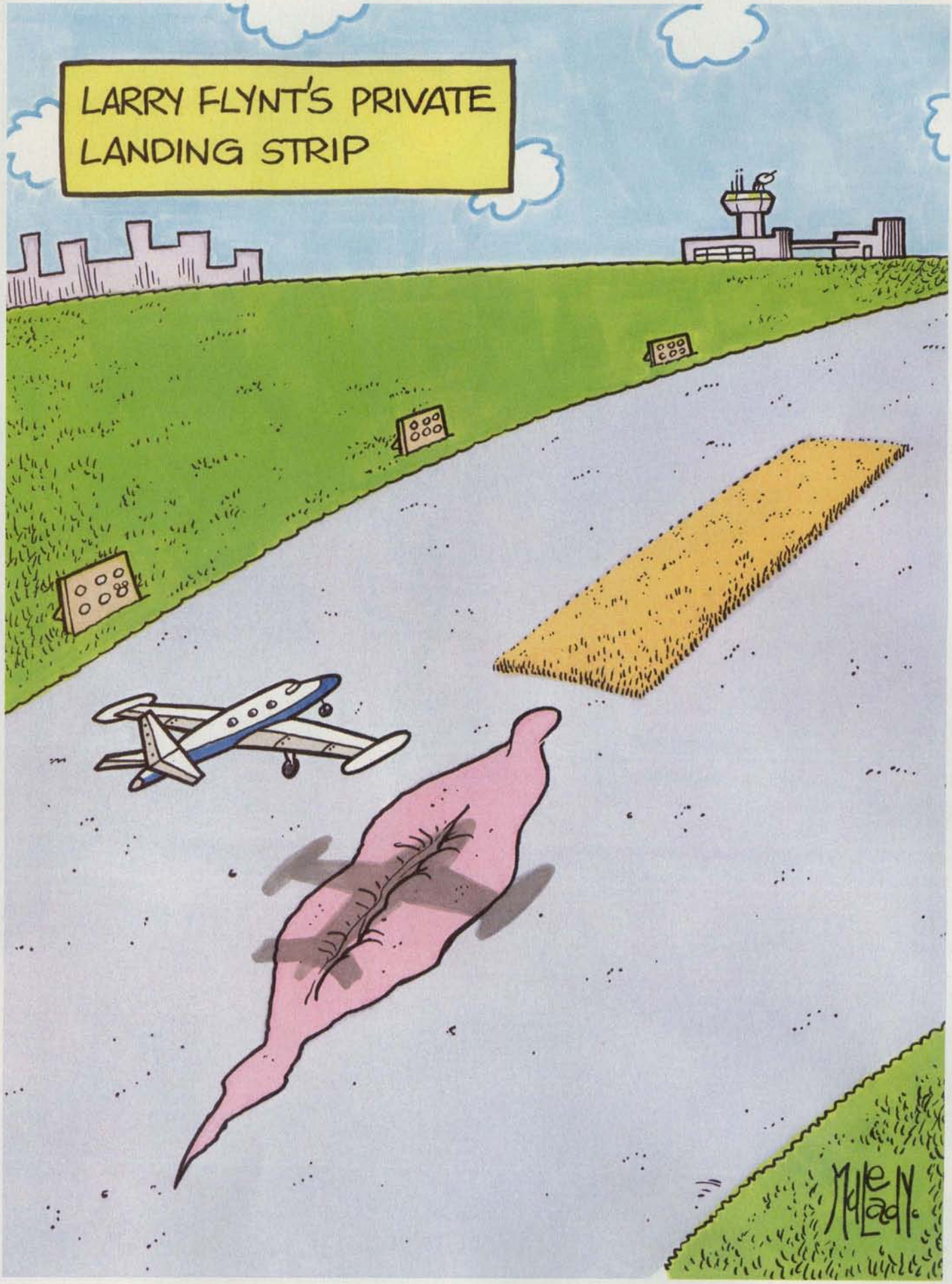
PHOTOGRAPHY BY SUZE RANDALL

ERY MUSE

Well, who are you?
We really wanna know.
Tell us, who are you?

You got some tasty tits and a juicy box.
We really dig seeing you nude.
But what's with the dumb do-rag?
It makes you look like that Axl dude.

Is it because your
head's too big?
That can't be.
You're far too fine.
Guess that giant
noggin won't matter
When we do you
from behind.
But who are you?
Who, who, who, who?
We really wanna know.
Tell us who are you, you.
Who are you?!


LARRY FLYNT'S PRIVATE
LANDING STRIP
McLeod

SMOKIN' LONE STAR STATE BACCHANAL

University of Texas senior Barrett Brown lives it up at the most brazen bash of the school year.

Just two miles from the capitol building, a mind-bending celebration is under way at a park in Austin, Texas. With draconian Republican legislators seeking to ban sexy cheerleading routines at scholastic sporting events, and police mercilessly rounding up drug offenders, even a temporary pot amnesty is most welcome.

Every year, on the birthday of Winnie the Pooh's pal Eeyore, local authorities turn the other cheek. With cops standing back, the flower power era is reborn as young people get a buzz, bare some skin and bask in the springtime sun.

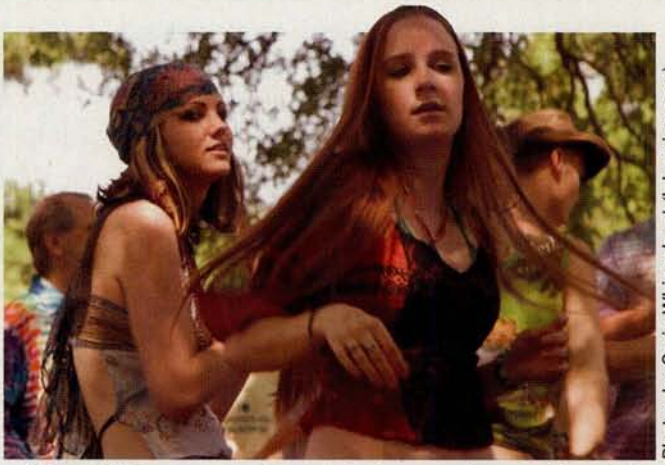
Thousands have come to revel, including a traditionally huge contingent from the University of Texas. In full view of a state trooper, one loving couple breaks from a steamy clinch to reignite an ornate hash pipe. "Man, I don't want you to get busted!" the girl nervously titters.

"Nah, nah, watch this," her boyfriend mutters before taking a long drag and blowing out a huge marijuana-laced smoke ring. The lawman doesn't look amused, but there are no screaming sirens or blazing guns—just a slight nod of his head. Blame it on the magic of dopey Saint Eeyore.

Legend has it that this bizarre get-together was born in the 1960s when a handful of stoned UT students decided that the forlorn donkey needed cheering up with his very own holiday. The last Saturday of April was chosen, with merrymakers grooving to Maypole dancing, medieval music, pot smoking, make-out sessions and, well, more pot smoking.

By 1974, Eeyore Day festivities had to move to spacious Pease Park to accommodate the swelling numbers hoping to relive the Woodstock vibe. They flocked from near and far in Volkswagen vans and beat-up buses to pay homage to the floppy-eared critter.

Getting high, gyrating seductively or making an ass of oneself are all legal when Texans party in honor of their favorite donkey.



Photos by Craig Whisenhunt (InLumino.com)

Thankfully, as a result, Austin became known for giving women the right to bear their breasts in public. KEEP AUSTIN WEIRD bumper stickers started to sprout, and a homeless transvestite named Leslie Cochran even had the audacity to secure thousands of votes in a recent mayoral election.

These passive victories over the forces of cultural conservatism and repressive laws continue to flourish on this festive occasion. As a group of Eeyore fans enthusiastically take cell phone photos of one another smoking grass, several shapely honeys with floral designs on their torsos dance bare-breasted. In fact, exposed coed hooters are a dime a dozen. And unlike Woodstock, beads are optional.

Elsewhere, a man painted in silver and naked except for his Speedos guzzles beer and chats up a curvy soccer mom whose son is dressed up as Harry Potter. Sporting sunglasses, their dog wears the same bemused look as the state trooper whose leg it's sniffing.

But today's potheads are a far cry from their drifter mothers and fathers. The gorgeous blonde spinning a hula hoop while puffing on a joint recently landed a job with an oil company in Amsterdam. A few yards away a bodacious coed giggles from the effects of magic mushrooms. Ironically, her next trip will be to UT's prestigious law school.

"What kind of, uh, law are you going to practice?" asks an admiring male student, setting down his bong.

"I wanna be a prosecutor!" the hallucinating doll replies.

Long into the night the activities continue. From face painting to silly races, feline flashing and intoxicants galore, my fellow students and I soak up the most important date on our social calendar until finally The Man starts to almost begrudgingly reassert his authority.

"Time to go, folks!" a Bunyanesque sergeant bellows through a megaphone. "Let's all go home now so we can do this again next year!" Unlike 1968, the crowd peacefully complies. No antiwar protests, rock hurling or storming of campus buildings. With the moon overhead and a cooling breeze in the air, some Longhorns take to the waters for a little skinny-dipping as the cops go on litter patrol.

Eventually, the University of Texas's unique sleepy hollow is cleared for another year as a mystical Eeyore takes one final hit of weed before disappearing into the darkness.

Attention college journalists: If you have an idea for a news story involving your school, contact us at *HUSTLER@lfp.com.*

HUSTLER has long been a haven for uninhibited sweethearts, but bookworms who love showing skin are a special breed. Coeds: Be a BWOC by sending us a handful of naughty pix and garner $350 in financial assistance!

"Most people find it unusual, but I really enjoy anal sex. It's thoroughly invigorating if done right!"

RYHAUNA

"My school's motto is *Omnia Extares,*" declares this camera-hungry freshman at **The Evergreen State College** in Olympia, Washington. "It means 'Let it all hang out,' which is something I *love* to do." Ryhauna, 21, is majoring in nutritional health at the alma mater of *Seinfeld*'s Michael Richards and *The Simpsons* creator Matt Groening, and judging from her sumptuous 5-foot-7 bod, she must be eating right. Actually, the admittedly flirtatious Apple Stater is an anal enthusiast with a hearty sexual appetite. "I've done it all," Ryhauna chirps. And now the Harry Potter girl has done HUSTLER. Cosmo Kramer would be proud. —Photos by Friend

LEXIS LANE

"I'm always the life of the party," proclaims Lexis Lane, a 21-year-old sophomore at **Fort Scott Community College** in southeastern Kansas. "Let's just say I like to have fun and be naked." From our point of view, it would be a heinous crime for the 5-foot-5 criminal psychology major not to show off her 34D-23-34 body, and she's most obliging. A cheerleader and dancer, Lexis is also an ardent beauty-pageant buff, but as a HUSTLER Real College Girl, she gets to be in the buff and verbally hold nothing back: "I'm very sexually active, and my favorite position is doggy-style. I like it hard and rough!" And, starting with a recent dalliance involving a fellow cheerleader, Lexis has doubled the size of her romantic playing field. "I was scared," she explains, recalling her first hanky-panky with another chick, "but it was extraordinary. Oh, my God, she was a pro!" Still, men are *numero uno* in her life. "I love big wieners!" exclaims Lexis, who's hotter and spicier than the Mexican food she favors. "In bed I'm a combo plate!" —Photos by Lady Friend

"Once I've finished my schoolwork, it's time to have another bedroom pep rally!"

ELIGIBILITY: Candidates must be 18 years of age or older and currently enrolled in an accredited school. To be considered for exposure here, please follow detailed instructions in model release that appears on page **133** of this issue and indicate ***Real College Girls*** on submission envelope. All published RCG applicants have a shot at HUSTLER amateur models' annual $5,000 grand prize!

"So tell me again—why is it you keep me around?!"

JEWEL

"I'm a very lazy, fit fem," coos Jewel, 24, of Rochester, New York. "I was a cute cheerleader in high school and am very flexible, but I never exercise. My hobbies include dancing, photography, skydiving and fulfilling people's fantasies. I'm up for trying anything at least once, and I can never get enough sex. I always have multiple O's. I've been with guys, girls, couples, groups, you name it! What I *really* love is giving blowjobs. I love to taste cum—women's too" For her own fantasy, loquacious Jewel offers this gem: "I want to be ravished by a group of nymphos who don't have fake boobs, and then I want a man to fuck the living daylights out of me!" —Photo by Jewel

KIMBERLY

As promised, here's the sister of Tatiana, a January '06 Beaver. Kimberly, 19, is a dancer from Carson City, Nevada, and away from prying eyes she's an avid skier and a video game fanatic. "I love playing *Halo 2* naked," she says. Fond of anal sex, Kimberly is also bi, "but only with certain girls at work." Any fantasies? "Making guys dream of a threesome with me and Tatiana!" —Photo by Friend

DEAUXMA

"Sending in a naked picture was a teenage dream I had," says Deauxma, 45, a former military brat who was born in Germany, grew up "all over the world" and is now a marketing consultant in San Antonio, Texas. Big on "sex, volleyball, traveling, sex and swinging," she's no wallflower. "I can never get enough. I love doggy-style and 69, and it's not all with males." The randy star of homemade sex videos, Deauxma may want to film this rolling fantasy: "Having a gang-bang on an Amtrak trip." —Photo by Husband

LAUREN

"I'm a huge exhibitionist," declares this appraiser from Detroit, Michigan. "One time my boyfriend and I had sex at a peepshow, and we let two guys watch and jack off to us! I'm very adventurous." Yes, the bodacious 32-year-old digs scuba diving, but she's also fond of "chasing boys." And when successful, what does Lauren dig most of all? "Gotta be the blowjob," she replies, "with the balls first! I have great flair for the spoken word." That she does, as this ribald fantasy attests: "I want to have sex with two guys at the same time, with a DP like I see in all the porn movies I watch." —Photo by Friend

CAMERON

"I'm young at heart," proclaims this 53-year-old office manager from North Carolina's Outer Banks. "Sexually, I'm still adventuresome and open to new ideas." And one as old as the Garden of Eden. "I'm an exhibitionist," divulges Cameron, whose mellowest endeavor is reading John Grisham novels. "I don't like to wear clothes. When shopping, I only wear a top coat that is unbuttoned." Living near the dunes where the first airplane took off in 1903, Cameron vows "to join the Mile High Club on a 747." —Photo by Husband

WENDI

Asked by a HUSTLER staffer why she sent snapshots to the *Beaver Hunt* contest and whether a significant other urged her to do so, Wendi, 26, responded, "I'm not perfect, but good enough, and it was my idea." For horndogs who like statuesque Southern belles, unassuming Wendi is perfect. A nurse from Nashville, Tennessee, she stands a willowy 5-foot-10 and fesses up to to being "wild and crazy" during sex. "I'm into some freaky shit!" exclaims the newbie, whose tamer pursuits include "cooking, shopping, playing with my pit bulls and hanging with friends." A doggy-style buff, Wendi pines for "having as many girls as I can." —Photos by Boyfriend

CIN

Although it sounds like a fictional town in a stoner flick, there really is a burg in northern California named Grass Valley. And one of its most enchanting citizens is Cin, a caregiver at a convalescent hospital. Because the newcomer is "bi-curious," we will mention that she was born in '69, rather than doing basic math to provide her age. As you can see, the sexy rock-climbing and woodworking buff doesn't neglect to care for herself when the urge arises. "I love my toys," she sighs. Having had a threesome on a picnic table in a park, Cin now wishes "to make love in a hot-air balloon." —Photos by Husband

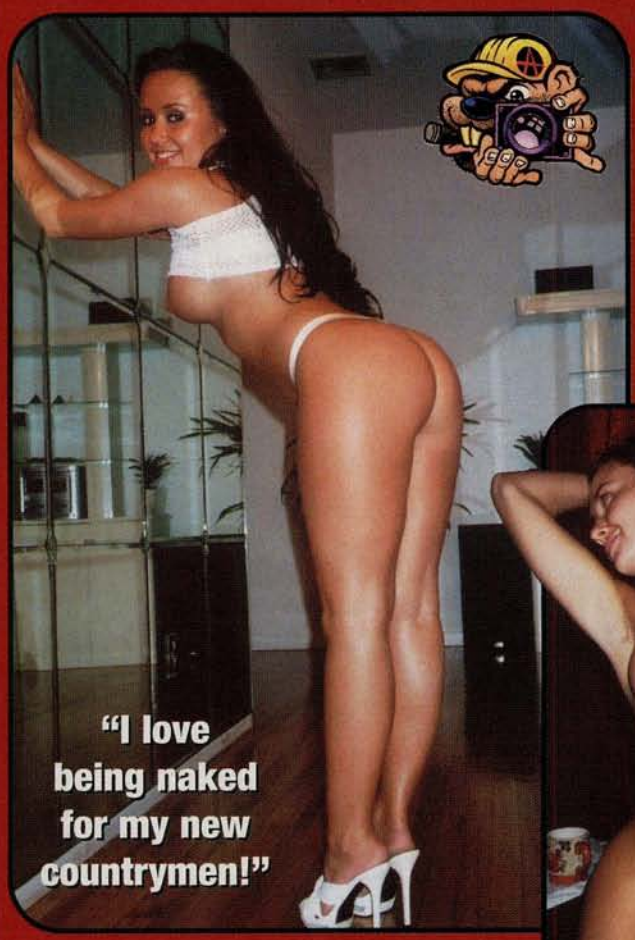
TEQUILA SHEILA

"Hairy coochies are nasty," professes this 5-foot-7 exotic dancer by way of Jackson, Michigan. "I've been shaving since I was 16." Now 31, the bald Beaver is a drawing and rollerblading enthusiast with a bold streak: "I like rough sex and being on top." But Tequila Sheila doesn't always want the worm. "My fantasy," she reveals, "is to have sex with another woman. No men!" —Photo by Roommate

TIFFIANY

With pubes becoming a rarity of late, we've rolled out this naughty dancer from Detroit. "I love partying and having fun with girls," chirps Tiffiany, 19, whose best pal is Sarah, a June '05 Beav. When opting for a male piston, Tiff isn't a pansy. "I like it rough and from the back." A hot fantasy? "Two guys at a time. I've never done that, and Sarah can join in later if she wants." —Photos by Friend

TATIANA



Born in the former Soviet republic of Kazakhstan, Tatiana now calls Deer Park, New York, home—and is she a dear! "My English is not so hot," the 24-year-old topless dancer tells us with a distinctive Slavic flavor, underestimating her command of our tongue, but not her overpowering visual presence. "I hope your subscribers will like me," she purrs, adding several personal tidbits that complete a dynamic package. "I'm very sexual, and I love *everything!* Giving oral pleasure is just one of my delights." For a *do svidaniye* (farewell), Tatiana imagines "me and two men, couple and couple."

—Photos by Boyfriend

"I buy HUSTLER all the time," says this 29-year-old housewife from Las Vegas. "I finally thought I'd like to be in it." But this isn't the first time that Blondie (who's into boxing, yoga and traveling) has had an audience. "I'm an extreme exhibitionist," she admits. "At a swingers convention I hopped on a table and stripped naked while ten men gathered around and jacked off. I also love to be watched having sex. I'm a very, very sexual person, and my boyfriend and I enjoy lots of threesomes." Blondie's fantasy is "to have sex on every continent; Africa will be next." —Photo by Boyfriend

"This is gonna be fun!" squeals Amorette, 19, with regard to her latest whim, being in a skin mag. "Besides," the diminutive denizen of Sacramento, California, explains, "I like trying different things, and one of my hobbies is being naked." Another is reading. "Anything but textbooks," she howls. "I just couldn't hack college anymore, but I do want to go back and have sex in the library." For her favorite sexual kick, Amorette confides, "I love whacking my guy off. He lets me get crazy with it." —Photos by Boyfriend

AMATEUR PHOTO CONTEST
WIN $5,000 CASH!

Attention, ladies! Are you an amateur exhibitionist 18 years of age or older? If so, our world-famous *Beaver Hunt* competition wants you! Every gal whose image is printed as a monthly selection gets $350 and a chance at the mag's annual Grand Prize—a layout worth $5,000. (Grand Prize Finalists win $1,500 each; the Grand Prize Winner's lensman pockets $500, the Finalists' shooters $250 each.) All photographers of models appearing in *Beaver Hunt* are entitled to a one-year subscription to HUSTLER. Fill out the model release below and provide the requisite documentation. We hope to see you here in the near future.

MODEL RELEASE/ENTRY FORM

To enter HUSTLER *Beaver Hunt*, you must be 18 years of age or older at the time the photographs, transparencies or digital images are taken, and you must fill out and send this entire release and a **legible COLOR photocopy of a valid government-issued driver's license, passport or state ID card** (with photo, date of birth and signature). Provide photocopy, not original. All entries must include sharply focused color prints, transparencies or digital images. All photos become the unreturnable property of L.F.P., Inc., which buys all rights in perpetuity to photos we purchase. Send photos, identification and this release with all information requested to HUSTLER *Beaver Hunt*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. **Contest not open to residents of Arizona.** Void where prohibited. No purchase necessary.

Please Print

Model's full legal name

Any aliases, nicknames, stage or professional names; maiden name if married

Name to be published | Date images were produced (month/date/year)

Date of birth | Model's Social Security number | Occupation

Telephone (include area code) | Personal e-mail address

Address

City | State | Zip

Hobbies & personal interests

Sexual fantasy (can be listed on separate sheet of paper if necessary)

I hereby declare under penalty of perjury that I am the individual depicted in the photographs, transparencies or digital images submitted with this model release/entry form and that I was at least eighteen (18) years of age at the time I posed for the photographs, transparencies or digital images submitted herewith. I authorize L.F.P., Inc. to disclose this information as required by law.

Model's legal signature (each individual pictured must provide entry form) | Date (month/date/year)

Warning: Anyone signing this release form other than the model will be subject to monetary damages and/or criminal prosecution. I declare under penalty of perjury that all of the information I have given above is true and correct.

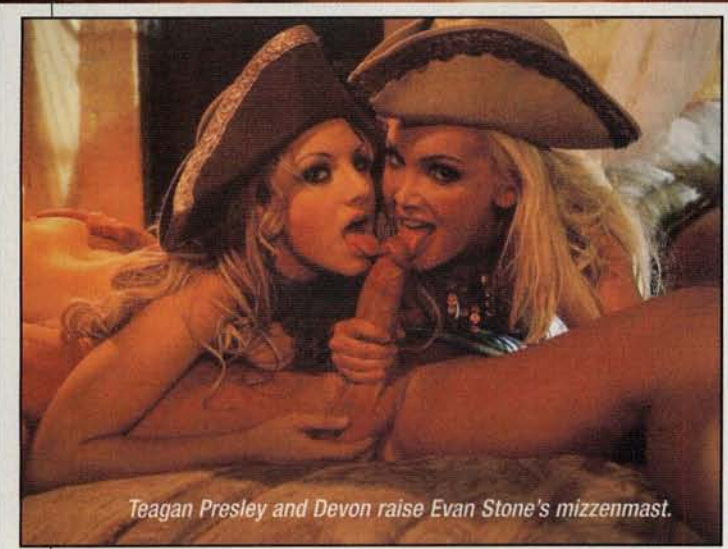
Note: Prize money sent to model only.

In consideration of $350 for photographs, I grant to L.F.P., Inc. all rights of every kind whatsoever, whether now known or unknown, exclusively and perpetually, in any submitted photographs of myself [the "Images"]. Without limiting the generality of the foregoing, and in addition thereto, I further grant to L.F.P., Inc. and its affiliates and assigns, the following perpetual and exclusive rights: (1) to copyright, copy or reproduce, by any present or future means, all or any part of the Images; (2) to exhibit, sell, assign and transmit, and license others to do so (whether by means of still photographs, magazines, newspapers, radio, television, televised motion pictures, videodiscs, videocassettes, videotapes, computer, CD-ROM, Internet transmission or any other means now known or unknown) any or all of the Images; (3) to use the Images in connection with advertising as well as for commercial exploitation, including, without limitation, in magazines, newspapers, books, one-sheets, flyers, catalogs, and covers or wrappers of recordings, discs, CD-ROMs, tapes and/or cassettes, and in connection with the sale of any by-products or merchandising; (4) to use the Images, or any parts thereof, as a portion of a motion picture or other work (and for the advertising thereof) and in connection with the sale of any by-products or merchandise relating thereto, and to reproduce and/or transmit the same by and in any and all media; and (5) to edit, add to, subtract from, arrange, rearrange, distort and revise the Images in any manner as L.F.P., Inc. may, in its sole and complete discretion, determine, from time to time. I certify that I was 18 years of age or older at the time my photographs were shot, and that I am of full age and am possessed of full legal capacity to execute the foregoing authorization.

BLUE-MOVIE ★★★★ SHOWCASE

Yo, ho, ho!

Now that's a money shot!



Teagan Presley and Devon raise Evan Stone's mizzenmast.

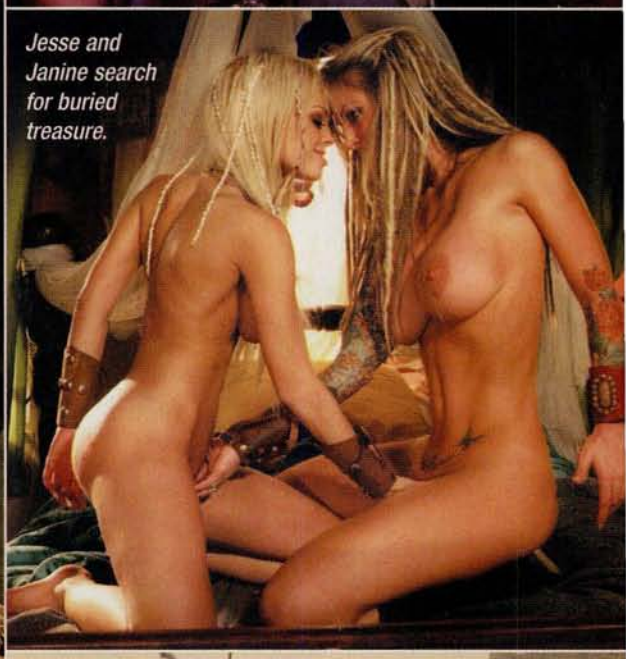
Pirates

DIRECTOR: JOONE. **STARRING:** JESSE JANE, CARMEN LUVANA, JANINE, TEAGAN PRESLEY, DEVON, AUSTYN MOORE, JENAVEVE JOLIE, SCOTT NAILS, EVAN STONE, TOMMY GUNN, STEVEN ST. CROIX AND KRIS SLATER. **DVD & HD-DVD:** DIGITAL PLAYGROUND AND ADAM & EVE.

Pirates is a swashbuckling adventure that comes closer to the look and feel of a Hollywood blockbuster than any other adult film in history. But what would you expect from porn's first $1-million effort? With an all-star cast, a decent script, above-average acting and impressive special effects, this deluxe feature is an outright winner. Ten hard-core scenes with some of the industry's hottest stars fuel this epic tale. Jesse Jane and Carmen Luvana each go at it four times, including their own lesbian hoedown. What the sex lacks in duration is made up for with intensity. Teagan Presley and Devon chew more than the scenery in a brief but scorching threeway. And who needs a dead man's chest when you've got Janine's? Leading ladies Jesse, Carmen and Janine all fuck like bunnies who just got out of prison. Cock-hungry Janine even does a rare boy/girl with Tommy Gunn. *Pirates* is the most ambitious XXX feature imaginable and thoroughly entertaining. ***—Kevin Wright***

Jesse Jane (left) and Janine are ready for pirate booty.

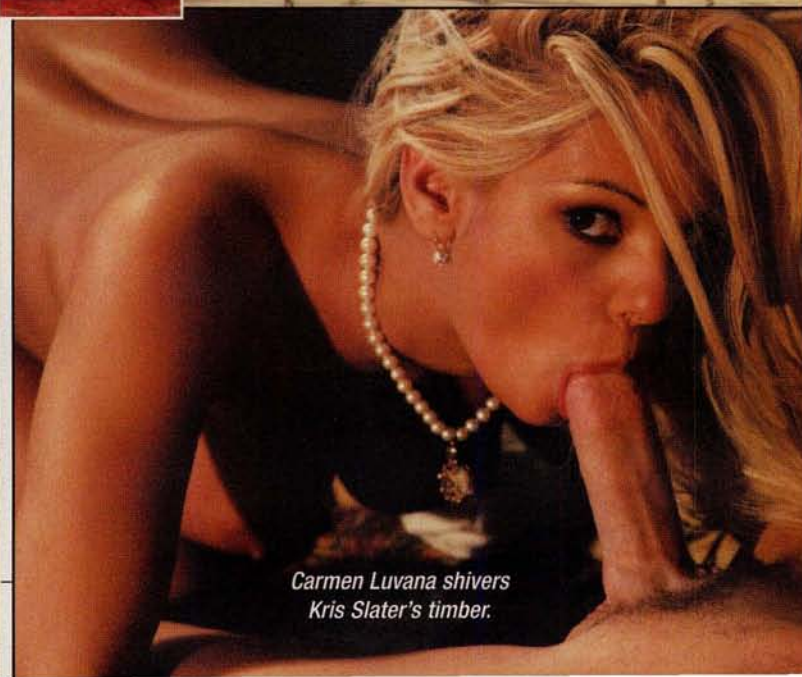
All right, geezer—it's the plank or anal with Ron Jeremy!



Jesse and Janine search for buried treasure.

It's bone time!

Jesse hoists Scott Nails.



Carmen Luvana shivers Kris Slater's timber.

Peas, Pecker & PIXXXIE!

Sunny's hip-hop & Hedgehog sandwich.

Pint-sized porn star Sunny Lane hung out with members of Black Eyed Peas and veteran cocksman Ron Jeremy, who broke into the skin biz when cavemen still roamed the planet. Lane recently starred in New Sensations' big-budget vampire flick *Dark Angels 2: Bloodline*. Pictured left to right: Black Eyed Peas' Taboo, Ron Jeremy, Sunny Lane and BEP's William and Apl.de.Ap.

PORN CAPITAL'S BEST BASH OF ALL TIME LIFTS *DARK ANGELS 2*

Holly Wellin

Referring to the gala celebration marking the premiere of New Sensations' *Dark Angels 2: Bloodline*, legendary Ron Jeremy said it best: "This is the greatest porn party I have been to in 26 years!" The Hedgehog wasn't the only one marveling as an endless parade of scantily clad XXX stars mingled with industry movers and shakers, members of the press and anyone else who had an invitation. Gathered together on a massive soundstage in Burbank, California, a thousand revelers were ready to tear the roof off the sucker.

New Sensations, teaming up with the marketing firm All Media Play, threw a lavish party that quickly morphed into the biggest adult industry event in its own backyard. Mimicking a mainstream grand opening, limos delivered nearly every fuck bunny imaginable to a secret location, where spotlights, paparazzi and a mass of humanity greeted them as they stepped onto the red carpet and ventured off to have a wild-ass time.

Dancing, drinking, kissing and glorious nakedness ruled. And talk about eye candy! Sunny Lane, Devon, Tawny Roberts, Cytherea, Julia Bond, Jenna Haze, Austyn Moore, Mika Tan, Kylie Ireland, Brooke Hunter, Phyllisha Anne, Nicki Hunter, Kimberly Kane, Rita Faltoyano, Tory Lane, Samantha Ryan, Holly Wellin, Michelle Maylene, Georgia Peach, Kat, Hillary Scott, Sierra Sin, Leah Luv, Nadia Hilton, Britney Rears, Kayla Kupcakes, Nyomi Marcella, Venus, Memphis Monroe, Joanna Angel, Tiffany Taylor, Taryn Thomas, Katja Kassin, Randi Wright, Isabella Skye, Trina Michaels, Jenna Presley, Lexxi Tyler, Riley Mason, Brandi Lyons, Kelsey Michaels and countless other dolls had the time of their lives.

Party chicks

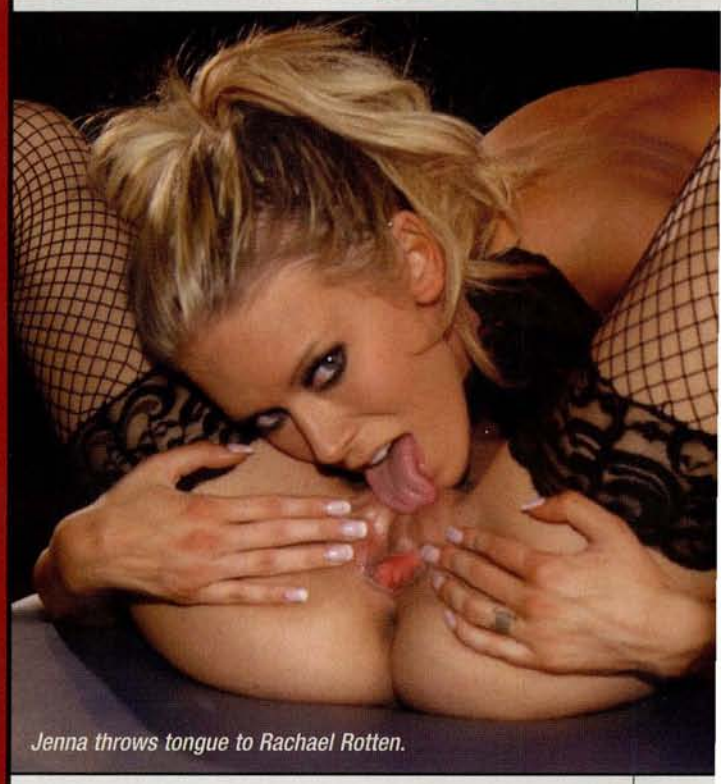
Once word of an impending superparty leaked out, other big-time producers jumped at the chance to become sponsors, allowing them to be a part of XXX history. HUSTLER Video hopped onboard, as did Digital Sin, Metro, VCA, SugarDVD, Sex Z Pictures, Jill Kelly Productions, X-Play, The Screaming O, AEBN and many more.

"This was an amazing night, and many of the cute girls are no longer in possession of their panties," quipped Jeff Mullen, president of All Media Play.

"This is the greatest party I have ever been to," shrieked Sunny Lane, the coquettish star of *Dark Angels 2*.

The spectacle will never be forgotten by those lucky enough to have attended.

Jenna Jameson— ***The New Devil in Miss Jones*** *made me do it!*



Jenna throws tongue to Rachael Rotten.

Jenna gets between a rock and a hard tongue with Miss Jones (Savanna Samson).

What a Jenna-Savanna picnic!

Savanna hunkers down with Nick Manning too.

The New Devil in Miss Jones

DIRECTOR: PAUL THOMAS. **STARRING:** SAVANNA SAMSON, JENNA JAMESON, ANGELICA SIN, CAMERON, BROOKE ALEXANDER, GEORGINA SPELVIN, JESSICA JAYMES, RACHAEL ROTTEN, ROXANNE HALL, VICKY VETTE, SOPHIA, ALEC METRO, ANTHONY HARDWOOD, DAMIAN CHILDS, DICK SMOTHERS JR, JEREMY STEELE, KRIS SLATER, MARIO ROSSI, NICK MANNING, ROB ROTTEN, SIR NIK AND TONY TEDESCHI. **DVD AND VHS:** VIVID.

Nineteen seventy-three's *The Devil in Miss Jones* told the surrealistic story of a suicidal woman trapped in limbo between life and death. The opening minutes of Vivid's reprise show Paul Thomas's cinematic mastery as he spins a swirl of confusion that makes you wonder what's real and what isn't and whether the action is taking place in the present or in a flashback. Demonstrating his prowess, the director weaves everything together for a truly riveting ride. Miss Jones (Savanna Samson replacing Georgina Spelvin in the title role) encounters her first tryst as she wanders into a warehouse where Vicky Vette is taking on a handful of guys. The sex is racy and action-packed, as it is throughout the flick, with Samson and Vette handling a generous portion. Portraying the Devil, Jenna Jameson scorches the screen with a pair of girl-on-girl scenes that will take your hand off the fast-forward button and wrap it around your rod. *The New Devil in Miss Jones* is one helluva flick.

—Tom Farrell

XRENTDVD.COM

Do You Want Some Smut With That Meat Curtains Pizza?

HUSTLER CHECKS OUT A TOP-NOTCH INTERNET SITE THAT PROVIDES XXX FODDER HASSLE-FREE

Think of **XRentDVD.com** as a XXX version of Netflix. This convenient Web site has made it so easy to rent and purchase adult movies, you may never leave your pad again. (Just be prepared for overdosing on pizza, chicken wings and Chinese food.) In business since 1999, the California-based service boasts a staggering inventory of 25,000 titles, with about 500 added each month—most on the same day they hit store shelves.

Online orders received before 6 p.m. Pacific time Monday through Friday (or 4:30 p.m. Saturdays) will be shipped that same day via the U.S. Postal Service in unpretentious packaging and should arrive within two to four business days. The sender is discreetly identified as 24-7 Internet, so your born-again mailman won't castigate you for receiving a parcel marked "Warning: *Barely Legal Innocence #1* Inside This Envelope" or "Contents: *Ass Eaters Unanimous.*" And don't sweat those embarrassing notations in your credit card statements either; all rentals and purchases are debited to 24-7 Internet.

KINZIE KENNER

XRentDVD offers two basic plans: *Preferred* allows subscribers to rent from two to eight discs at a time for one monthly charge with no late fees or due dates. *Weekly* consumers can rent a single title and keep it for seven days before returning it in a pre-paid mailer. Rentals start at $1.99, most new titles are $3.99, and—when applicable—shipping costs are modest.

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Asian Fever #25: "Hey, Mila, what's Japanese for "baseball bat"?

Cassie (right) and Dani Woodward (below) work the poles in ***Cum Envy.***

Cum Envy

DIRECTOR: MARTIN DEL TORO. **STARRING:** SHAY SIGHTS, EVE LAURENCE, HAVANA GINGER, DANI WOODWARD, CASSIE COURTLAND, VANESSA LANE, ANTHONY HARDWOOD, BRIAN SUREWOOD, JAY HUNTINGTON, TOMMY GUNN, SASCHA, SCOTT NAILS AND TALON. **DVD:** VCA/EXCESSIVE ENTERTAINMENT.

Cum Envy stakes a claim for a strange new kink thanks to some fiery performances. Jealous of guys' ability to ejaculate, these hotties do the next best thing—they expectorate! With a horde of jezebels spitting all over the lens and drooling all over themselves, this flick celebrates bodily fluids as much as it does appetizing floozies and nasty sex. Conspicuous in her presence, witchy hostess with the mostest Shay Sights inserts herself into all four of the half-hour scenes. Busty Eve Laurence, sporting a newly blond 'do, looks more gorgeous than ever. She takes on two guys in a balls-to-the-wall fuckfest that includes an oddly innovative twist—armpit-fucking. While not as popular as titty-fucking, this variation provides an unobstructed view of Eve's jiggling melons. Hot piece of ass Dani Woodward also delivers a mind-blowing performance. Then Cassie Courtland, Vanessa Lane and Shay gang up on three guys for some ass-pounding insanity. *Cum Envy* really knows how to drive its girls wild. **—K.W.**

*Limber Nyla Thai is a bamboo Bambi in **Asian Fever #25**.*

***Catherine**'s gonzo queen Audrey Hollander lusts it up.*

Asian Fever #25

DIRECTOR: DAVID AARON CLARK. **STARRING:** NYLA THAI, NYOMI ZEN, GIANNA JOLYNN, TAYA CRUZ, MILA YUNG, ASIA, SLEDGE HAMMER, MR. MARCUS, MR. PETE AND BRIAN SUREWOOD. **DVD AND VHS:** HUSTLER VIDEO.

Asian porn auteur David Aaron Clark takes the reins for *Asian Fever #25*—reinventing the series with his trademark style. Clark's loving lens captures all the sweaty action in intimate detail. Deftly combining sensuality with hard fucking, he offers excitement to Asian aficionados of every persuasion. If young Thai hottie Taya Cruz looks innocent, that's because she is. The virginal sexpot performs in her first scene ever, showing some nascent skills as she grinds her lovely ass on a lucky guy. Blond babe Gianna Jolynn is so hot that Mr. Pete, while banging her doggy-style, pulls out, blows his load all over her back up to her shoulder blade, then keeps pumping. Mr. Marcus sinks his foot-long into three of the six babes, most notably during a threesome with Mila Yung and Asia. Voluptuous Mila is so nasty in bed that Asia only tops her by sacrificing her rectum. *Asian Fever #25* opens up a whole new world for fans of the series. ***—K.W.***

Catherine

DIRECTOR: MICHAEL NINN. **STARRING:** AUDREY HOLLANDER, NIKKI BLOND, VICTORIA SWINGER, ADRIANNA ROUSO, VALENTINA VELASQUES, JUSTINE JOLI, OTTO BAUER, MIKE FOSTER AND BRUNO SX. **DVD:** PURE PLAY MEDIA.

Audrey Hollander makes a name for herself in Michael Ninn's visually stunning *Catherine*. The stylish cinematography lends artistic gravitas to the erotic imagery. Audrey's pure animal lust, meanwhile, counteracts the surreal visuals with a strong dose of raunch. The fiery redhead wastes no time proving she's an anal queen. Right off the bat, Audrey takes four fingers up her ass, licks them clean and never looks back. For an encore, three guys ream her every orifice. She can fit two dicks up her backdoor at the same time, and she squirts all over the place. The rest of the cast tries to keep up. Even the lesbian scene with Audrey, Nikki Blond and Adrianna Rouso features aggressive anal sex with help from a strap-on and a ponytail dildo. *Catherine*'s visual style imbues it with grandeur, but that doesn't mask the sick shit that goes on. Audrey Hollander doesn't pull punches when it comes to hard-hitting anal. ***—K.W.***

Tawny Roberts and Evan Stone in the hilarious ***Groupie.***

Lanny Barby gets a ***Groupie*** *backstage pass from Kurt Lockwood.*

Teen Auditions #3*'s Tricia Oaks and Reno do the nasty.*

Groupie

DIRECTOR: B. SKOW. **STARRING:** TAWNY ROBERTS, LANNY BARBY, ALEXIS MALONE, PENNY FLAME, BEN ENGLISH, KURT LOCKWOOD, JERRY, TRENT TESORO AND EVAN STONE. **DVD:** WICKED PICTURES.

Basically a hard-core mockumentary, *Groupie* revolves around Jethro Balls, a fictional rock group reflecting on their jaded amorous exploits. The band aspect is funny with the fake commercials and all, but it soon wears as thin as Lanny Barby's panties, which leaves you with the sex. Loosely tapping the rock-groupie phenomenon, the flick marches out a bevy of hot chicks to suck and fuck. The girls are all hot, clean and healthy, and their sincerity is close to the mark. The sex is good, not great, but it's certainly worth viewing. Your right hand will spend as much time on your piss pump as your left hand will on the fast-forward button. ***—T.F.***

Teen Auditions #3

DIRECTOR: RICHARD MONFORT. **STARRING:** FINESSE, ASIA, TRICIA OAKS, LEAH LUV, HOLLY WELLIN, RENO, BUSTER GOOD, ANDREW ANDRETTI, BILLY GLIDE AND ANDREAS. **DVD:** SEX-Z PICTURES.

Sex-Z Pictures' success seems to boil down to a simple formula—find a handful of young, horny chicks who like to suck and fuck and plop them in front of a camera. No costumes, no plots, just get to the sex and capture it on film. If that's your bag, then *Teen Auditions #3* is a must-see. The centerpiece of this erection collection is newcummer Tricia Oaks, a feisty cock-loving blonde who really throws her back (and other fine parts) into her work. Of course, it's nice to see a new face—with a cock in it. Fellow fresh face Holly Wellin wins the runner-up prize for screen attention. Winsome and energetic, Wellin is a fuck doll who also spices things up. And don't forget brace-faced little-girl-type Leah Luv, whose presence adds to any XXX flick. ***—Phil McCracken***

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Girls Behind BARS

Veteran director Rick Davis recently gave Larry Flynt's flagship magazine an open invitation to witness the colossal anal debauchery of his latest VCA/Excessive opus. "My idea was to depict lovely young ladies who have been put away behind bars for an assortment of dirty deeds," Davis informs us. "In order to make their stays a little easier, all the ladies must give up their ass."

Starring Hillary Scott, Nikki Nievez and Alicia Angel, *Girls Behind Bars: Crimes of the Ass* is jam-packed with relentless anal fury. "In my movies," Davis continues, "the sex is always nasty and dirty. And with the cast I've assembled for this flick, you get just that: nasty, dirty, sex!"

On the final day of shooting we catch Davis directing Scott and Nievez in what promises to be an epic prison shower scene offering boundless sucking, fucking and pulsating anuses. Right before our eyes the two luscious ladies experience rear-entrance shakedowns by longtime woodsman John West. Portraying a guard who is only allowed to let the inmates shower one at a time, West decides to make an exception if the chicks share their puckered browneyes with him. Of course, these sluts have no problem with that! In fact, Hillary Scott proclaims on the set, "I'm a total ass whore, and I will not leave until I get my anal fix!"

Davis chimes in, "This is going to be a great scene!"

Between takes of carnal-pounding, Nievez declares, "I love the way your cock feels as you're sliding it up my tiny little asshole!"

As the gritty, intense scene winds down, Davis howls, "With ass sluts like these, prison sex doesn't seem so bad, huh?!"

—*Rich Stephens*

Nikki Nievez fondles Hillary Scott.

***Girls Behind Bars**: Hillary Scott and John West get a crack at horny Nikki Nievez.*

Director Rick Davis gives Nievez an instant replay while Scott and West don't miss a beat.

Photos by Rich Stevens

On-set photographer Joel does wardrobe with Hillary Scott.

Davis zooms in as West pokes Nievez and Scott navigates.

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Penelope (Jenny in the skin biz) didn't have many friends growing up. She was considered an ugly duckling, and all the other kids made fun of her. To this day the only real friend the blonde has is Kinga (Nikol), her pen pal from Hungary. While developing an ardent friendship through their provocative letters, the lovely girls have never met face to face until now.

NIKOL & JENNY

STARRING IN

PEN PA

ALS UNITED

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT

Fresh out of high school, Penelope decides to find herself by flying to Europe and hitchhiking from city to city. Her sojourn starts in Budapest, where she finally meets her mysterious brunet pal, whom she's grown to love like a sister. Hitting it off right away, Penelope and Kinga soon strip down and relax. Once all her clothes come off, the American is overcome with strange urges.

Penelope has never had lesbian sex before, but she figures now is the perfect time to try something new. Of course, that includes working over Kinga's twat. Totally turned on, the bodacious fox returns the favor, burying her hungry tongue into Penny's tasty mound.

Throughout the day the lusty ladies really get to know each other while sharing funny stories, erotic memories and a large double-ended dildo. Finally, Penelope exclaims, "I'm so glad I came to see you!"

Climaxing, Kinga smiles and gasps, "I'm so glad you came too!"

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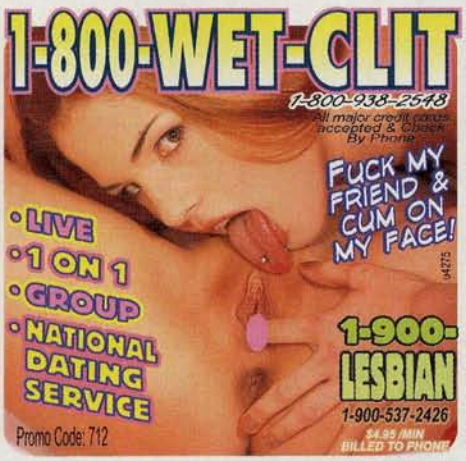
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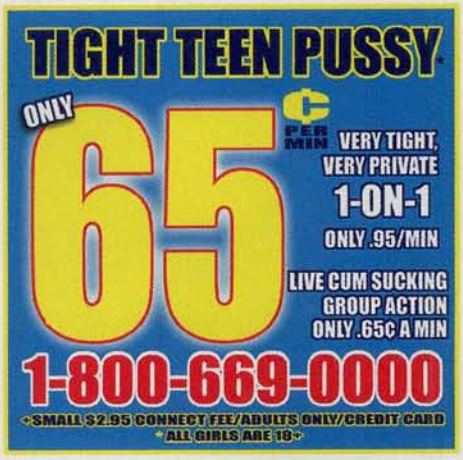
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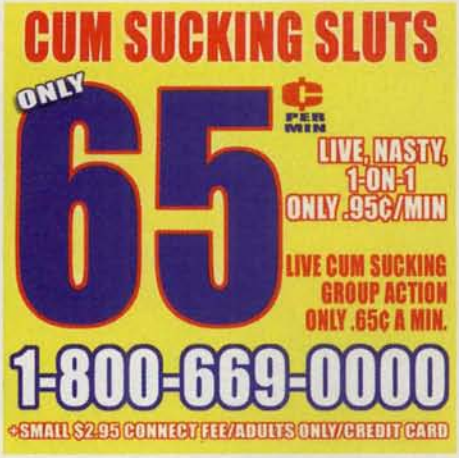
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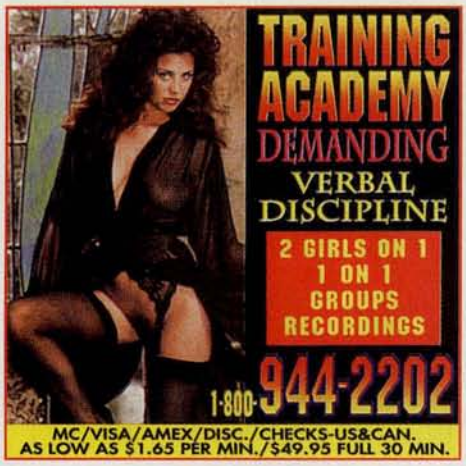

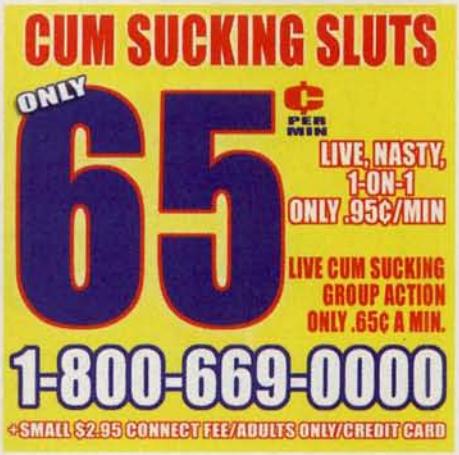

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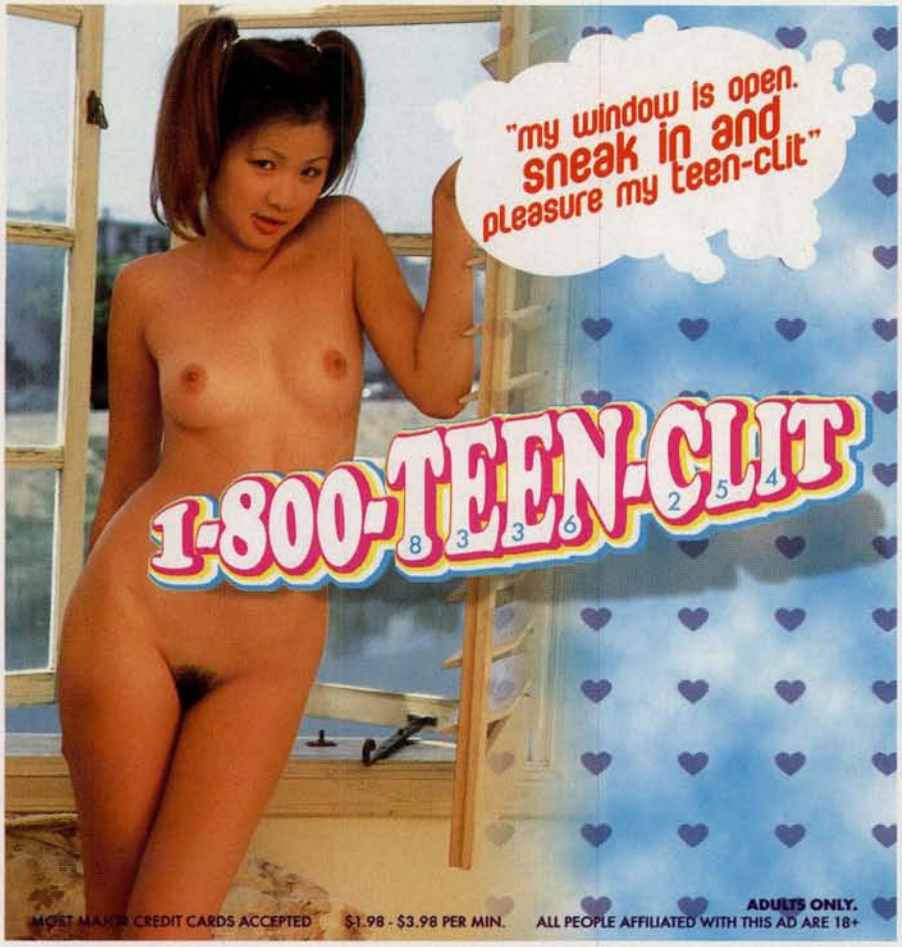
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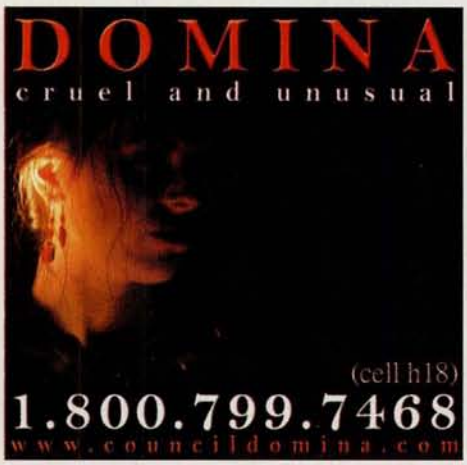
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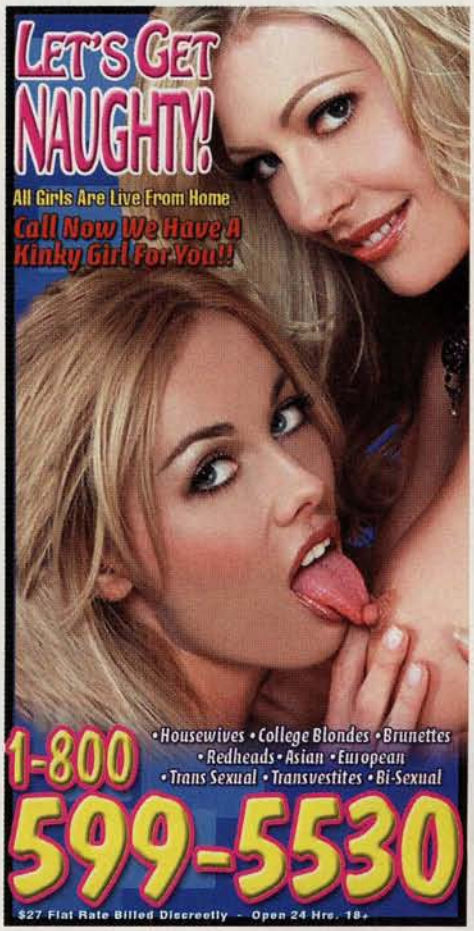
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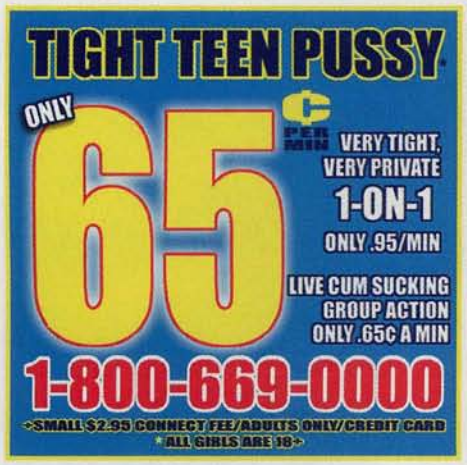
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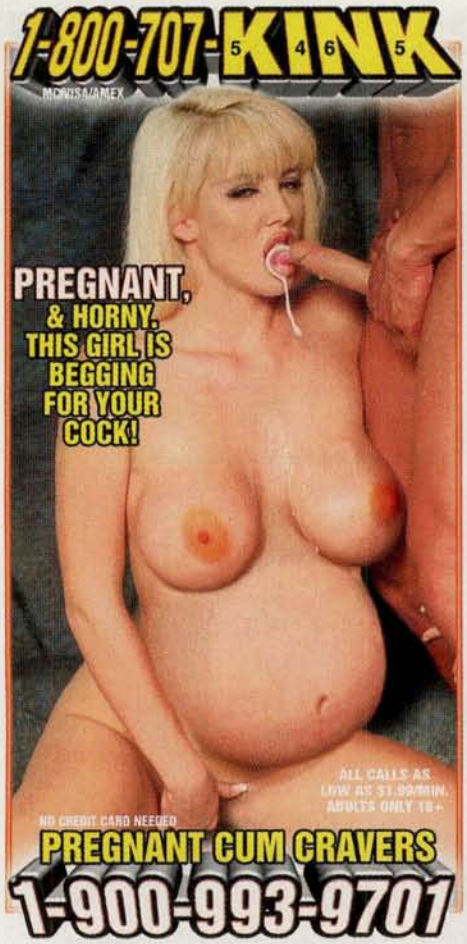
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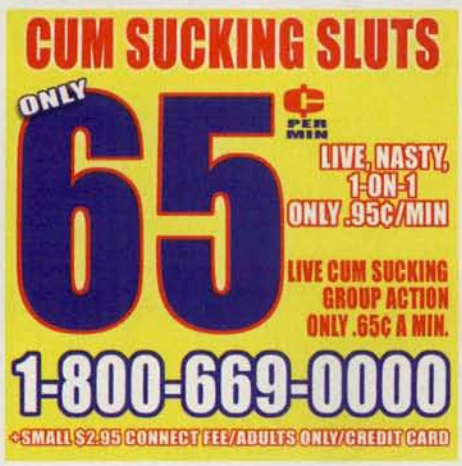
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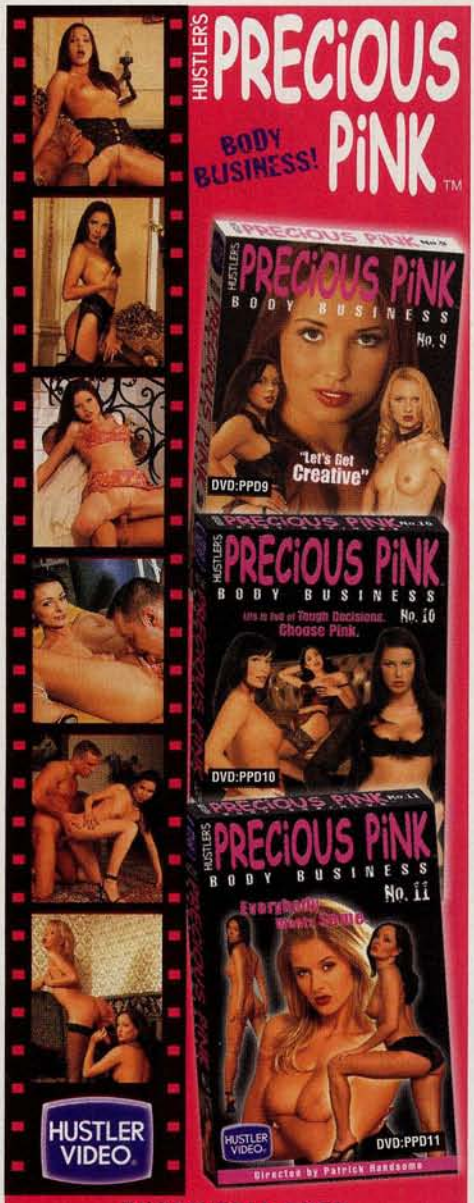

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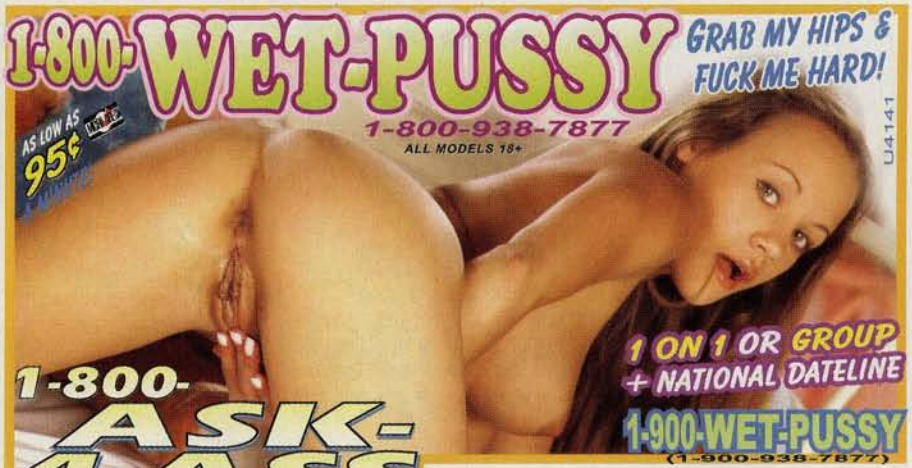

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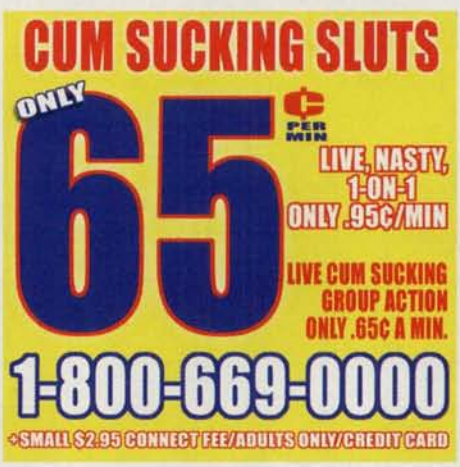
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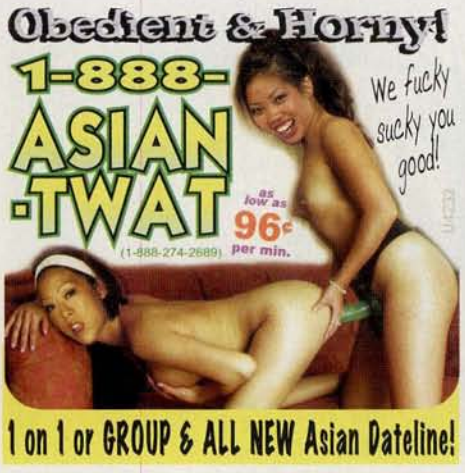
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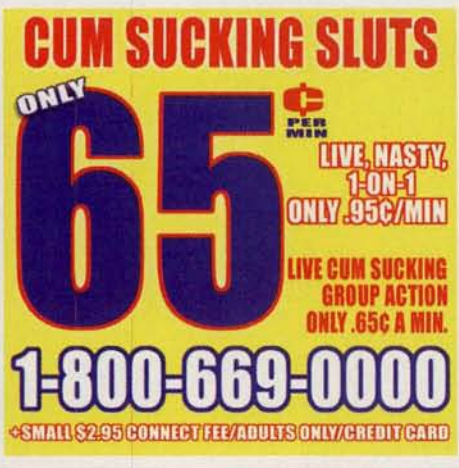
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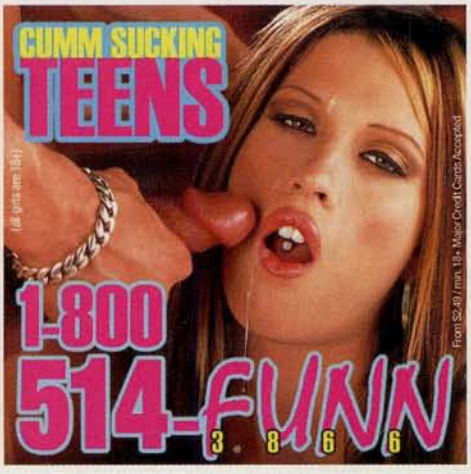
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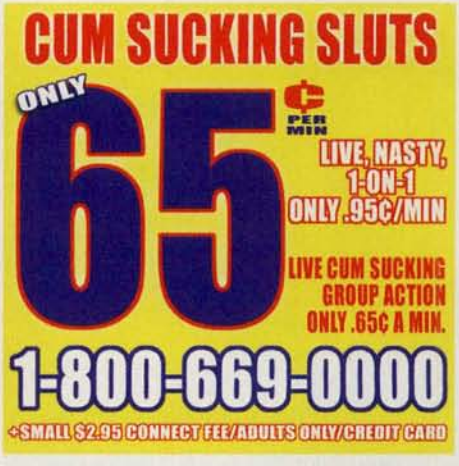
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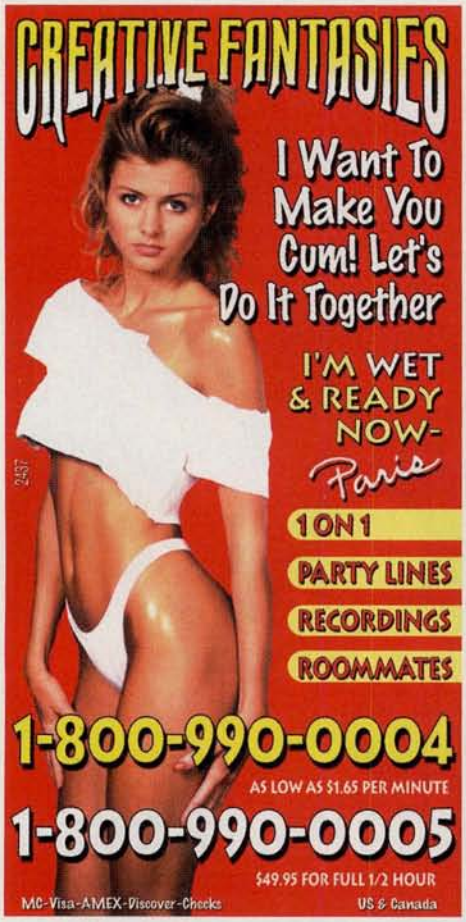
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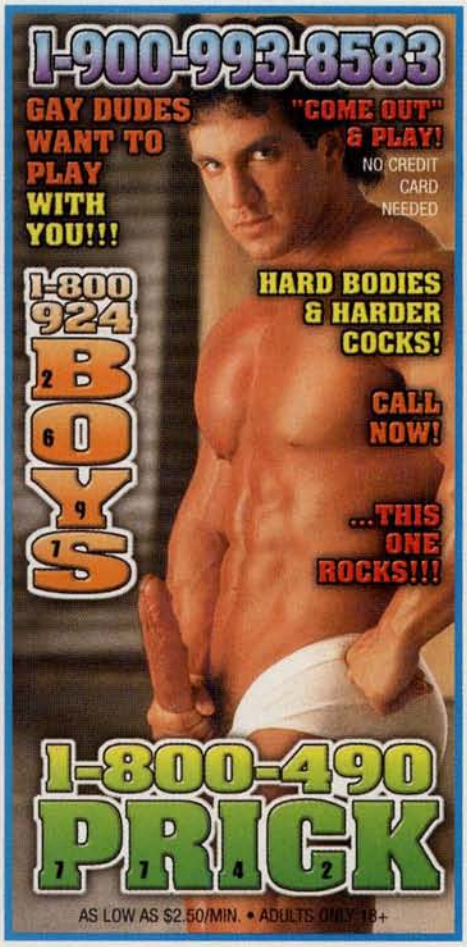
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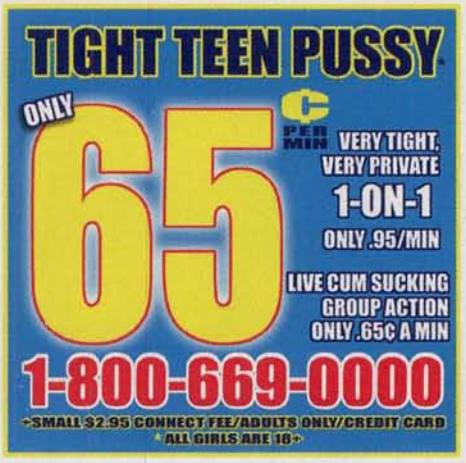
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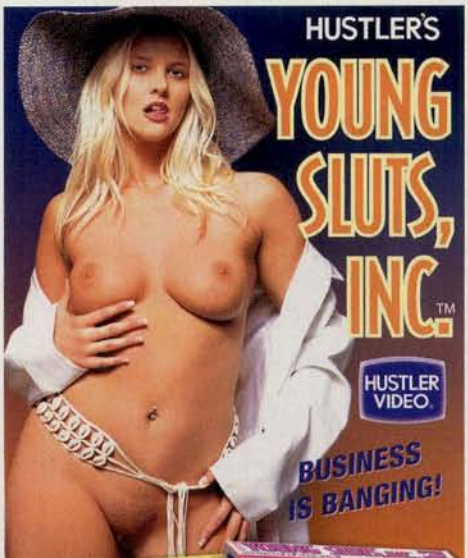

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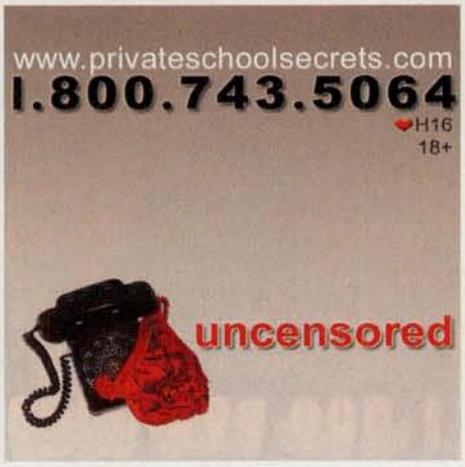

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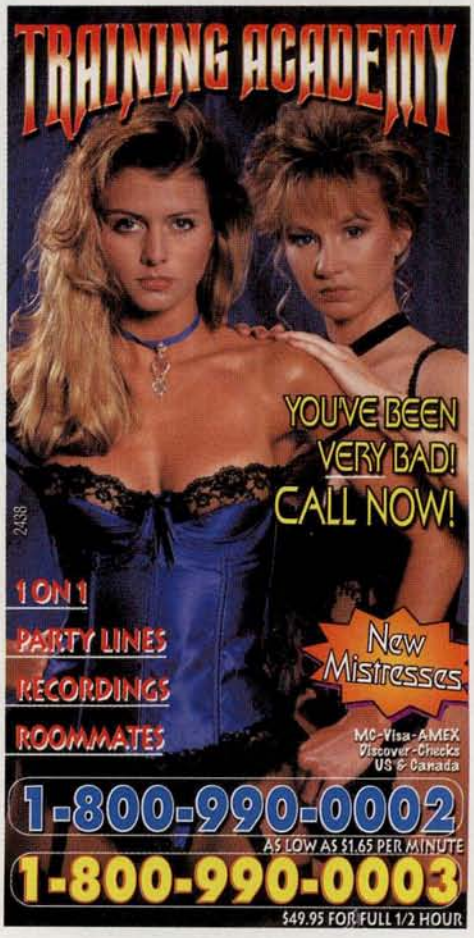
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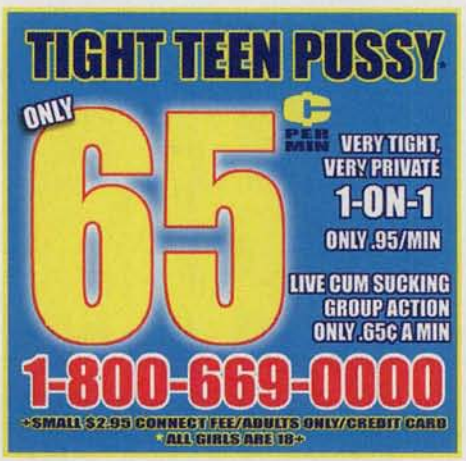
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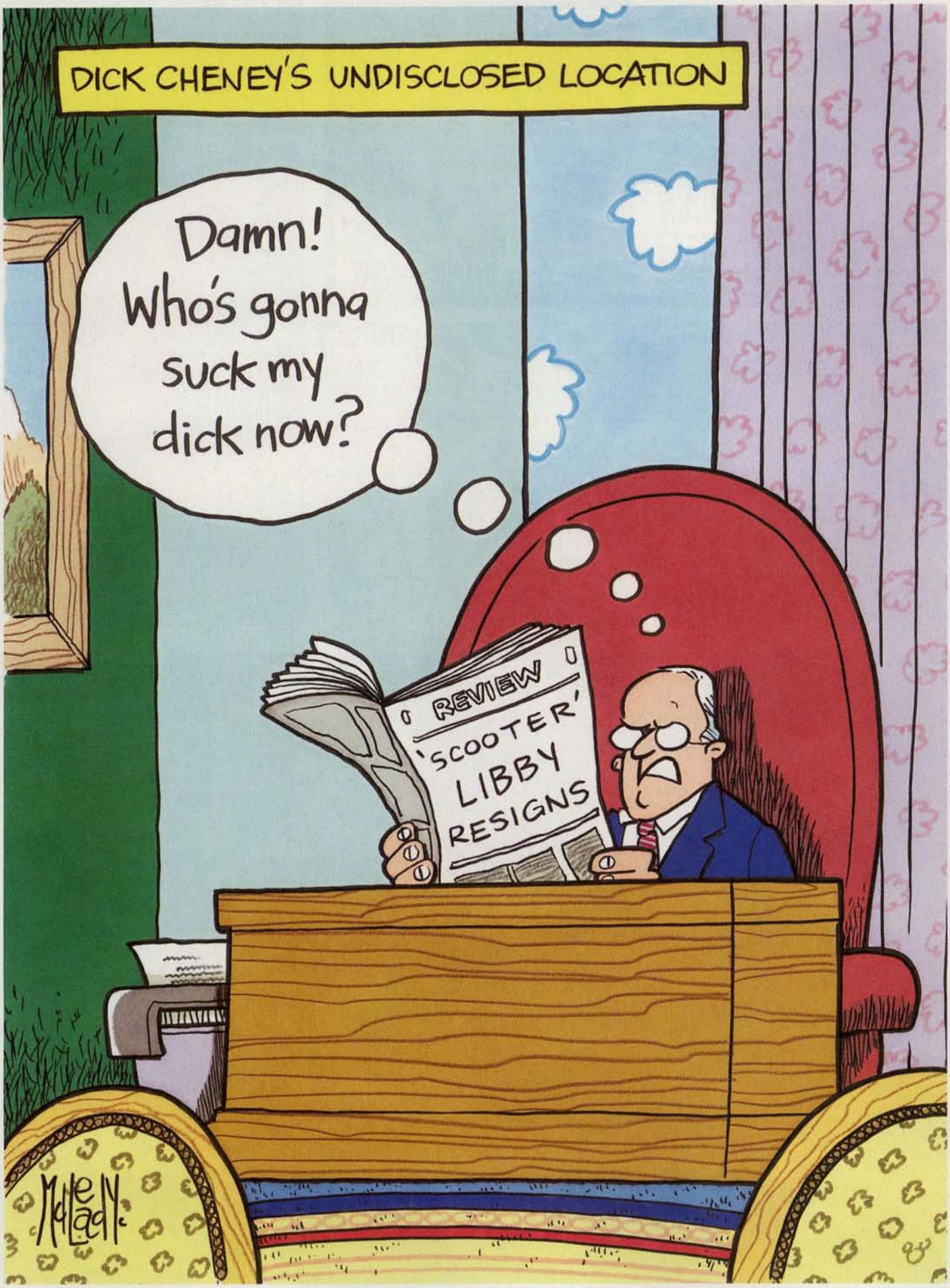

DICK CHENEY'S UNDISCLOSED LOCATION
Damn! Who's gonna suck my dick now?
REVIEW
'SCOOTER' LIBBY RESIGNS
McLeaN

(continued from page 13) made it through basic training, but I never got the chance.

Now the government wants my support to fight a bullshit war for bullshit reasons. Fuck you, President Bush! Go fuck yourself, and I hope your daughters get knocked up by Islamic militants.

Looking back, I'm glad I wasn't allowed to enlist. I don't agree with the fake reason we went to war with Iraq. I certainly don't agree with my little cousin's damaged right hand either. He was wounded when a roadside bomb went off while he was on patrol over there.

To quote a very funny man, Lewis Black: "It's like a Republican stands up in Congress and says 'I've got a really bad idea!' Then a Democrat stands up and says 'And I can make it shittier!'"

—J.M.P.
Greenbush, Michigan

Winging It

Well, I guess you just don't get it, Larry. You snipe and bash the right wing, but you are no different. While some of your cartoons are mildly humorous, your left-wing bashing and bickering are just the same as the right wing's. And quite frankly, they're rather tiring.

Gee, why don't you try something new? Just show tits and ass and fucking, and stop with all the heaping shovel loads of your biased political shit! Some of us can think for ourselves, thank you, Larry. Not all of us are mindless idiots motoring down the left-wing/right-wing road. Some of us have stepped off that road and started thinking for ourselves. Give it a try too, Larry. **—Bob**
Seattle, Washington

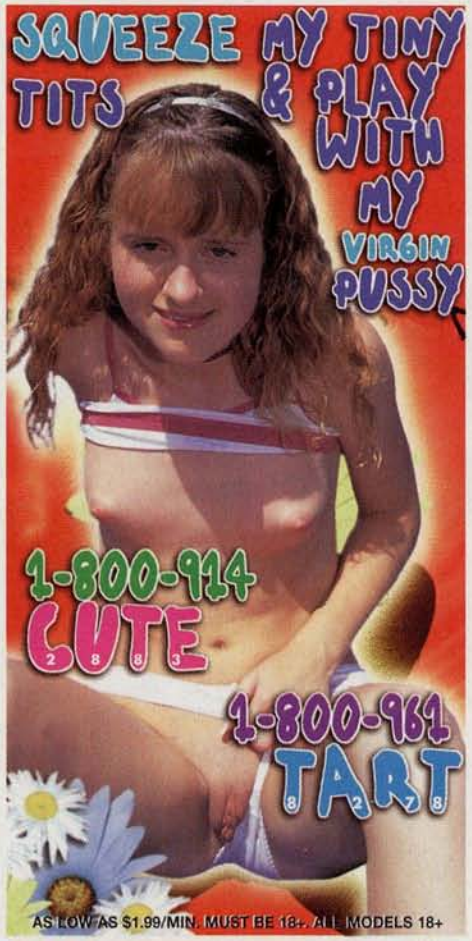
Balls to Print That!

As a faithful subscriber to your publication for over 20 years, I am finally moved to write you with regard to something that seems to go unappreciated in your *Feedback* section: HUSTLER's brilliant, hilarious parody ads! The one skewering Lindsay Lohan and her father [*Daddy Fully Loaded*, Holiday '05] was incredibly funny! While other magazines suck up to that idiot bimbo and kiss her ass, HUSTLER *kicked* her ass! Larry Flynt is no celebrity lapdog. He tells it like it is, and that's why I'll continue to subscribe. HUSTLER has always been one of the few mags to tell the truth.

I also loved the Holiday '05 *Publisher's Statement*, "My Xmas Wish List." And I'll tell you what topped my list. Another year's subscription so that HUSTLER can keep giving me hot chicks, honest articles and entertaining journalism.

—J.K.
Nashville, Tennessee

Do you have a comment, suggestion or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to HUSTLER *Feedback*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or e-mail to HUSTLER@lfp.com and indicate your hometown. Please include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication. All letters become the property of L.F.P., Inc. and may be edited at our discretion.



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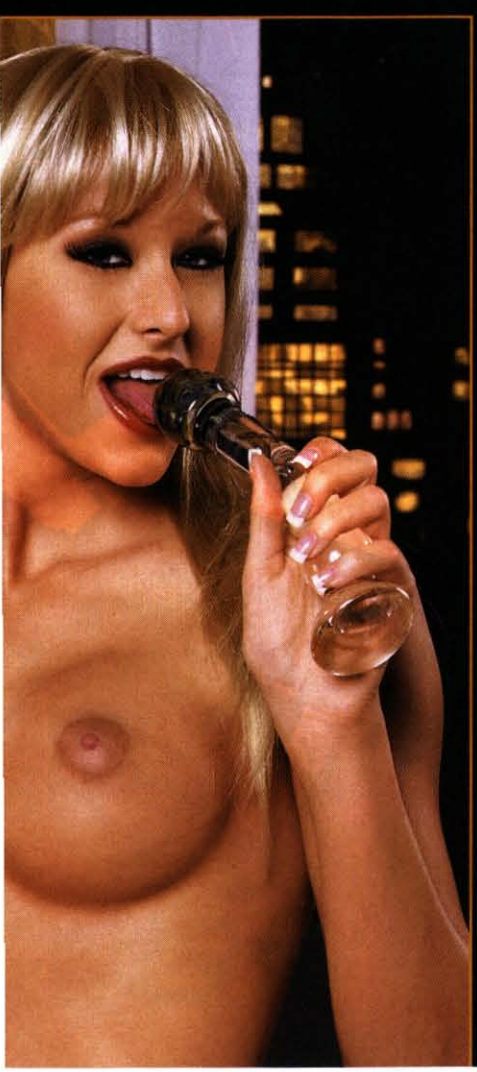
Lux may be a fresh face to you, but she considers herself an "old" pro in the nude modeling biz. "I've been doing this for over a year now," she declares. "It's my only job. I love being naked for the camera."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LADI VON JANSKY

LUX CASSIDY

HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING

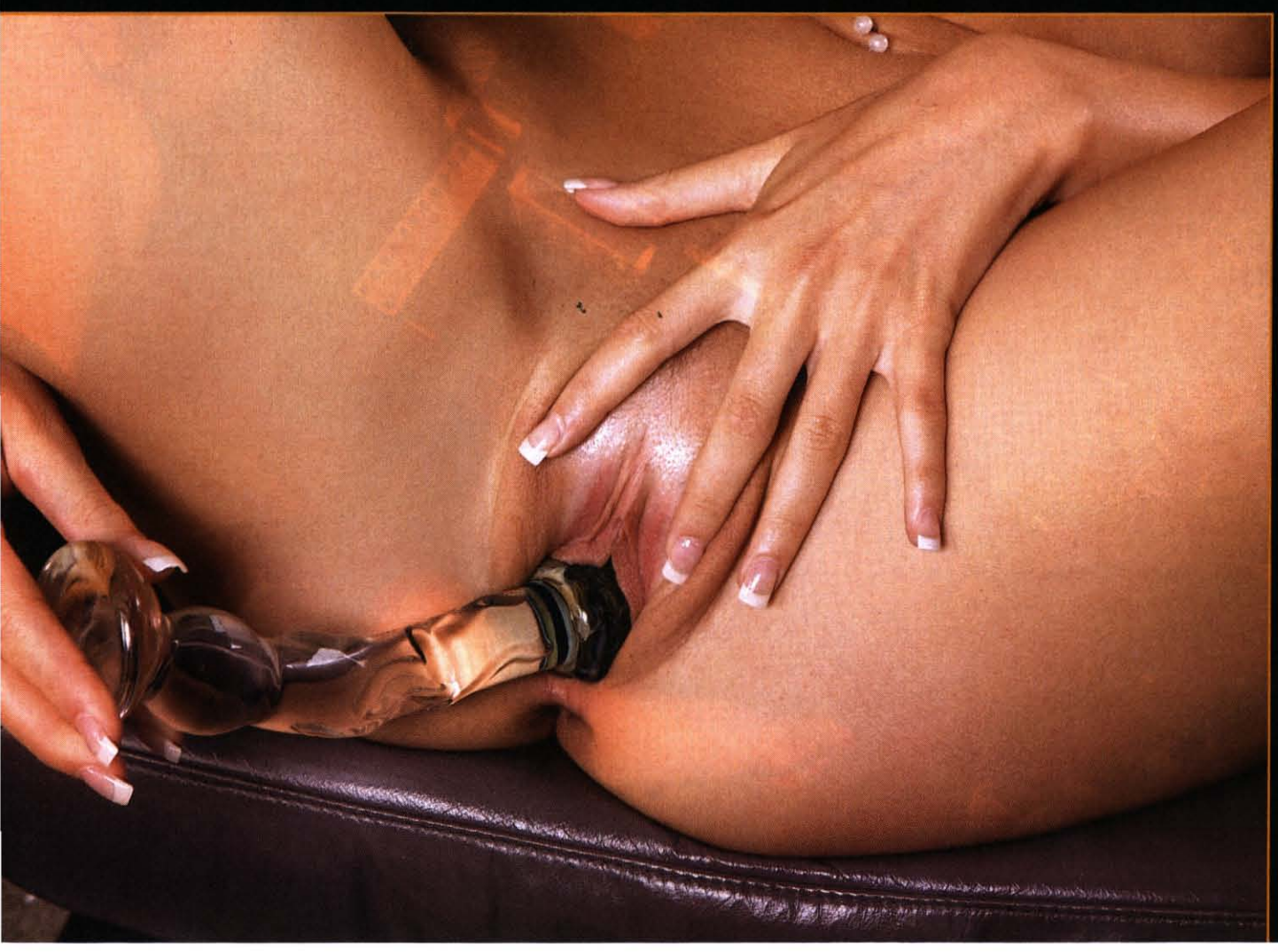
So what drove the luscious damsel into the skin trade? "A photographer friend asked if I wanted to pose for him," Lux explains. "So I thought, *Why not?* The only downside is I've had to take off time from college because I'm so busy modeling."



When not taking it all off or taking it all in, the Southern Californian digs snowboarding, surfing and—belying her radiant sex appeal—boxing. "I'm into sparring," Lux tells us, "and working up a sweat throwing some punches around. It keeps my body supertight." As for the future, the dazzler intends to step into a different ring. "I plan on returning to Cal State Northridge so I can get my degree and become a lawyer," Lux says. "Unless, of course, I'm still too busy taking it all off for the camera!"

Dildo courtesy Aaron Verity (Pyrexions.com)

In the bedroom the 20-year-old doll goes hog wild, with a refreshing submissive streak. "I'm into role-playing," Lux confides. "I love being with a man who pretends to be an authority figure and orders me around. I really get off being told how to suck and fuck—whatever a guy wants!"



COMING NEXT MONTH

WATER WARS

The rush to privatize water has already happened in Latin America with disastrous consequences. Now it's the USA's turn. Filmmakers Deborah Kaufman and Alan Snitow, who took a hard look at the problem in their documentary *Thirst*, speak with us about the impending crisis.

SCOOTER LIBBY'S DEVIANT NOVEL—ILLUSTRATED

Now under indictment, former White House adviser Lewis "Scooter" Libby wrote a novel in 1996 that contains extremely graphic accounts of pedophilia, bestiality, rape and incest. Cartoonist Dan Collins depicts key scenes, while guest blogger Elise McEwan analyzes the book's most disturbing passages, theorizing about their connection to conservative moral values.

KEIRA KNIGHTLEY & SADIE FROST TOPLESS

Keira Knightley accidentally flashes her fans at the premiere of *Pride & Prejudice*. Jude Law's ex-wife, Sadie Frost, also shows us her tits.

THE WORLD'S GREATEST BANK ROBBER

Eddie Dodson was at the center of Hollywood's glamorous party scene in the '70s and '80s—living the highlife with celebrities while surrounding himself with beautiful women and mountains of drugs. None of his friends could have guessed he was about to make history with a life of crime. The first of a two-part feature by Timothy Ford.

MOTORCYCLE OUTLAW

Russell Mitchell builds custom motorcycles unlike anything else on the road. His designs are so popular with big-name bikers that some are calling him the next Jesse James. But the real question is: How do his cycles look with a HUSTLER honey draped across them? Find out in a special layout that accompanies our in-depth profile by Carolyn Sinclair.

HOW TO MAKE YOUR OWN BEER

Because nothing goes better with women than a cold one, we tell you everything you need to know to make beer in your own backyard. Experienced home brewers take you through the process step by step, sharing their success stories, insights and unique methods. A how-to guide by Andrea Barkan.

LENNY BRUCE—A LOOK BACK

In his day, foul-mouthed comedian Lenny Bruce broke all the rules, paving the way for the likes of George Carlin, Richard Pryor, Sam Kinison and even Larry Flynt. Charged with obscenity, Bruce argued that the reason for his numerous arrests was "not obscenity, but for spitting in the face of authority." Satirist and '60s radical Paul Krassner recalls his rocky friendship with the doomed comic legend.

KARLIE MONTANA

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